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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

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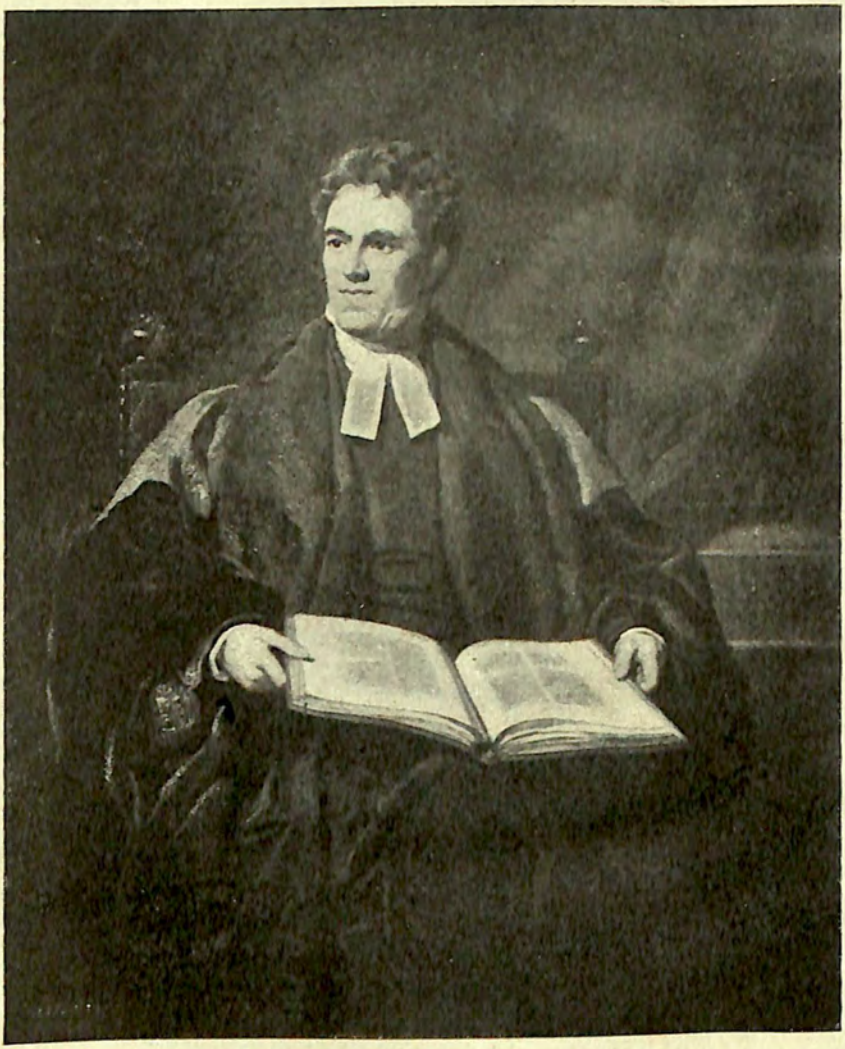

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

From the portrait in New Big School, Rugby.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.,

SOMETIME HEAD-MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL,
AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.,

Dean of Westminster.

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WITH PORTRAIT AND FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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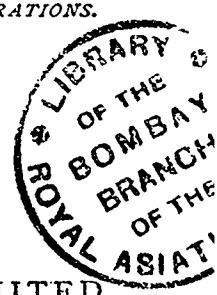

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTABLE as a thinker, still more notable as a man of noble sympathies, Thomas Arnold—"Arnold of Rugby," as he is called all the world over—is depicted in this volume mainly by himself. He was so honest a man, so frank in his self-revelations, so earnest in his use of his own thoughts and feelings to help others, and so varied were the occasions that called his active mind and his powerful sympathies into play, that we find in his letters almost all we need in order to judge of the man. His friend and pupil, Dean Stanley, has added what was necessary, with excellent judgment and skill. The book went through twelve editions during the Dean's lifetime, but has not till now been reprinted in a cheap form. The present edition is reprinted from the sixth (1846), published by B. Fellowes in one large volume. Only a few minor alterations were made in later editions. Other important notices of Arnold are to be found in the Edinburgh Review for January, 1845, and in the Dictionary of National Biography—the latter by Mr. Theodore Walrond.

It is wholly unnecessary to commend this book to the public. Many who have not read it have longed to read it. Many who have read it and have not hitherto possessed it will rejoice to have it now presented to them in the convenient form of this Library. It is indispensable to a right understanding of the history of the period between 1822 and 1842, which witnessed the liberalisation of many institutions in England, and the reaction of Tractarianism. The name of Arnold is engraven on the public mind, if not as the first great Broad Churchman—Coleridge, Hampden, and Whately may claim precedence of him there—yet as the first English Churchman who by his aggressive personality, by his moral earnestness, and by his practical embodiment of his views in his conduct, made vivid to Englishmen the strong contrast between the religious views of Newman and Pusey and

the broader views suggested by historical criticism and science. The man who could write, "An Unitarian, as such, is a Christian; that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes His words according to the conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian; and though I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet that is a question of interpretation and no more; the purpose of his heart and mind is to obey and be guided by Christ, and therefore he is a Christian:" and, "I think that a Catholic is a member of Christ's Church just as much as I am," had learnt lessons of toleration which many have not yet learnt, but which should stimulate unprejudiced minds, at any rate, to seek to learn the reasons for such width of comprehension from the man's own writings. On the other hand, in his attitude towards the admission of Jews into Parliament, and in his objection to the admission of non-Christians to our University degrees, we see that his toleration had not gone so far as we have travelled since; we see an earnest and devout thinker, with a noble conception of a Christian State, limiting active legislation to those who can be termed Christians. So he marks a stage in evolution, from that which excluded all but English Churchmen from public offices to that which excludes no man from serving the State by reason of any religious belief or absence of belief.

Arnold, it may be said, gained his broad views from Neander and Bunsen; and both these great men recognised him as a valuable helper of intellectual progress in England. No doubt he learnt from them such views as those expressed in his essay "On the Right Interpretation and Understanding of the Scriptures," appended to the second volume of his Sermons. It is within the province of intellectual wisdom, he says, to judge of all questions of science, of history, and of criticism, according to her own general laws; nor may her decisions on these matters be disputed by an appeal to the higher power of spiritual wisdom. In the same way, he defines an anti-rationalist as "one who is afraid to trust himself in the pursuit of truth, and who talks of the danger, perhaps of the profaneness of an inquiry, though its subject be strictly within the province of the intellect." Many of the younger generation have learnt these lessons who are not conscious how far they are indebted for them to Thomas Arnold's burning zeal for truth, to his outspokenness, to his living martyrdom for years, and to some extent to his death from that excruciating malady, *angina pectoris*, the frequent slayer of those who with strong feelings have experienced bitter opposition.

How great Arnold was as a schoolmaster may be partly understood from the following pages, and still more fully from "Tom Brown's

School-days." "He taught us," says the noble lay-preacher, beloved Tom Hughes, "that in this wonderful world, no boy or man can tell which of his actions is indifferent and which not; that by a thoughtless word or look we may lead astray a brother for whom Christ died. He taught us that life is a whole, made up of actions and thoughts and longings, great and small, noble and ignoble; therefore the only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Him whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with His blood; and that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are to do all in His name and to His glory." Doubtless he has been followed by greater men, considered purely as schoolmasters, but assuredly by no greater in depth of moral force and purity. "He made boys feel," says Mr. Walrond, "that each individual was an object of personal interest to him, and they learned to think that he had an insight almost supernatural into their thoughts and feelings. . . . But more potent, perhaps, was the impression habitually conveyed, with all the force of his powerful character, that in everything that he said or did, whether in the pulpit or out of it, he was seeking to do all to the glory of God." At this distance of time we, who do not feel the impact of Arnold's vehemence or the sting of his denunciations, can forget or forgive his errors of judgment or of taste, for the good he did, for the moral and intellectual example he set, for his protests against extremes of sacerdotalism and bibliolatry which are yet with us.

G. T. B.

PREFACE.

THE sources from which this work has been drawn have necessarily been exceedingly various. It was in fact originally intended that the several parts should have been supplied by different writers, as in the instance of the valuable contribution which, in addition to his kind assistance throughout, has been furnished to the earlier part by Mr. Justice Coleridge; and although, in its present shape, the responsibility of arranging and executing it has fallen upon one person, yet it should still be clearly understood how largely I have availed myself of the aid of others, in order to supply the defects of my own personal knowledge of Dr. Arnold's life and character, which was confined to the intercourse I enjoyed with him, first as his pupil at Rugby, from 1829 to 1834, and thenceforward, on more familiar terms, to the end of his life.

To his family, I feel that the fewest words will best express my sense, both of the confidence which they reposed in me by entrusting to my care so precious a charge, and of the manifold kindness with which they have assisted me, as none others could. To the many attached friends of his earlier years, the occurrence of whose names in the following pages makes it unnecessary to mention them more particularly here, I would also take this opportunity of expressing my deep obligations, not only for the readiness with which they have given me access to all letters and information that I could require, but still more for the active interest which they have taken in lightening my responsibility and labour, and for the careful and most valuable criticism to which some of them have allowed me to subject the whole or the greater part of this work. Lastly, his pupils will perceive the unsparing use I have made of their numerous contributions. I had at one time thought of indicating the various distinct authorities from which the chapter on his "School Life at Rugby" has been compiled, but I found that this would be impracticable. The names of some of those who

have most aided me will be found in the Correspondence. To those many others, who are not there mentioned—and may I here be allowed more especially to name my younger schoolfellows, with whom I have become acquainted chiefly through the means of this work, and whose recollections, as being the most recent and the most lively, have been amongst the most valuable that I have received—I would here express my warmest thanks for the more than assistance which they have rendered me. Great as has been the anxiety and difficulty of this undertaking, it has been relieved by nothing so much as the assurance which I have received through their co-operation, that I was not mistaken in the estimate I had formed of our common friend and master, and that the influence of his teaching and example continues and will continue to produce the fruits which he would most have desired to see.

The Correspondence has been selected from the mass of letters preserved, in many cases, in almost unbroken series from first to last. One large class—those to the parents of his pupils—I have been unable to procure, and possibly they could not have been made available for the present work. Another numerous body of letters—those which were addressed to scientific or literary men on questions connected with his edition of Thucydides or his History,—I have omitted, partly as thinking them too minute to occupy space wanted for subjects of more general importance; partly because their substance or their results have for the most part been incorporated into his published works. To those which appear in the present collection, something of a fragmentary character has been imparted by the necessary omission, wherever it was possible, of repetitions, such as must necessarily occur in letters written to different persons at the same time,—of allusions which would have been painful to living individuals, —of domestic details, which, however characteristic, could not have been published without a greater infringement on privacy than is yet possible,—of passages which, without further explanation than could be given, would certainly have been misunderstood. Still, enough remains to give in his own words, and in his own manner, what he thought and felt on the subjects of most interest to him. And though the mode of expression must be judged by the relation in which he stood to those whom he addressed, and with the usual and just allowance for the familiarity and unreservedness of epistolary intercourse, yet, on the whole, the Letters represent (except where they correct themselves) what those who knew him best believe to have been his deliberate convictions and his habitual feelings.

The object of the Narrative has been to state so much as would enable the reader to enter upon the Letters with a correct understand-

ing of their writer in his different periods of life, and his different spheres of action. In all cases where it was possible, his opinion and plans have been given in his own words, and in no case, whether in speaking of what he did or intended to do, from mere conjecture of my own or of any one else. Wherever the narrative has gone into greater detail, as in the chapter on his "School Life at Rugby," it has been where the Letters were comparatively silent, and where details alone would give to those who were most concerned a true representation of his views and actions.

In conclusion, it will be obvious that to have mixed up any judgment of my own, either of praise or censure, with the facts or the statements contained in this work, would have been wholly irrelevant. The only question which I have allowed myself to ask in each particular act or opinion that has come before me, has not been whether I approved or disapproved of it, but whether it was characteristic of him. To have assumed the office of a judge, in addition to that of a narrator or editor, would have increased the responsibility, already great, a hundredfold; and in the present case, the vast importance of many of the questions discussed—the insufficient time and knowledge which I had at command—the almost filial relation in which I stood towards him—would have rendered it absolutely impossible, even had it not been effectually precluded by the nature of the work itself. For similar reasons, I have abstained from giving any formal account of his general character. He was one of a class whose whole being, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, is like the cloud of the poet,

"Which moveth altogether, if it move at all,"

and whose character, therefore, is far better expressed by their own words and deeds, than by the representation of others. Lastly, I would also hope that the plan, which I have thus endeavoured to follow, will in some measure compensate for the many deficiencies which I have vainly endeavoured to remedy in the execution of the task which I have undertaken. Some, indeed, there must be, who will painfully feel the contrast, which probably always exists in the case of any remarkable man, between the image of his inner life, as it was known to those nearest and dearest to him, and the outward image of a written biography, which can rarely be more than a faint shadow of what they cherish in their own recollections—the one representing what he was—the other only what he thought and did; the one formed in the atmosphere which he had himself created,—the other necessarily accommodating itself to the public opinion to which it is mainly addressed. But even to these—and much more to readers in general

—it is my satisfaction to reflect that any untrue or imperfect impression of his thoughts and feelings which may be gathered from my account of them will be sufficiently corrected by his own representation of them in his Letters, and that the attention will not be diverted by any extraneous comments or inferences from the lessons which will be best learned from the mere record itself of his life and teaching.

May 14, 1844.
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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THE LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

THOMAS ARNOLD, seventh child and youngest son of William and Martha Arnold, was born on June 13th, 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where his family had been settled for two generations, their original residence having been at Lowestoft, in Suffolk.

His father, who was collector of the customs at Cowes, died suddenly of spasm in the heart, on March 3rd, 1801. His two elder brothers, William and Matthew, died, the first in 1806, the second in 1820. His sisters all survived him, with the exception of the third, Susannah, who, after a lingering complaint in the spine, died at Laleham, in 1832.

His early education was confided by his mother to her sister, Miss Delafield, who took an affectionate pride in her charge, and directed all his studies as a child. In 1803, he was sent to Warminster school, in Wiltshire, under Dr. Griffiths, with whose assistant master, Mr. Lawes, he kept up his intercourse long after they had parted. In 1807, he was removed to Winchester, where, having entered as a commoner, and afterwards become a scholar of the college, he remained till 1811. In after life he always cherished a strong Wykehamist feeling, and, during his head-mastership at Rugby, often recurred to his knowledge, there first acquired, of the peculiar constitution of a public school, and to his recollections of the tact in managing boys shown by Dr. Goddard, and the skill in imparting scholarship which distinguished Dr. Gabell;—both, during his stay there, successively head masters of Winchester.

He was then, as always, of a shy and retiring disposition, but his manner as a child, and till his entrance at Oxford, was marked by a stiffness and formality the very reverse of the joyousness and simplicity of his later years; his family and school-fellows both remember him as unlike those of his own age, and with peculiar pursuits of his own; and the tone and style of his early letters, which have been for the

most part preserved, are such as might naturally have been produced by living chiefly in the company of his elders, and reading, or hearing read to him before he could read himself, books suited to a more advanced age. His boyish friendships were strong and numerous. It is needless here to enumerate the names of those Winchester schoolfellows of whose after years it was the pride and delight to watch the course of their companion through life; but the fond recollections, which were long cherished on both sides, of his intercourse with his earliest friend at Warminster, of whom he saw and heard nothing from that time till he was called upon in 1829 to write his epitaph, are worth recording,* as a remarkable instance of strong impressions of nobleness of character, early conceived and long retained.

Both as a boy and a young man he was remarkable for a difficulty in early rising, amounting almost to a constitutional infirmity; and though his after life will show how completely this was overcome by habit, yet he often said that early rising was a daily effort to him, and that in this instance he never found the truth of the usual rule, that all things are made easy by custom. With this, however, was always united great occasional energy; and one of his schoolfellows gives it as his impression of him that "he was stiff in his opinions, and utterly immovable by force or fraud, when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong."

It is curious to trace the beginnings of some of his later interests in his earliest amusements and occupations. He never lost the recollection of the impression produced upon him by the excitement of naval and military affairs, of which he naturally saw and heard much by living at the Isle of Wight in the time of the war; and the sports in which he took most pleasure, with the few playmates of his childhood, were in sailing rival fleets in his father's garden, or acting the battles of the Homeric heroes with whatever implements he could use as spear and shield, and reciting their several speeches from Pope's translation of the Iliad. He was from his earliest years exceedingly fond of ballad poetry, which his Winchester schoolfellows used to learn from his repetition before they had seen it in print; and his own compositions as a boy all ran in the same direction. A play of this kind, in which his schoolfellows were introduced as the dramatis personæ, and a long poem of "Simon de Montfort," in imitation of Scott's Marmion, procured for him at school, by way of distinction from another boy of the same name, the appellation of Poet Arnold. And the earliest specimen of his composition which has been preserved is a little tragedy, written before he was seven years old, on "Piercy, Earl of Northumberland," suggested apparently by Home's play of Douglas; which, however, contains nothing worthy of notice, except, perhaps, the accuracy of orthography, language, and blank verse metre, in which it is written, and the precise arrangement of the different acts and scenes.

He was, however, most remarked for his forwardness in history and geography. It was on these subjects that he chiefly gave early

* See Letter on the death of George Evelyn, in 1829.

indications of that strong power of memory which, though in later years it depended mainly on association, used to show itself in very minute details, extending to the exact state of the weather on particular days, or the exact words and position of passages which he had not seen for twenty years. One of the few recollections which he retained of his father was, that he received from him, at three years old, a present of Smollett's History of England, as a reward for the accuracy with which he had gone through the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns ; and at the same age he used to sit at his aunt's table arranging his geographical cards, and recognising by their shape at a glance the different counties of the dissected map of England.

He long retained a grateful remembrance of the miscellaneous books to which he had access in the school library at Warminster, and when, in his Professorial chair at Oxford, he quoted Dr. Priestley's Lectures on History, it was from his recollection of what he had there read when he was eight years old. At Winchester he was a diligent student of Russell's Modern Europe ; Gibbon and Mitford he had read twice over before he left school ; and amongst the comments on his reading and the burst of political enthusiasm on the events of the day in which he indulged in his Winchester letters, it is curious, as connected with his later labours, to read his indignation, when fourteen years old, "at the numerous boasts which are everywhere to be met with in the Latin writers." "I verily believe," he adds, "that half at least of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated : how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narrations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon."

The period both of his home and school education was too short to exercise much influence upon his after life. But he always looked back upon it with a marked tenderness. The keen sense which he entertained of the bond of relationship and of early association,—not the less from the blank in his own domestic recollections occasioned by his father's death, and his own subsequent removal from the Isle of Wight,—invested with a peculiar interest the scenes and companions of his childhood. His strong domestic affections had acted as an important safeguard to him, when he was thrown at so early an age into the new sphere of an Oxford life ; and when, in later years, he was left the head of the family, he delighted in gathering round him the remains of his father's household, and in treasuring up every particular relating to his birth-place and parentage, even to the graves of the older generations of the family in the parish church at Lowestoft, and the great willow tree in his father's grounds at Slatwoods, from which he transplanted shoots successively to Laleham, to Rugby, and to Fox How. Every date in the family history, with the alteration of hereditary names, and the changes of their residence, was carefully preserved for his children in his own handwriting, and when in after years he fixed on the abode of his old age in Westmorland, it was his great delight to regard it as a continuation of his own early home in the Isle of Wight. And when, as was his wont, he used to look back from

time to time over the whole of this period, it was with the solemn feeling which is expressed in one of his later journals, written on a visit to the place of his earliest school-education, in the interval between the close of his life at Laleham, and the beginning of his work at Rugby. "Warminster, January 5th [1828]. I have not written this date for more than twenty years, and how little could I foresee, when I wrote it last, what would happen to me in the interval. And now to look forward twenty years—how little can I guess of that also. Only may He in whose hands are time and eternity, keep me evermore His own; that whether I live, I may live unto Him; or whether I die, I may die unto Him; may He guide me with His counsel, and after that receive me to glory through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

In 1811, in his 16th year, he was elected as a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; in 1814, his name was placed in the first class in Litteræ Humaniores; in the next year he was elected Fellow of Oriel College; and he gained the Chancellor's prize for the two University Essays, Latin and English, for the years 1815 and 1817. Those who know the influence which his college friendships exercised over his after life, and the deep affection which he always bore to Oxford, as the scene of the happiest recollections of his youth, and the sphere which he hoped to occupy with the employments of his old age, will rejoice in the possession of the following record of his undergraduate life by that true and early friend, to whose timely advice, protection, and example, at the critical period when he was thrown with all the spirits and the inexperience of boyhood on the temptations of the University, he always said and felt, that "he had owed more than to any other man in the world."

LETTER FROM MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Heath's Court, September, 1843.

My dear Stanley,

When you informed me of Mrs. Arnold's wish that I would contribute to your memoir of our dear friend, Dr. Arnold, such recollections as I had of his career as an undergraduate at Oxford, with the intimation that they were intended to fill up that chapter in his life, my only hesitation in complying with her wish, arose from my doubts, whether my impressions were so fresh and true, or my powers of expression such as to enable me to do justice to the subject. A true and lively picture of him at that time would be, I am sure, interesting in itself; and I felt certain also that his Oxford residence contributed essentially to the formation of his character in after life. My doubts remain; but I have not thought them important enough to prevent my endeavouring at least to comply with her request; nor will I deny that I promise myself much pleasure, melancholy though it may be, in this attempt to recall those days. They had their troubles, I dare say, but in retrospect they always appear to me among the brightest and least chequered, if not the most useful, which have ever been vouchsafed to me.

Arnold and I, as you know, were undergraduates of Corpus Christi, a college very small in its numbers, and humble in its buildings, but to which we and our fellow-students formed an attachment never weakened in the after course of our lives. At the time I speak of, 1809, and thenceforward for some few years, it was under the presidency, mild and inert, rather than paternal, of Dr. Cooke. His nephew, Dr. Williams, was the vice-president, and medical fellow, the only lay fellow permitted by the statutes. Retired he was in his habits, and not forward to interfere with the pursuits or studies of the young men. But I am bound to record not only his learning and good taste, but the kindness of his heart, and his readiness to assist them by advice and criticism in their compositions. When I wrote for the Latin Verse prize, in 1810, I was much indebted to him for advice in matters of taste and Latinity, and for the pointing out many faults in my rough verses.

Our tutors were the present Sedleian Professor, the Rev. G. L. Cooke, and the lately deceased President, the Rev. T. Bridges. Of the former, because he is alive, I will only say that I believe no one ever attended his lectures without learning to admire his unwearied industry, patience, and good temper, and that few if any quitted his pupil room without retaining a kindly feeling towards him. The recent death of Dr. Bridges would have affected Arnold as it has me: he was a most amiable man; the affectionate earnestness of his manner, and his high tone of feeling, fitted him especially to deal with young men; he made us always desirous of pleasing him; perhaps his fault was that he was too easily pleased; I am sure that he will be long and deeply regretted in the University.

It was not, however, so much by the authorities of the college that Arnold's character was affected, as by its constitution and system, and by the residents whom it was his fortune to associate with familiarly there. I shall hardly do justice to my subject, unless I state a few particulars as to the former, and what I am at liberty to mention as to the latter. Corpus is a very small establishment,—twenty fellows and twenty scholars, with four exhibitioners, form the foundation. No independent members were admitted except gentleman commoners, and they were limited to six. Of the scholars several were bachelors, and the whole number of students actually under college tuition seldom exceeded twenty. But the scholarships, though not entirely open, were yet enough so to admit of much competition; their value, and still more, the creditable strictness and impartiality with which the examinations were conducted, (qualities at that time more rare in college elections than now,) insured a number of good candidates for each vacancy, and we boasted a more than proportionate share of successful candidates for university honours. It had been generally understood, (I know not whether the statutes prescribe the practice,) that in the examinations a large allowance was made for youth; certain it was that we had many very young candidates, and that of these, many remarkable for early proficiency succeeded. We were then a small society, the members rather under the usual age,

and with more than the ordinary proportion of ability and scholarship; our mode of tuition was in harmony with these circumstances; not by private lectures, but in classes of such a size as excited emulation, and made us careful in the exact and neat rendering of the original, yet not so numerous as to prevent individual attention on the tutor's part, and familiar knowledge of each pupil's turn and talents. In addition to the books read in lecture, the tutor at the beginning of the term settled with each student upon some book to be read by himself in private, and prepared for the public examination at the end of term in Hall; and with this book something on paper, either an analysis of it, or remarks upon it, was expected to be produced, which insured that the book should really have been read. It has often struck me since, that this whole plan, which is now I believe in common use in the University, was well devised for the tuition of young men of our age. We were not entirely set free from the leading-strings of the school; accuracy was cared for; we were accustomed to *vivâ voce* rendering, and *vivâ voce* question and answer in our lecture-room, before an audience of fellow-students, whom we sufficiently respected; at the same time, the additional reading trusted to ourselves alone, prepared us for accurate private study, and for our final exhibition in the schools.

One result of all these circumstances was, that we lived on the most familiar terms with each other: we might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties we took with each other; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time, was not boyish; we debated the classic and romantic question; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them. Our habits were inexpensive and temperate: one break-up party was held in the junior common room at the end of each term, in which we indulged our genius more freely, and our merriment, to say the truth, was somewhat exuberant and noisy; but the authorities wisely forbore too strict an inquiry into this.

It was one of the happy peculiarities of Corpus that the bachelor scholars were compelled to residence. This regulation, seemingly inconvenient, but most wholesome as I cannot but think for themselves, and now unwisely relaxed, operated very beneficially on the undergraduates; with the best and the most advanced of these they associated very usefully: I speak here with grateful and affectionate remembrances of the privileges which I enjoyed in this way.

You will see that a society thus circumstanced was exactly one most likely to influence strongly the character of such a lad as Arnold was at his election. He came to us in Lent Term, 1811, from Winchester, winning his election against several very respectable candidates. He was a mere boy in appearance as well as in age; but we saw in a very short time that he was quite equal to take his part in the arguments of the common room; and he was, I rather think, admitted by Mr. Cooke at once into his senior class. As he was

WINCHESTER COLLEGE, FROM THE GARDENS.

From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

equal, so was he ready to take part in our discussions: he was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless too in advancing his opinions—which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenuous and candid, and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke, relieved him from that imputation; he was bold and warm, because so far as his knowledge went he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth, but I never saw in him even then a grain of vanity or conceit. I have said that some of his opinions startled us a good deal; we were indeed for the most part Tories in Church and State, great respecters of things as they were, and not very tolerant of the disposition which he brought with him to question their wisdom. Many and long were the conflicts we had, and with unequal numbers. I think I have seen all the leaders of the common room engaged with him at once, with little order or consideration, as may be supposed, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of our arguments. This was attended by no loss of regard, and scarcely ever, or seldom, by even temporary loss of temper. We did not always convince him—perhaps we ought not always to have done so—yet in the end a considerable modification of his opinions was produced; in one of his letters to me, written at a much later date, he mentions this change. In truth, there were those among us calculated to produce an impression on his affectionate heart and ardent ingenuous mind; and the rather because the more we saw of him, and the more we battled with him, the more manifestly did we respect and love him. The feeling with which we argued gave additional power to our arguments over a disposition such as his; and thus he became attached to young men of the most different tastes and intellects; his love for each taking a different colour, more or less blended with respect, fondness, or even humour, according to those differences; and in return they all uniting in love and respect for him.

There will be some few to whom these remembrances will speak with touching truth; they will remember his single-hearted and devout schoolfellow, who early gave up his native land, and devoted himself to the missionary cause in India; the high-souled and imaginative, though somewhat indolent lad, who came to us from Westminster—one bachelor, whose father's connexion with the House of Commons and residence in Palace Yard made him a great authority with us as to the world without, and the statesmen whose speeches he sometimes heard, but we discussed much as if they had been personages in history; and whose remarkable love for historical and geographical research, and his proficiency in it, with his clear judgment, quiet humour, and mildness in communicating information, made him peculiarly attractive to Arnold;—and above all, our senior among the undergraduates, though my junior in years, the author of the Christian Year, who came fresh from the single teaching of his venerable father, and achieved the highest honours of the University at an age when

others frequently are but on her threshold. Arnold clung to all these with equal fidelity, but regarded each with different feelings; each produced on him a salutary, but different effect. His love for all without exception I know, if I know anything of another man's heart, continued to his life's end; it survived (how can the mournful facts be concealed in any complete and truth-telling narrative of his life?) separation, suspension of intercourse, and entire disagreement of opinion, with the last of these, on points believed by them both to be of essential importance. These two held their opinions with a zeal and tenacity proportionate to their importance; each believed the other in error pernicious to the faith and dangerous to himself; and what they believed sincerely, each thought himself bound to state, and stated it openly, it may be with too much of warmth; and unguarded expressions were unnecessarily, I think inaccurately, reported. Such disagreements in opinion between the wise and good are incident to our imperfect state; and even the good qualities of the heart, earnestness, want of suspicion, may lay us open to them; but in the case before me the affectionate interest with which each regarded the other never ceased. I had the good fortune to retain the intimate friendship and correspondence of both, and I can testify with authority that the elder spoke and wrote of the younger as an elder brother might of a younger whom he tenderly loved, though he disapproved of his course; while it was not in Arnold's nature to forget how much he had owed to Keble: he bitterly lamented, what he laboured to avert, the suspension of their intimate intercourse; he was at all times anxious to renew it; and although where the disagreement turned on points so vital between men who held each to his own so conscientiously, this may have been too much to expect, yet it is a most gratifying thought to their common friends that they would probably have met at Fox How under Arnold's roof, but a few weeks after he was called away to that state, in which the doubts and controversies of this life will receive their clear resolution.

I return from my digression,—Arnold came to us of course not a formed scholar, nor, I think, did he leave the college with scholarship proportioned to his great abilities and opportunities. And this arose in part from the decided preference which he gave to the philosophers and historians of antiquity over the poets, coupled with the distinction which he then made, erroneous as I think, and certainly extreme in degree, between words and things, as he termed it. His correspondence with me will show how much he modified this too in after life; but at that time he was led by it to undervalue those niceties of language, the intimate acquaintance with which he did not then perceive to be absolutely necessary to a precise knowledge of the meaning of the author. His compositions, therefore, at this time, though full of matter, did not give promise of that clear and spirited style which he afterwards mastered; he gained no verse prize, but was an unsuccessful competitor for the Latin Verse in the year 1812, when Henry Latham succeeded, the third brother of that house who had done so; and though this is the only occasion on which I have any memorandum

of his writing, I do not doubt that he made other attempts. Among us were several who were fond of writing English verse; Keble was even then raising among us those expectations, which he has since so fully justified, and Arnold was not slow to follow the example. I have several poems of his written about this time, neat and pointed in expression, and just in thought, but not remarkable for fancy or imagination. I remember some years after, his telling me that he continued the practice "on principle," he thought it a useful and humanising exercise.

But, though not a poet himself, he was not insensible of the beauties of poetry—far from it. I reflect with some pleasure, that I first introduced him to what has been somewhat unreasonably called the Lake Poetry; my near relation to one, and connexion with another of the poets, whose works were so called, were the occasion of this; and my uncle having sent me the "Lyrical Ballads," and the first edition of Mr. Wordsworth's poems, they became familiar among us. We were proof, I am glad to think, against the criticism, if so it might be called, of the "Edinburgh Review;" we felt their truth and beauty, and became zealous disciples of Wordsworth's philosophy. This was of peculiar advantage to Arnold, whose leaning was too direct for the practical and evidently useful—it brought out in him that feeling for the lofty and imaginative which appeared in all his intimate conversation, and may be seen spiritualising those even of his writings, in which, from their subject, it might seem to have less place. You know in later life how much he thought his beloved Fox How enhanced in value by its neighbourhood to Rydal Mount, and what store he set on the privilege of frequent and friendly converse with the venerable genius of that sweet spot.

But his passion at the time I am treating of was for Aristotle and Thucydides; and however he became some few years after more sensible of the importance of the poets in classic literature, this passion he retained to the last; those who knew him intimately or corresponded with him, will bear me witness how deeply he was imbued with the language and ideas of the former; how in earnest and unreserved conversation, or in writing, his train of thoughts was affected by the Ethics and Rhetoric; how he cited the maxims of the Stagyrite as oracles, and how his language was quaintly and racily pointed with phrases from him. I never knew a man who made such familiar, even fond use of an author: it is scarcely too much to say, that he spoke of him as of one intimately and affectionately known and valued by him; and when he was selecting his son's University, with much leaning for Cambridge, and many things which at the time made him incline against Oxford, dearly as he loved her, Aristotle turned the scale; "I could not consent," said he, "to send my son to a University where he would lose the study of him altogether." "You may believe," he said with regard to the London University, "that I have not forgotten the dear old Stagyrite in our examinations, and I hope that he will be construed and discussed in Somerset House as well as in the schools." His fondness for Thucydides first prompted a Lexicon Thucydideum,

in which he made some progress at Laleham in 1821 and 1822, and ended as you know in his valuable edition of that author.

Next to these he loved Herodotus. I have said that he was not, while I knew him at Oxford, a formed scholar, and that he composed stiffly and with difficulty, but to this there was a seeming exception; he had so imbued himself with the style of Herodotus and Thucydides, that he could write narratives in the style of either at pleasure with wonderful readiness, and as we thought with the greatest accuracy. I remember, too, an account by him of a Vacation Tour in the Isle of Wight, after the manner of the Anabasis.

Arnold's bodily recreations were walking and bathing. It was a particular delight to him, with two or three companions, to make what he called a skirmish across the country; on these occasions we deserted the road, crossed fences, and leaped ditches, or fell into them: he enjoyed the country round Oxford, and while out in this way his spirits would rise, and his mirth overflowed. Though delicate in appearance, and not giving promise of great muscular strength, yet his form was light, and he was capable of going long distances and bearing much fatigue.

You know that to his last moment of health he had the same predilections; indeed he was, as much as any I ever knew, one whose days were

"Bound each to each by natural piety."

His manner had all the tastes and feelings of his youth, only more developed and better regulated. The same passion for the sea and shipping, and his favourite Isle of Wight; the same love for external nature, the same readiness in viewing the characteristic features of a country and its marked positions, or the most beautiful points of a prospect, for all which he was remarkable in after life, we noticed in him then. When Professor Buckland, then one of our Fellows, began his career in that science, to the advancement of which he has contributed so much, Arnold became one of his most earnest and intelligent pupils, and you know how familiarly and practically he applied geological facts in all his later years.

In June, 1812, I was elected Fellow of Exeter College, and determined to pursue the law as my profession: my residence at Oxford was thenceforward only occasional; but the friendship which had grown up between us suffered no diminution. Something, I forget now the particular circumstance, led to an interchange of letters, which ripened into a correspondence, continued with rather unusual regularity when our respective occupations are considered, to within a few days of his death. It may show the opinion which I even then entertained of him, that I carefully preserved from the beginning every letter which I ever received from him: you have had an opportunity of judging of the value of the collection.

After I had ceased to reside, a small debating society called the Attic Society was formed in Oxford,* which held its meetings in the

* In this society he formed or confirmed his acquaintance with a new circle of

rooms of the members by turns. Arnold was among the earliest members, and was, I believe, an embarrassed speaker. This I should have expected; for, however he might appear a confident advancer of his own opinions, he was in truth bashful, and at the same time had so acute a perception of what was ill-seasoned, or irrelevant, that he would want that freedom from restraint which is essential at least to young speakers. This society was the germ of the Union, but I believe he never belonged to it.

In our days, the religious controversies had not begun, by which the minds of young men at Oxford are, I fear, now prematurely and too much occupied; the routine theological studies of the University were, I admit, deplorably low, but the earnest ones amongst us were diligent readers of Barrow, Hooker and Taylor. Arnold was among these, but I have no recollection of anything at that time distinctive in his religious opinions. What occurred afterwards, does not properly fall within my chapter, yet it is not unconnected with it, and I believe I can sum up all that need be said on such a subject, as shortly and as accurately, from the sources of information in my hands, as any other person can. His was an anxiously inquisitive mind, a scrupulously conscientious heart; his inquiries, previously to his taking orders, led him on to distressing doubts on certain points in the Articles; these were not low nor rationalistic in their tendency, according to the bad sense of that term; there was no indisposition in him to believe merely because the Article transcended his reason; he doubted the proof and the interpretation of the textual authority. His state was very painful, and I think morbid; for I remarked that the two occasions on which I was privy to his distress, were precisely those in which to doubt was against his dearest schemes of worldly happiness; and the consciousness of this seemed to make him distrustful of the arguments which were intended to lead his mind to acquiescence. Upon the first occasion to which I allude, he was a Fellow of Oriel, and in close intercourse with one of the friends I have before mentioned, then also a Fellow of the same college: to him as well as to me he opened his mind, and from him he received the wisest advice, which he had the wisdom to act upon; he was bid to pause in his inquiries, to pray earnestly for help and light from above, and turn himself more strongly than ever to the practical duties of a holy life; he did so, and through severe trials, was finally blessed with perfect peace of mind, and a settled conviction. If there be any so unwise as to rejoice that Arnold, in his youth, had doubts on important doctrines, let him be sobered with the conclusion of those doubts, when Arnold's mind had not become weaker, nor his pursuit of truth less honest or ardent, but when his abilities were matured, his knowledge greater, his judgment more sober; if there be any who, in youth, are suffering the same distress which befell him, let his conduct

friends, chiefly of other colleges, whose names will appear in the ensuing correspondence by the side of those of an earlier date from Corpus, and of a somewhat later date from Oriel, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Hull, Mr. Randall, Mr. Blackstone, and Mr. Hare, and through him with his Cambridge brother now Archdeacon Hare.

be their example, and the blessing which was vouchsafed to him, their hope and consolation. In a letter from that friend to myself, of the date of February 14, 1819, I find the following extract, which gives so true and so considerate an account of this passage in Arnold's life, that you may be pleased to insert it.

"I have not talked with Arnold lately on the distressing thoughts which he wrote to you about, but I am fearful, from his manner at times, that he has by no means got rid of them, though I feel quite confident that all will be well in the end. The subject of them is that most awful one, on which all *very* inquisitive reasoning minds are, I believe, most liable to such temptations—I mean the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. Do not start, my dear Coleridge; I do not believe that Arnold has any serious scruples of the *understanding* about it, but it is a defect of his mind that he cannot get rid of a certain feeling of objections—and particularly when, as he fancies, the bias is so strong upon him to decide one way from interest: he scruples doing what I advise him, which is, to put down the objections by main force whenever they arise in his mind, fearful that in so doing he shall be violating his conscience for a maintenance' sake. I am still inclined to think with you that the wisest thing he could do would be to take John M. (a young pupil whom I was desirous of placing under his care) and a curacy somewhere or other, and cure himself not by physic, *i.e.* reading and controversy, but by diet and regimen, *i.e.* holy living. In the mean time what an excellent fellow he is. I do think that one might safely say as some one did of some other, 'One had better have Arnold's doubts than most men's certainties.'" *

I believe I have exhausted my recollections; and if I have accomplished as I ought, what I proposed to myself, it will be hardly necessary for me to sum up formally his character as an Oxford undergraduate. At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history, with less of imaginative than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased and entirely free from bitterness; fired indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; somewhat too little deferential to authority yet without any real inconsistency; loving what was good and great in antiquity the more ardently and reverently because it was ancient; a casual or unkind observer might have pronounced him somewhat too pugnacious in conversation and too positive. I have given, I believe, the true explanation; scarcely anything would have pained him more than to be convinced that he had been guilty of want of modesty, or of deference where it was justly due; no one thought these virtues of more sacred obligation. In heart, if I can speak with confidence of any of the friends of my youth, I can of

* On this subject see further, the note in Chapter IX.

his, that it was devout and pure, simple, sincere, affectionate and faithful.

It is time that I should close: already, I fear, I have dwelt with something like an old man's prolixity on passages of my youth, forgetting that no one can take the same interest in them which I do myself; that deep personal interest must, however, be my excuse. Whoever sets a right value on the events of his life for good or for evil, will agree that next in importance to the rectitude of his own course and the selection of his partner for life, and far beyond all the wealth or honours which may reward his labour, far even beyond the unspeakable gift of bodily health, are the friendships which he forms in youth. That is the season when natures soft and pliant grow together, each becoming part of the other, and coloured by it; thus to become one in heart with the good, and generous, and devout, is, by God's grace, to become, in measure, good, and generous, and devout. Arnold's friendship has been one of the many blessings of my life. I cherish the memory of it with mournful gratitude, and I cannot but dwell with lingering fondness on the scene and the period which first brought us together. Within the peaceful walls of Corpus I made friends, of whom all are spared me but Arnold—he has fallen asleep—but the bond there formed, which the lapse of years and our differing walks in life did not unloosen, and which strong opposition of opinions only rendered more intimate; though interrupted in time, I feel not to be broken—may I venture, without unseasonable solemnity, to express the firm trust, that it will endure for ever in eternity.

Believe me, my dear Stanley,

Very truly yours,

J. T. C.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT LALEHAM.

THE society of the Fellows of Oriel College then, as for some time afterwards, numbered amongst its members some of the most rising men in the University, and it is curious to observe the list which, when the youthful scholar of Corpus was added to it, contained the names of Copleston, Davison, Whately, Keble, Hawkins, and Hampden, and shortly after he left it, those of Newman and Pusey, the former of whom was elected into his vacant Fellowship. Amongst the friends with whom he thus became acquainted for the first time, may chiefly be mentioned Dr. Hawkins, since Provost of Oriel, to whom in the last year of his life he dedicated his Lectures on Modern History, and Dr. Whately, afterwards Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and now Archbishop of Dublin, towards whom his regard was enhanced by the domestic intercourse which was constantly inter-

changed in later years between their respective families, and to whose writings and conversations he took an early opportunity of expressing his obligations in the Preface to his first volume of Sermons, in speaking of the various points on which the communication of his friend's views had "extended or confirmed his own." For the next four years he remained at Oxford taking private pupils and reading extensively in the Oxford libraries, an advantage which he never ceased to remember gratefully himself, and to impress upon others, and of which the immediate results remain in a great number of MSS., both in the form of abstracts of other works, and of original sketches on history and theology. They are remarkable rather as proofs of industry than of power, and the style of all his compositions, both at this time and for some years later, is cramped by a stiffness and formality alien alike to the homeliness of his first published works and the vigour of his later ones, and strikingly recalling his favourite lines,

> "The old man clogs our earliest years,
> And simple childhood comes the last."

But already in the examination of the Oriel Fellowships, Dr. Whately had pointed out to the other electors the great capability of "growth" which he believed to be involved in the crudities of the youthful candidate's exercises, and which, even in points where he was inferior to his competitors, indicated an approaching superiority. And widely different as were his juvenile compositions in many points from those of his after life, yet it is interesting to observe in them the materials which those who knew the pressure of his numerous avocations used to wonder when he could have acquired, and to trace amidst the strangest contrast of his general thoughts and style occasional remarks of a higher strain, which are in striking, though in some instances perhaps accidental, coincidence with some of his later views. He endeavoured in his historical reading to follow the plan which he afterwards recommended in his Lectures, of making himself thoroughly master of some one period,—the 15th century, with Philip de Comines as his text book, seems to have been the chief sphere of his studies,—and the first book after his election which appears in the Oriel library as taken out in his name, is Rymer's Fœdera. Many of the judgments of his maturer years on Gibbon, Livy, and Thucydides, are to be found in a MS. of 1815, in which, under the name of "Thoughts on History," he went through the characteristics of the chief ancient and modern historians. And it is almost startling, in the midst of a rhetorical burst of his youthful Toryism in a journal of 1815, to meet with expressions of real feeling about the social state of England such as might have been written in his latest years; or amidst the commonplace remarks which accompany an analysis of St. Paul's Epistles and Chrysostom's Homilies, in 1818, to stumble on a statement, complete as far as it goes, of his subsequent doctrine of the identity of Church and State.

Meanwhile he had been gradually led to fix upon his future course in life. In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford; and

on August 11th, 1820, he married Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, and sister of one of his earliest school and college friends, Trevenen Penrose; having previously settled in 1819 at Laleham, near Staines, with his mother, aunt, and sister, where he remained for the next nine years, taking seven or eight young men as private pupils in preparation for the Universities, for a short time in a joint establishment with his brother-in-law, Mr. Buckland, and afterwards independently by himself. Here were born six out of his nine children. The three youngest, besides one which died in infancy in 1832, were born at Rugby.

In the interval which had elapsed between the end of his undergraduate career at Oxford, and his entrance upon life, had taken place the great change from boyhood to manhood, and with it a corresponding change or growth of character, more marked and more important than at any subsequent period of his life. There was indeed another great step to be taken before his mind reached that later stage of development which was coincident with his transition from Laleham to Rugby. The prosaic and matter-of-fact element which has been described in his early Oxford life still retained its predominance, and to a certain extent dwarfed and narrowed his sphere of thought; the various principles of political and theological science which contained in germ all that was to grow out of them, had not yet assumed their proper harmony and proportions; his feelings of veneration, if less confined than in later years, were also less intense; his hopes and views, if more practicable and more easily restrained by the advice of others, were also less wide in their range, and less lofty in their conception.

But, however great were the modifications which his character subsequently underwent, it is the change of tone at this time, between the earlier letters of this period (such as the one or two first of the ensuing series) and those which immediately succeed them, that marks the difference between the high spirit and warm feelings of his youth, and the fixed earnestness and devotion which henceforth took possession of his whole heart and will. Whatever may have been the outward circumstances which contributed to this—the choice of a profession—the impression left upon him by the sudden loss of his elder brother—the new and to him elevating influences of married life—the responsibility of having to act as the guide and teacher of others—it was now for the first time that the principles, which before he had followed rather as a matter of course, and as held and taught by those around him, became emphatically part of his own convictions, to be embraced and carried out for life and for death.

From this time forward such defects as were peculiar to his boyhood and early youth entirely disappear; the indolent habits—the morbid restlessness and occasional weariness of duty—the indulgence of vague schemes without definite purpose—the intellectual doubts which beset the first opening of his mind to the realities of religious belief, when he shared at least in part the state of perplexity which in his later sermons he feelingly describes as the severest of earthly

trials, and which so endeared to him throughout life the story of the confession of the Apostle Thomas—all seem to have vanished away and never again to have diverted him from the decisive choice and energetic pursuit of what he set before him as his end and duty. From this time forward no careful observer can fail to trace that deep consciousness of the invisible world, and that power of bringing it before him in the midst and through the means of his most active engagements, which constituted the peculiarity of his religious life, and the moving spring of his whole life. It was not that he frequently introduced sacred names in writing or in conversation, or that he often dwelt on divine interpositions; where many would have done so without scruple, he would shrink from it, and in speaking of his own religious feelings, or in appealing to the religious feelings of others, he was, except to those most intimate with him, exceedingly reserved. But what was true generally of the thorough interpenetration of the several parts of his character, was peculiarly true of it in its religious aspect: his natural faculties were not unclothed, but clothed upon; they were at once coloured by, and gave a colour to, the belief which they received. It was in his common acts of life, whether public or private, that the depth of his religious convictions most visibly appeared; it was in his manner of dwelling on religious subjects, that the characteristic tendencies of his mind chiefly displayed themselves.

Accordingly, whilst it is impossible, for this reason, to understand his religious belief except through the knowledge of his actual life and his writings on ordinary subjects, it is impossible, on the other hand, to understand his life and writings without bearing in mind how vivid was his realisation of those truths of the Christian Revelation on which he most habitually dwelt. It was this which enabled him to undertake labours which without such a power must have crushed or enfeebled the spiritual growth which in him they seemed only to foster. It was the keen sense of thankfulness consciously awakened by every distinct instance of his many blessings, which more than anything else explained his close union of joyousness with seriousness. In his even tenor of life it was difficult for any one who knew him not to imagine "the golden chain of heavenward thoughts and humble prayers by which, whether standing or sitting, in the intervals of work or of amusement," he "linked together" his "more special and solemn devotions," (Serm. vol. iii. p. 277,) or not to trace something of the consciousness of an invisible presence in the collectedness with which, at the call of his common duties, he rose at once from his various occupations: or in the calm repose which, in the midst of his most active labours, took all the disturbing accidents of life as a matter of course, and made toil so real a pleasure, and relaxation so real a refreshment to him. And in his solemn and emphatic expressions on subjects expressly religious; in his manner of awful reverence when speaking of God or of the Scriptures; in his power of realising the operation of something more than human, whether in his abhorrence of evil, or in his admiration of goodness;—the impression on those who heard him was often as though he knew what others only believed,

as though he had seen what others only talked about. "No one could know him even a little," says one who was himself not amongst his most intimate friends, "and not be struck by his absolute wrestling with evil, so that like St. Paul he seemed to be battling with the wicked one, and yet with the feeling of God's help on his side, scorning as well as hating him."

Above all, it was necessary for a right understanding, not only of his religious opinions, but of his whole character, to enter into the peculiar feeling of love and adoration which he entertained towards our Lord Jesus Christ,—peculiar in the distinctness and intensity which, as it characterised almost all his common impressions, so in this case gave additional strength and meaning to those feelings with which he regarded not only His work of redemption but Himself, as a living Friend and Master. "In that unknown world in which our thoughts become instantly lost," it was his real support and delight to remember that "still there is one object on which our thoughts and imaginations may fasten, no less than our affections; that amidst the light, dark from excess of brilliance, which surrounds the throne of God, we may yet discern the gracious form of the Son of Man," (Serm. vol. iii. p. 90.) In that consciousness which pressed upon him at times even heavily, of the difficulty of considering God in his own nature, believing as he did that "Providence, the Supreme Being, the Deity, and other such terms repel us to an infinite distance," and that the revelation of the Father, in Himself unapproachable, is to be looked upon rather as the promise of another life, than as the support of this life, it was to him a thought of perhaps more than usual comfort to feel that "our God" is "Jesus Christ our Lord, the image of the invisible God," and that "in Him is represented all the fulness of the Godhead, until we know even as we are known," (vol. v. p. 222.) And with this full conviction both of his conscience and understanding, that He of whom he spoke was "still the very selfsame Jesus in all human affections and divine excellences;" there was a vividness and tenderness in his conception of Him, on which, if one may so say, all his feelings of human friendship and affection seemed to fasten as on their natural object, "bringing before him His actions, imaging to himself His very voice and look;" there was to him (so to speak) a greatness in the image thus formed of Him, on which all his natural instincts of reverence, all his range of historical interest, all his admiration of truth and goodness at once centred. "Where can we find a name so holy as that we may surrender our whole souls to it, before which obedience, reverence without measure, intense humility, most unreserved adoration, may all be duly rendered?" was the earnest inquiry of his whole nature intellectual and moral, no less than religious. And the answer to it in like manner expressed what he endeavoured to make the rule of his own personal conduct, and the centre of all his moral and religious convictions: "One name there is, and one alone, one alone in heaven and earth—not truth, not justice, not benevolence, not Christ's mother, not His holiest servants, not His blessed sacraments, nor His very mystical body the Church, but Him-

self only who died for us and rose again, Jesus Christ, both God and Man." (Serm. vol. iv. p. 210.)

These were the feelings which, though more fully developed with the advance of years, now for the first time took thorough possession of his mind; and which struck upon his moral nature at this period, with the same kind of force (if one may use the comparison) as the new views, which he acquired from time to time of persons and principles in historical or philosophical speculations, impressed themselves upon his intellectual nature. There is naturally but little to interrupt the retirement of his life at Laleham, which was only broken by the short tours in England or on the Continent, in which then, as afterwards, he employed his vacations. Still it is not without interest to dwell on these years, the profound peace of which is contrasted so strongly with the almost incessant agitations of his subsequent life, and "to remain awhile" (thus applying his own words on another subject) "on the high ground where the waters which are hereafter to form the separate streams" of his various social and theological views, "lie as yet undistinguished in their common parent lake."

Whatever may have been the exact notions of his future course which presented themselves to him, it is evident, that he was not insensible to the attraction of visions of extensive influence, and almost to his latest hour he seems to have been conscious of the existence of the temptation within him, and of the necessity of contending against it. "I believe," he said, many years afterwards, in speaking of these early struggles to a Rugby pupil who was consulting him on the choice of a profession,—"I believe that, naturally, I am one of the most ambitious men alive," and "the three great objects of human ambition," he added, to which alone he could look as deserving the name, were "to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." But in some respects the loftiness of his aims made it a matter of less difficulty to confine himself at once to a sphere in which, whilst he felt himself well and usefully employed, he felt also that the practical business of his daily duties acted as a check upon his own inclinations and speculations. Accordingly, when he entered upon his work at Laleham, he seems to have regarded it as his work for life. "I have always thought," he writes in 1823, "with regard to ambition, that I should like to be aut Cæsar aut nullus, and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be Cæsar, I am quite content to live in peace as nullus."

It was a period, indeed, on which he used himself to look back, even from the wider usefulness of his later years, almost with a fond regret, as to the happiest time of his life. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then all other things shall be added to you," was a passage to which now, more than any other time, he was in the habit of recurring, as one of peculiar truth and comfort. His situation supplied him exactly with that union of retirement and work which more than any other condition suited his natural inclinations, and enabled him to keep up more uninterrupted than was ever again

in his power the communication which he so much cherished with his friends and relations. Without undertaking any directly parochial charge, he was in the habit of rendering constant assistance to Mr. Hearn, the curate of the place, both in the parish church and workhouse, and in visiting the villagers—thus uniting with his ordinary occupations greater means, than he was afterwards able to command, of familiar intercourse with his poorer neighbours, which he always so highly valued. Bound as he was to Laleham by all these ties, he long loved to look upon it as his final home;—and the first reception of the tidings of his election at Rugby was overclouded with deep sorrow at leaving the scene of so much happiness. Years after he had left it, he still retained his early affection for it, and till he had purchased his house in Westmorland, he entertained a lingering hope that he might return to it in his old age, when he should have retired from Rugby. Often he would revisit it, and delighted in renewing his acquaintance with all the families of the poor whom he had known during his residence; in showing to his children his former haunts; in looking once again on his favourite views of the great plain of Middlesex—the lonely walks along the quiet banks of the Thames—the retired garden, with its "Campus Martius," and its "wilderness of trees," which lay behind his house, and which had been the scenes of so many sportive games and serious conversations—the churchyard of Laleham, then doubly dear to him, as containing the graves of his infant child whom he buried there in 1832, and of his mother, his aunt, and his sister Susannah, who had long formed almost a part of his own domestic circle, and whom he lost within a few years after his departure to Rugby.

His general view of his work as a private tutor is best given in his own words in 1831, to a friend who was about to engage in a similar occupation.

"I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerit of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life. I enjoyed, and do enjoy, the society of youths of seventeen or eighteen, for they are all alive in limbs and spirits at least, if not in mind, while in older persons the body and spirits often become lazy and languid without the mind gaining any vigour to compensate for it. Do not take your work as a dose, and I do not think you will find it nauseous. I am sure you will not, if your wife does not, and if she is a sensible woman, she will not either if you do not. The misery of private tuition seems to me to consist in this, that men enter upon it as a means to some further end; are always impatient for the time when they may lay it aside; whereas if you enter upon it heartily as your life's business, as a man enters upon any other profession, you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and thinking of how much privacy, and how much society it is robbing you; but you take to it as a matter of course, making it your material occupation, and devote your time to it, and then you find that it is in itself full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you in such

perpetual contact with all the spring of youthful liveliness. I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can. I did this continually more and more before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping and all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They I believe always liked it, and I enjoyed it myself like a boy, and found myself constantly the better for it."

In many respects his method at Laleham resembled the plan which he pursued on a larger scale at Rugby. Then, as afterwards, he had a strong sense of the duty of protecting his charge, at whatever risk to himself, from the presence of companions who were capable only of exercising an evil influence over their associates; and, young as he was, he persisted in carrying out this principle, and in declining to take any additional pupils as long as he had under him any of such a character, whom yet he did not feel himself justified in removing at once. And in answer to the request of his friends that he would raise his terms, "I am confirmed in my resolution not to do so," he writes in 1827, "lest I should get the sons of very great people as my pupils whom it is almost impossible to *sophronize*." In reply to a friend in 1821, who had asked his advice in a difficult case of dealing with a pupil,

"I have no doubt," he answers, "that you have acted perfectly right; for lenity is seldom to be repented of; and besides, if you should find that it has been ill bestowed, you can have recourse to expulsion after all. But it is clearly right to try your chance of making an impression; and if you can make any at all, it is at once your justification and encouragement to proceed. It is very often like kicking a football up hill; you kick it onwards twenty yards, and it rolls back nineteen; still you have gained one yard, and thus in a good many kicks you make some progress. This, however, is on the supposition that the pupil's fault is ακρασια and not κακια; for if he laughs behind your back at what you say to him, he will corrupt others, and then there is no help for it, but he must go. This is to me all the difference: I would be as patient as I possibly could with irresolution, unsteadiness, and fits of idleness; but if a pupil has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all the work as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, I have made up my resolution that I will send him away without scruple; for not to speak of the heartless trouble that such an animal would give to myself, he is a living principle of mischief in the house, being ready at all times to pervert his companions; and this determination I have expressed publicly, and if I know myself I will act upon it, and I advise you most heartily to do the same. Thus, then, with Mr. ——, when he appeared penitent and made professions of amendment, you were clearly right to give him a longer trial. If he be sincere, however unsteady and backsliding, he will not hurt the principles of your other pupils; for he will not glory in his own misconduct, which I suppose is the danger: but if you have reason to think that the impression you made on him was only

temporary, and that it has since entirely gone away, and his own evil principles as well as evil practices are in vigour, then I would advise you to send him off without delay; for then taking the mischief he will do to others into the account, the football rolls down twenty-five yards to your kick of twenty, and that is a losing game."

"Ἐχθιστη δὸύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα πὲρ μηδένος κρατέειν," he writes, "must be the feeling of many a working tutor who cannot open the eyes of his pupils to see what knowledge is,—I do not mean human knowledge only, but 'wisdom.'"

"You could scarcely conceive the rare instances of ignorance that I have met with amongst them. One had no notion of what was meant by an angle; another could not tell how many Gospels there are, nor could he, after due deliberation, recollect any other names than Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and a third holds the first concord in utter contempt, and makes the infinitive mood supply the place of the principal verb in the sentence without the least suspicion of any impropriety. My labour, therefore, is more irksome than I have ever known it; but none of my pupils give me any uneasiness on the most serious points, and five of them staid the sacrament when it was last administered. I ought constantly to impress upon my mind how light an evil is the greatest ignorance or dulness when compared with habits of profligacy, or even of wilful irregularity and riotousness."

"I regret in your son," he says, (in writing to a parent,) "a carelessness which does not allow him to think seriously of what he is living for, and to do what is right not merely as a matter of regularity, but because it is a duty. I trust you will not think that I am meaning anything more than my words convey, or that what I am regretting in your son is not to be found in nineteen out of every twenty young men of his age; but I conceive that you would wish me to form my desire of what your son should be, not according to the common standard, but according to the highest,—to be satisfied with no less in him than I should have been anxious to find in a son of my own. He is capable of doing a great deal; and I have not seen anything in him which has called for reproof since he has been with me. I am only desirous that he should work more heartily,—just, in short, as he would work if he took an interest of himself in his own improvement. On this, of course, all distinction in Oxford must depend: but much more than distinction depends on it; for the difference between a useful education, and one which does not affect the future life, rests mainly on the greater or less activity which it has communicated to the pupil's mind, whether he has learned to think, or to act, and to gain knowledge by himself, or whether he has merely followed passively as long as there was some one to draw him."

It is needless to anticipate the far more extended influence which he exercised over his Rugby scholars, by describing in detail the impression produced upon his pupils at Laleham. Yet the mere difference of the relation in which he stood towards them in itself gave a peculiar character to his earlier sphere of education, and as such may best be described in the words of one amongst those whom he

most esteemed, Mr. Price, who afterwards became one of his assistant masters at Rugby.*

"Nearly eighteen years have passed away since I resided at Laleham, and I had the misfortune of being but two months as a pupil there. I am unable, therefore, to give you a complete picture of the Laleham life of my late revered tutor; I can only impart to you such impressions as my brief sojourn there has indelibly fixed in my recollection.

"The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in this world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus, pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated; none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth; he possessed it eminently at Rugby; but, if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was

* I cannot allow Mr. Price's name to appear in these pages, without expressing how much I am indebted to him for the assistance which, amidst his many pressing duties, he has rendered to this work, not only here, but throughout, and which in many cases, from his long knowledge and complete understanding of Dr. Arnold's views and character, he alone could have rendered. Nothing, indeed, but the very fact of the perpetual recurrence of instances in which I have availed myself not only of his suggestions, but of his words, would have prevented me from more frequently acknowledging obligations, for which I here wish to return my thanks, however inadequately, once for all.

founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.

"In all this there was no excitement, no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but an humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth, the end for which his various faculties were given, the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie. Hence, each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent; in striving to cultivate his own gifts, in whatever direction they might lead him, he infallibly found Arnold not only approving, but positively and sincerely valuing for themselves the results he had arrived at; and that approbation and esteem gave a dignity and a worth both to himself and his labour.

"His humility was very deeply seated; his respect for all knowledge sincere. A strange feeling passed over the pupil's mind when he found great, and often undue, credit given him for knowledge of which his tutor was ignorant. But this generated no conceit: the example before his eyes daily reminded him that it was only as a means of usefulness, as an improvement of talents for his own good and that of others that knowledge was valued. He could not find comfort in the presence of such reality, in any shallow knowledge.

"There was then, as afterwards, great simplicity in his religious character. It was no isolated part of his nature, it was a bright and genial light shining on every branch of his life. He took very great pains with the Divinity lessons of his pupils: and his lectures were admirable, and, I distinctly remember, very highly prized for their depth and originality. Neither generally in ordinary conversation, nor in his walks with his pupils, was his style of speaking directly or mainly religious; but he was ever very ready to discuss any religious question; whilst the depth and truth of his nature, and the earnestness of his religious convictions and feelings, were ever bursting forth, so as to make it strongly felt that his life, both outward and inward, was rooted in God.

"In the details of daily business, the quantity of time that he devoted to his pupils was very remarkable. Lessons began at seven, and with the interval of breakfast lasted till nearly three; then he would walk with his pupils, and dine at half-past five. At seven he usually had some lesson on hand; and it was only when we all were gathered up in the drawing-room after tea, amidst young men on all sides of him, that he would commence work for himself, in writing his sermons or Roman History.

"Who that ever had the happiness of being at Laleham, does not remember the lightness and joyousness of heart, with which he would romp and play in the garden, or plunge with a boy's delight into the Thames; or the merry fun with which he would battle with spears

with his pupils? Which of them does not recollect how the Tutor entered into his amusements with scarcely less glee than himself?

"But I must conclude: I do not pretend to touch on every point. I have told you what struck me most, and I have tried to keep away all remembrance of what he was when I knew him better. I have confined myself to the impression Laleham left upon me.

"B. PRICE."

The studies which most occupied his spare time at Laleham were philology and history, and he employed himself chiefly on a Lexicon of Thucydides, and also on an edition of that author with Latin notes, subsequently exchanged for English ones, a short History of Greece, never finished or published, and on articles on Roman History from the times of the Gracchi to that of Trajan, written for the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, between 1821 and 1827.

It was in 1825 that, through the recommendation of Archdeacon Hare, he first became acquainted with Niebuhr's History of Rome. In the study of this work, which was the first German book he ever read, and for the sake of reading which he had learned that language, a new intellectual world dawned upon him, not only in the subject to which it related, but in the disclosure to him of the depth and research of German literature, which from that moment he learned more and more to appreciate, and, as far as his own occupations would allow him, to emulate.

On his view of Roman History its effect was immediate: "It is a work (he writes on first perusing it) of such extraordinary ability and learning, that it opened wide before my eyes the extent of my own ignorance;" and he at once resolved to delay any independent work of his own till he had more completely studied the new field of inquiry suggested to him, in addition to the doubts he had himself already expressed as to the authenticity of much of the early Roman history in one of his first articles in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. In an article in the Quarterly Review of 1825, he was (to use Niebuhr's own words of thanks to him in the second edition of his first volume, Note 1053. i. p. 451. Eng. Transl.) "the scholar who introduced the first edition of this history to the English public;" and the feeling which had dictated this friendly notice of it grew with years. The reluctance which he had at first entertained to admit the whole of Niebuhr's conclusions, and which remained even to 1832, when in regard to his views of ancient history he was inclined to "charge him with a tendency to excessive scepticism," (Pref. to 1st ed. of 2nd vol. of Thucyd. p. xiv.,) settled by degrees into a determination "never to differ from him without a full consciousness of the probability that further inquiry might prove him to be right;" (Pref. to Hist. of Rome, vol. i. p. x.;) and with this increasing adhesion to his views, increased also a sentiment of something like personal veneration, which made him, as he used to say, "at once emulous and hopeless," rendering him jealous for Niebuhr's reputation, as if for his own, and anxious, amidst the pressure of his other occupations, to undertake, or at least

superintend, the translation of the third volume when it was given up by Hare and Thirlwall, from a "desire to have his name connected with the translation of that great work, which no one had studied more or admired more entirely." But yet more than by his mere reading, all these feelings towards Niebuhr, towards Germany, and towards Roman history, were strengthened by his visit to Rome in 1827, and by the friendship which he there formed with Chevalier Bunsen, successor to Niebuhr as minister at the Papal court. He was at Rome only thirteen days, but the sight of the city and of the neighbourhood, to which he devoted himself to the almost entire exclusion of the works of art, gave him a living interest in Rome which he had before wanted and which he never lost. The Chevalier Bunsen he saw no more till 1838; but the conversation which he had there enjoyed with him formed the ground of an unbroken intercourse by letters between them: by his encouragement he was principally induced in later years to resume the History of Rome, which he eventually dedicated to him; whilst dwelling on the many points of resemblance between their peculiar pursuits and general views, he used to turn with enthusiastic delight to seek for his sympathy from the isolation in which he often seemed to be placed in his own country.

But now, as afterwards, he found himself most attracted towards the Interpretation of Scripture and the more practical aspect of Theology; and he was only restrained from entering upon the study of them more directly, partly by diffidence in his own powers, partly by a sense that more time was needed for their investigation than he had at his command. His early intimacy with the leading men of the then Oriel school, remarkable as it was for exhibiting a union of religious earnestness with intellectual activity, and distinct from any existing party amongst the English clergy, contributed to foster the independence which characterised his theological and ecclesiastical views from the first time that he took any real interest in serious matters. And he used to look back to a visit to Dr. Whately, then residing on his cure in Suffolk, as a marked era in the formation of his views, especially as opening to his mind, or impressing upon it more strongly, some of the opinions on which he afterwards laid so much stress with regard to the Christian Priesthood.

But although in the way of modification or confirmation his thoughts owed much to the influence of others, there was always, even at this less stirring period of his mind, an original spring within. The words "He that judgeth me is the Lord," as they stand at the head of one of the most characteristic sermons of this period,* are a true expression of his general views at this time of his life. The distinctness and force with which the words and acts recorded in the Gospel History came before him, seemed to have impressed him early with a conviction that there was something in them very different from what was implied in the common mode of talking and acting on religious subjects. The recollections of his conversations which have been preserved from this period, abound with expressions of his strong sense of "the want of

* Serm. vol. i. p. 229.

Christian principle in the literature of the day," and an anxious foreboding of the possible results which might thence ensue in the case of any change in existing notions and circumstances. "I fear," he said, "the approach of a greater struggle between good and evil than the world has yet seen, in which there may well happen the greatest trial to the faith of good men that can be imagined, if the greatest talent and ability are decidedly on the side of their adversaries, and they will have nothing but faith and holiness to oppose to it." "Something of this kind," he said, "may have been the meaning or part of the meaning of the words, 'that by signs and wonders they should deceive even the elect.' What I should be afraid of would be, that good men, taking alarm at the prevailing spirit, would fear to yield even points they could not maintain, instead of wisely giving them up, and holding on where they could." Hence one object of his early attempts at his Roman History was the hope, as he said, that its tone might be such "that the strictest of what is called the Evangelical party would not object to putting it into the hands of their children." Hence again, he earnestly desired to see some leading periodical taking a decidedly religious tone, unconnected with any party feeling :—

"It would be a most happy event," he writes in 1822, "if a work which has so great a sale, and contains so much curious information, and has so much the tone of men of the world, [as the Quarterly Review,] could be disciplined to a uniformly Christian spirit, and appear to uphold good principles for their own sake, and not merely as tending to the maintenance of things as they are. It would be delightful to see a work sincerely Christian, which should be neither High Church, nor what is called Evangelical."

Out of this general sense of the extreme contrast between the high standard of the Christian religion and the evils of the existing state of Christendom, especially in his own age and country, arose one by one those views which, when afterwards formed into a collected whole, became the animating principle of his public life, but which it is not necessary to anticipate here, except by indicating how rapidly they were in the process of formation in his own mind.

It was now that his political views began to free themselves alike from the mere childish Jacobinism of his boyhood, and from the hardly less stable Toryism which he had imbibed from the influence of his early Oxford friends—a change which is best to be seen in his own words, in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge many years afterwards (Jan. 26, 1840). And though his interest in public affairs was much less keen at this period than in the subsequent stages of his life, his letters contain, especially after 1826, indications of the same lively sense of social evils, founded on his knowledge of history, which became more and more a part of his habitual thoughts.

"I think daily," he said, in speaking of the disturbances in 1819, "of Thucydides, and the Corcyrean sedition, and of the story of the French Revolution, and of the Cassandra-like fate of history, whose lessons are read in vain even to the very next generation."

"I cannot tell you," he writes in 1826, "how the present state of

the country occupies my mind, and what a restless desire I feel that it were in my power to do any good. My chief fear is that when the actual suffering is a little abated, people will go on as usual, and not probing to the bottom the deep disease which is to my mind ensuring no ordinary share of misery in the country before many years are over. But we know that it is our own fault if our greatest trials do not turn out to be our greatest advantages."

In ecclesiastical matters in like manner he had already begun to conceive the necessity of great alterations in the Church Establishment, a feeling which at this period, when most persons seemed to acquiesce in its existing state, was naturally stronger than in the later years of his life, when the attacks to which it was exposed from without and from within, appeared at times to endanger its existence.

"I hope to be allowed, before I die, to accomplish something on Education, and also with regard to the Church," he writes in 1826; "the last indeed even more than the other, were not the task, humanly speaking, so hopeless. But the more I think of the matter, and the more I read of the Scriptures themselves, and of the history of the Church, the more intense is my wonder at the language of admiration with which some men speak of the Church of England, which certainly retains the foundation sure, as all other Christian societies do, except the Unitarians, but has overlaid it with a very sufficient quantity of hay and stubble, which I devoutly hope to see burnt one day in the fire. I know that other churches have their faults also, but what have I to do with them? It is idle to speculate in *aliená republicâ*, but to reform one's own is a business which nearly concerns us."

His lively appreciation of the high standard of practical and social excellence, enjoined in the Christian dispensation, was also guiding him to those principles of interpretation of Scripture, which he applied so extensively in his later works.

"The tendency," he writes to Dr. Hawkins in 1827, "which so many Christians have had and still have, to fancy that the goodness of the old Patriarchs was absolute rather than relative, and that men who are spoken of as having had personal communication with God, must have had as great knowledge of the future state as ourselves, is expressed in one of G. Herbert's poems, in which he seems to look upon the revelations of the patriarchal Church almost with envy, as if they had nearer communion with God than Christians have. All which seems to me to arise out of a forgetfulness or misapprehension of the privileges of Christians in their communion with the Holy Spirit,—and to originate partly in the tritheistic notions of the Trinity, which make men involuntarily consider the *Third* Person as inferior in some degree to those who are called First and Second, whereas the Third relation of the Deity to man is rather the most perfect of all; as it is that in which God communes with man, not 'as a man talketh with his friend,' but as a Spirit holding discourse invisibly and incomprehensibly, but more effectually than by any outward address,—with the *spirits* only of his creatures. And therefore it was expedient for the disciples that God should be with their hearts as the Spirit rather

than speaking to their ears as the Son. This will give you the clue to my view of the Old Testament, which I never can look upon as addressed to men having a Faith in Christ such as Christians have, or looking forward to eternal life with any settled and uniform hope."

Lastly, the following extracts give his approaches to his subsequent views on Church and State.

"What say you," he writes in 1827, to Dr. Whately, "to a work on πολιτικὴ, in the old Greek sense of the word, in which I should try to apply the principles of the Gospel to the legislation and administration of a state. It would begin with a simple statement of the τέλος of man according to Christianity, and then would go on to show how the knowledge of this τέλος would affect all our views of national wealth, and the whole question of political economy; and also our practice with regard to wars, oaths, and various other relics of the στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου."

And to Mr. Blackstone in the same year:—

"I have long had in my mind a work on Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen, in which the whole question of a religious establishment and of the education proper for Christian members of a Christian commonwealth would naturally find a place. It would embrace also an historical sketch of the pretended conversion of the kingdoms of the world to the kingdom of Christ in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played, except his invention of Popery. I mean that by inducing kings and nations to conform nominally to Christianity, and thus to get into their hands the direction of Christian society, he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and in ensuring the ascendency of his own. One real conversion there seems to have been, that of the Anglo-Saxons; but that he soon succeeded in corrupting; and at the Norman Conquest we had little I suppose to lose even from the more direct introduction of Popery and worldly religion which came in with the Conqueror."

All these floating visions, which were not realized till long afterwards, are best represented in the first volume of his Sermons, which were preached in the parish church at Laleham, and form by far the most characteristic record of this period.

"My object," he said in his Preface, "has been to bring the great principles of the Gospel home to the hearts and practices of my own countrymen in my own time—and particularly to those of my own station in society, with whose sentiments and language I am naturally most familiar, and for this purpose, I have tried to write in such a style as might be used in real life, in serious conversation with our friends, or with those who asked our advice; in the language, in short, of common life, and applied to the cases of common life; but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are to be found only in the Gospel."

This volume is not only in the time of its appearance, but also in its style and substance, the best introduction to all his later works; the very absence of any application to particular classes or states of opinion, such as gives more interest to his subsequent sermons, is the more fitted to exhibit his fundamental views, often not developed in his own mind, in their naked simplicity. And it is in itself worthy of notice, as being the first or nearly the first attempt, since followed in many other quarters, at breaking through the conventional phraseology with which English preaching had been so long encumbered, and at uniting the language of reality and practical sense with names and words which, in the minds of so many of the educated classes, had become closely associated with notions of sectarianism or extravagance.

It was published in 1828, immediately after his removal to Rugby, and had a rapid circulation. Many, both then and long afterwards, who most differed from some of his more peculiar opinions, rejoiced in the possession of a volume which contained so much in which they agreed, and so little from which they differed. The objections to its style or substance may best be gathered from the following extracts of his own letters.

1. "If the sermons are read, I do not care one farthing if the readers think me the most unclassical writer in the English language. It will only remove me to a greater distance from the men of elegant minds with whom I shall most loathe to be associated. But, however, I have looked at the sermons again, with a view to correcting the baldness which you complain of, and in some places, I have endeavoured to correct it. And I again assure you, that I will not knowingly leave unaltered anything violent, harsh, or dogmatical. I am not conscious of the ex cathedrâ tone of my sermons—at least not beyond what appears to me proper in the pulpit, where one does in a manner speak ex cathedrâ. But I think my decided tone is generally employed in putting forward the sentiments of Scripture, not in drawing my own conclusions from it."

2. In answer to a complaint that "they carry the standard so high as to unchristianise half the community," he says, "I do not see how the standard can be carried higher than Christ or his Apostles carry it, and I do not think that we ought to put it lower. I am sure that the habitually fixing it so much lower, especially in all our institutions and public practice, has been most mischievous."

3. "I am very much gratified by what you say of my sermons; yet pained to find that their tone is generally felt to be so hard and severe. I believe the reason is, that I mostly thought of my pupils in preaching, and almost always of the higher classes, who I cannot but think have commonly very little of the 'bruised reed' about them. You must remember that I never had the regular care of a parish, and therefore have seen comparatively little of those cases of a troubled spirit, and of a fearful and anxious conscience, which require comfort far more than warning. But still, after all, I fear that the intense mercy of the Gospel has not been so prominently represented

as it should have been, while I have been labouring to express its purity."

Meanwhile, his friends had frequently represented to him the desirableness of a situation which would secure a more certain provision, and a greater sphere of usefulness than that which he occupied at Laleham; and he had been urged, more than once, to stand for the Mastership at Winchester, which he had declined first from a distrust of his own fitness or inclination for the office, and afterwards from more general reasons. But the expense of the neighbourhood of Laleham had already determined him to leave it, and he was framing plans for a change of life, when, in August, 1827, the head-mastership of Rugby became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wooll, who had held it for twenty-one years. It was not till late in the contest for the situation that he finally resolved to offer himself as a candidate. When, therefore, his testimonials were sent in to the twelve trustees, noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire, in whom the appointment rests, the canvass for the office had advanced so far as to leave him, in the opinion of himself and many of his friends, but little hope of success. On the day of the decision, the testimonials of the several candidates were read over in the order in which they had been sent in; his own were therefore among the last; and whilst none of the trustees were personally acquainted with him, few if any of them, owing to the lateness of his appearance, had heard his name before. His testimonials were few in number, and most of them couched in general language, but all speaking strongly of his qualifications. Amongst them was a letter from Dr. Hawkins, now Provost of Oriel, in which it was predicted that, if Mr. Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. The trustees had determined to be guided entirely by the merits of the candidates, and the impression produced upon them by this letter, and by the general confidence in him expressed in all the testimonials, was such, that he was elected at once in December, 1827. In June, 1828, he received Priest's orders from Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London; in April and November of the same year took his degree of B.D. and D.D.; and in August entered on his new office.

The following letters and extracts have been selected, not so much as important in themselves, but rather as illustrating the course of his thoughts and general views at this period.

LETTERS FROM 1817 TO 1828.

1. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Oxford, May 28, 1817.

. . . I thank you very heartily for the kindness which all your letter displays, and I cannot better show my sense of it, than by telling you without reserve my feelings and arguments on both sides of the question. The study of the law, in many respects, I think I

should like, and certainly it holds out better encouragement to any ambitious particles which I may have in my nature than the church does. But I do not think, if I know myself, which perhaps is begging an important question, that my sober inclinations would lead me to the law so much as to the church. I am sure the church would be the best for me, for as I hope never to enter it with light views, so the forming my mind to a proper sense of the clerical duties and then an occasion and call for the practice of them immediately succeeding, would I trust be most beneficial to me. To effect this, I have great advantages in the advice and example of many of my friends here in Oxford, and whether I know myself or not is another question, but I most sincerely feel that I could with most pleasure devote myself to the employments of a clergyman; and that I never should for a moment put any prospects of ambition or worldly honour in competition with the safe happiness which I think a clergyman's life would grant me. Seriously, I am afraid of the law; I know how much even here I am led away by various occupations from those studies and feelings which are essential to every man; and I dare not risk the consequences of such a necessary diversion of mind from all religious subjects, as would be caused by my attending to a study so engrossing as that of law. To this I am sure in your eyes nothing need be added; but besides I doubt whether my health would support so much reading and confinement to the house; and after all, knowing who are at this moment contending for the prizes of the law, it would, I think, be folly to stake much on the chance of my success. Again, my present way of life enables me to be a great deal at home with my mother, aunt, and sister, who are all so circumstanced that I should not think myself justified in lightly choosing any occupation that would separate me greatly from them. On the other hand, if I find that I cannot conscientiously subscribe to the articles of the Church, be assured I never will go into orders, but even then I should doubt whether I could support either the expense or labour of the law. I hope you have overrated my "ambitious disputations and democratical" propensities; if, indeed, I have not more of the two first than of the last, I think I should not hesitate about my fitness for the church, as far as they are concerned. I think you have not quite a correct notion of my political faith; perhaps I have not myself, but I do not think I am democratically inclined, and God forbid I should ever be such a clergyman as Horne Took.

2. TO REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Laleham, September 20, 1819.

. . . Poor dear old Oxford! if I live till I am eighty, and were to enjoy all the happiness that the warmest wish could desire, I should never forget, or cease to look back with something of a painful feeling on the years we were together there, and on all the delights that we have lost; and I look forward with extreme delight to my intended journey, down to the audit in October, when I shall take a long and last farewell of my old haunts, and will, if I possibly can, yet take one

more look at Bagley Wood, and the pretty field, and the wild stream that flows down between Bullington and Cowley Marsh, not forgetting even your old friend, "the Lower London Road." Well, I must endeavour to get some such associations to combine with Laleham and its neighbourhood; but at present all is harsh and ruffled, like woods in a high wind, only I am beginning to love my own little study, where I have a sofa full of books, as of old, and the two verse books lying about on it, and a volume of Herodotus; and where I sit up and read or write till twelve or one o'clock.

3. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. (On a proposal of a Mastership at Winchester.)

Laleham, October 28, 1819.

I might defer any discussion of the prospects which you recommend to me till we meet, were it a subject on which I could feel any hesitation in making up my mind. But thanking you as I do very sincerely for the kindness of your suggestion, the situation which you advise me to try for, is one which nothing but the most positive call of duty would ever induce me to accept, were it even offered to me. It is one which, in the first place, I know myself very ill qualified to fill; and it would besides completely upset every scheme which I have formed for my future comfort in life. I know that success in my present undertaking is of course doubtful; still my chance is, I think, tolerably fair, not indeed of making my fortune, but of earning such an income as shall enable me to live with economy as a married man; and, as far as I can now foresee, I should wish to continue for many years at Laleham, and the house, which I have got on a long lease, is one which I already feel very well inclined to regard as my settled and permanent home in this world. My present way of life I have tried, and am perfectly contented with it; and I know pretty well what the life of a master of Winchester would be, and feel equally certain that it would be to me excessively disagreeable. I do not think you could say anything to shake me for an instant on this head; still believe me that I am very much obliged to you for the friendliness of your recommendation, which I decline for reasons that in all probability many people would think very empty and ridiculous.

4. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, November 20, 1819.

This day eight years, about this time, we were assembled in the Junior Common Room, to celebrate the first foundation of the room, and had been amused by hearing Bartholomew's song about "Musical George," and "Political Tommy," and now, of the party then assembled, you are the only one still left in Oxford, and the rest of us are scattered over the face of the earth to our several abodes. There is a "souvenir interessant" for you, as a Frenchman would say, and one full well fitted for a November evening. But do you know that I am half disposed to quarrel with you, instead of giving you "Souvenirs"—for did you not covenant to write to me first? . . . Indeed, in the pictures that

I have to form of my future life, my friends have always held a part; and it has been a great delight to me to think, that M. will feel doubly and naturally bound to so many of them, that she will have little trouble in learning to love them, and the benefits which I have received from my Oxford friendships have been so invaluable, as relating to points of the very highest importance, that it is impossible for me ever to forget them, or to cease to look on them as the greatest blessings I have ever yet enjoyed in life, and for which I have the deepest reason to be most thankful. Being then separated from you all, I am most anxious that absence should not be allowed to weaken the regard we bear each other; and besides, I cannot forego that advice and assistance which I have so long been accustomed to rely on, and with which I cannot as yet at least safely dispense; for the management of my own mind is a thing so difficult, and brings me into contact with much that is so strangely mysterious, that I stand at times quite bewildered, in a chaos where I can see no light either before or behind. How much of all this is constitutional and physical, I cannot tell, perhaps a great deal of it; yet it is surely dangerous to look upon all the struggles of the mind as arising from the state of the body or the weather, and so resolve to bestow no attention upon them. Indeed, I think I have far more reason to be annoyed at the extraordinary apathy and abstraction from everything good, which the routine of the world's business brings with it; there are whole days in which all the feelings or principles of belief, or of religion altogether, are in utter abeyance: when one goes on very comfortably, pleased with external and worldly comforts, and yet would find it difficult, if told to inquire, to find a particle of Christian principle in one's whole mind. It seems all quite moved out bodily, and one retains no consciousness of a belief in any one religious truth, but is living a life of virtual Atheism. I suppose these things are equalised somehow, but I am often inclined to wonder at and to envy those who seem never to know what mental trouble is, and who seem to have nothing else to disturb them than the common petty annoyances of life, and when these let them alone, then they are ἐν ἐυπαθειησι. But I would compound for all this, if I could but find that I had any liking for what I ought to like; but there is the Sunday School here, for instance, which I never visit without the strongest reluctance, and really the thought of having this to do makes me quite dread the return of Sunday. I have got it now entirely into my own hands, so attend it I *must* and *will*, if I can answer for my perseverance, but it goes sadly against me.

5. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Laleham, November 29, 1819.

At last I am going to redeem the promise which I made so long ago, and to give you some account of our *summa rerum*. I have had lately the additional work of a sermon every week to write, and this has interfered very much with my correspondence; and I fear I have not yet acquired that careful economy of time which men in your profession often so well practise, and do not make the most of all the odd

five and ten minutes' spaces which I get in the course of the day. However, I have at last begun my letter, and will first tell you that I still like my business very well, and what is very comfortable, I feel far more confidence in myself than I did at first, and should not now dread having the sole management of pupils, which at one time I should have shrunk from. [After giving an account of the joint arrangement of the school and the pupils with his brother-in-law.] Buckland is naturally fonder of the school, and is inclined to give it the greatest part of his attention; and I, from my Oxford habits, as naturally like the other part of the business best; and thus I have extended my time of reading with our four pupils in the morning before breakfast, from one hour to two. Not that I dislike being in the school, but quite the contrary; still, however, I have not the experience in that sort of work, nor the perfect familiarity with my grammar requisite to make a good master, and I cannot teach Homer as well as my friends Herodotus and Livy, whom I am now reading, I suppose, for about the fiftieth time.

Nov. 30th.—I was interrupted last night in the middle of my letter, and as the evening is my only time for such occupations, it cannot now go till to-morrow. You shall derive this benefit, however, from the interruption, that I will trouble you with no more details about the *trade;* a subject which I find growing upon me daily, from the retired life we are leading, and from my being so much engrossed by it. There are some very pleasant families settled in this place besides ourselves; they have been very civil to us, and in the holidays I dare say we shall see much of them, but at present I do not feel I have sufficient time to make an acquaintance, and cannot readily submit to the needful sacrifice of formal visits, &c., which must be the prelude to a more familiar knowledge of any one. As it is, my garden claims a good portion of my spare time in the middle of the day, when I am not engaged at home or taking a walk; there is always something to interest me even in the very sight of the weeds and litter, for then I think how much improved the place will be when they are removed; and it is very delightful to watch the progress of any work of this sort, and observe the gradual change from disorder and neglect to neatness and finish. In the course of the autumn I have done much in planting and altering, but these labours are now over, and I have now only to hope for a mild winter as far as the shrubs are concerned, that they may not all be dead when the spring comes. Of the country about us, especially on the Surrey side, I have explored much; but not nearly so much as I could wish. It is very beautiful, and some of the scenes at the junction of the heath country with the rich valley of the Thames are very striking. Or if I do not venture so far from home, I have always a resource at hand in the bank of the river up to Staines; which, though it be perfectly flat, has yet a great charm from its entire loneliness, there being not a house anywhere near it; and the river here has none of that stir of boats and barges upon it, which makes it in many places as public as the high road. . . . Of what is going on in the world, or anywhere indeed out of Laleham, I know little or nothing. I can get

no letters from Oxford, the common complaint I think of all who leave it; and if Penrose did not bring us sometimes a little news from Eton, and Hull from London, I should really, when the holidays begin, find myself six months behind the rest of the world. . . .

Don Juan has been with me for some weeks, but I am determined not to read it, for I was so annoyed by some specimens that I saw in glancing over the leaves, that I will not worry myself with any more of it. I have read enough of the debates since Parliament has met to make me marvel at the nonsense talked on both sides, though I am afraid the opposition have the palm out and out. The folly or the mischievous obstinacy with which they persist in palliating the excesses of the Jacobins is really scandalous, though I own I do not wish to see Carlton House trimming up the constitution as if it were an hussar's uniform. . . . I feel, however, growing less and less political.

6. TO REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Fledborough, January 3rd, 1820.

. . . I conclude that Tucker is with you, so I will begin by sending you both my heartiest wishes for a happy new year; and for you and yours, that you may long go on as you have begun, and enjoy every succeeding New Year's Day better and better, and have more solid grounds for the enjoyment of it: and for Tucker, that he may taste equal happiness even if it should not be precisely in the same way. Well, here we are, almost at the extremities of the kingdom; Tucker and you at Sidmouth, and Trevenen and I at Fledborough. . . . We are snowed up all round, and shall be drowned with the flood when it begins to thaw; and as for cold, at nine a.m. on Saturday, the thermometer stood at 0. Alas! for my fingers. Good night "to both on ye," as the poor crazy man used to say in Oxford. . . . I saw Coleridge when I passed through town on the 22nd, and also his little girl, one of the nicest little children I ever saw. It would have formed a strange contrast with past times, to have seen us standing together in his drawing-room, he nursing the baby in his arms, and dangling it very skilfully, and the little animal in high spirits playing with my hair and clawing me, and laughing very amusingly.

I found them all very well, and quite alone; and since that time I have not stirred beyond these parishes, and except on Sundays have hardly gone further than the garden and the great meadows of the Trent banks. These vast meadows were flooded and frozen before the snow came, and being now covered with snow, afford a very exact picture of those snowy regions which Thalaba passed over, on his way to consult the great Simorg at Kaf. I never before saw so uninterrupted and level a space covered with snow, and the effect of it, when the sun is playing over it, is something remarkably beautiful. The river, too, as I saw it in the intense frost of Saturday morning, was uncommonly striking. It had subsided to its natural bed before the snow came: but the frost had set in so rapidly, that the water had been arrested in the willows and thick bushes that overhang the stream, and was forming on them icicles, and as it were fruits of crystal

innumerable on every spray, while the snow formed besides a wintry foliage exactly in character with such wintry fruit. The river itself rolled dark and black between these glittering banks, full of floating masses of ice, which from time to time dashed against each other, and as you looked up it in the direction of the sun, it smoked like a furnace. So much for description! Well, now, I will tell you a marvel. I wanted to bring down some presents for each of the sisters here; and for M—— I brought no other than George Herbert's Divine Songs, which I really bought out of my own head, which "I like very much," which I endeavour to interpret—no easy matter in the hard parts—and which I mean to get for myself. Now do you not think I shall become quite a right thinking sort of person in good time? You need not despair of hearing that I am a violent admirer of Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, and have given up "the Lord Protector."

. . . I owe Tucker many thanks for his letter altogether, and congratulate him on the Water-Eaton altar-piece, as I condole with him on his abandonment of his ancient walks. He ought to bind himself by vow to visit once a term each of our old haunts, in mournful pilgrimage; and as the spring comes on, if the combined influence of wood-anemones, and souvenirs, and nightingales, does not draw him to Bagley Wood, I think the case must be desperate. I know I shall myself cry once or twice in the course of the next half-year, "*O ubi Campi.*"

7. TO THE SAME. Laleham, February 23, 1820.

. . . You must know that you are one of three persons in the world to whom I hold it wrong to write short letters; that is to say, you are one of three on whom I can find it in my heart to bestow all my tediousness; and therefore though February 23rd stands at the top of the page, I do not expect that this sheet will be finished for some time to come. The first thing I must say is to congratulate you on Charles's appointment. If this letter reaches you amid the pain of parting, congratulation will indeed seem a strange word; yet it is, I think, a matter of real joy after all; it is just what Charles seems best fitted for; his principles and character you may fully depend on, and India is of all fields of honourable ambition that this world offers, to my mind the fairest. You know I always had a sort of hankering after it myself, and but that I prefer teaching Greek to learning Hindoostanee, and fear there is no immediate hope of the conquest of China, I should have liked to have seen the Ganges well. To your family India must seem natural ground; and for the separation, painful as it must be, yet do we not all in reality part almost as decisively with our friends when we once settle in life, even though the ocean should not divide us? How little intercourse may I dare to anticipate in after days with those who for so many years have been almost my constant companions; and how little have I seen for several years past of my own brother! But this is prosing. If Charles be still with you, give him my kindest remembrances, with every wish for his future happiness; it already

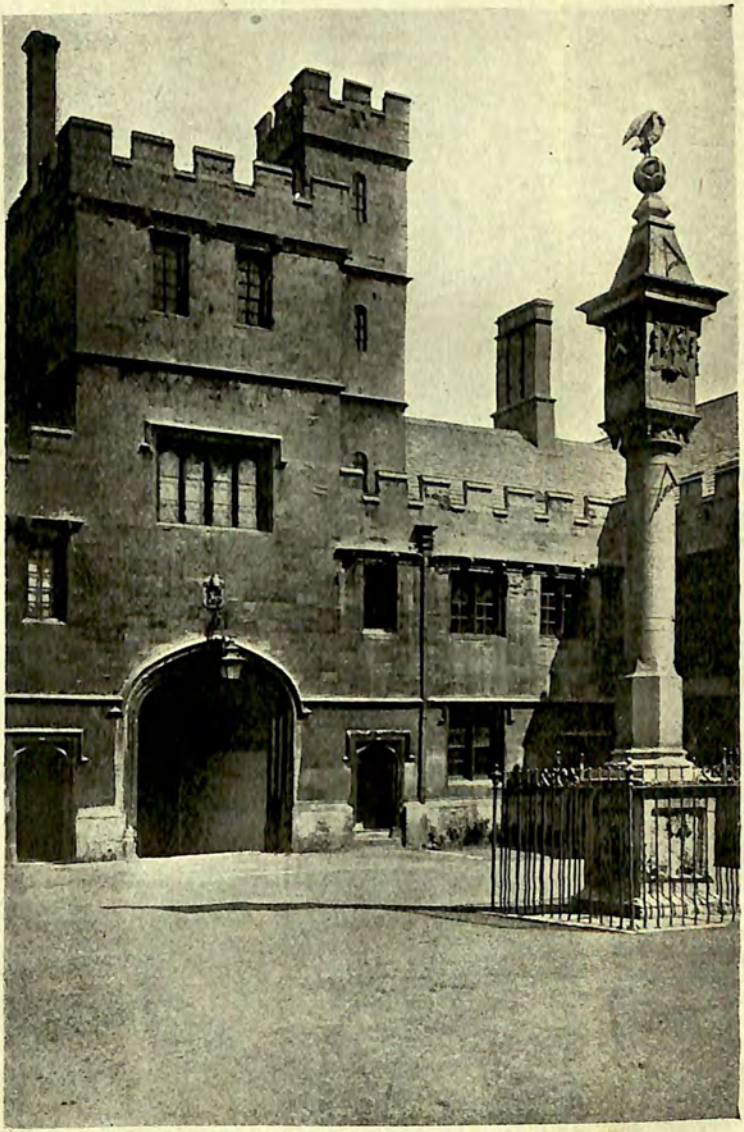
seems a dream to look back on the time when he used to come to my rooms to read Herodotus. Tell him I retain some of his scribbling on the pages of my Hederic's Lexicon, which may many a time remind me of him, when he is skirmishing perhaps with Mahrattas or Chinese, and I am still going over the old ground of *ἱστορίης ἀπόδεξις ἡδε*. You talk to me of "cutting blocks with a razor;" indeed it does me no good to lead my mind to such notions; for to tell you a secret, I am quite enough inclined of myself to feel above my work, which is very wrong and very foolish. I believe I am usefully employed, and I am sure I am employed more safely for myself than if I had more time for higher studies; it does my mind a marvellous deal of good, or ought to do, to be kept upon bread and water. But be this as it may, and be the price that I am paying much or little, I cannot forget for what I am paying it. [After speaking of his future prospects.] Here, indeed, I sympathise with you in the fear that this earthly happiness may interest me too deeply. The hold which a man's affections have on him is the more dangerous because the less suspected; and one may become an idolater almost before one feels the least sense of danger. Then comes the fear of losing the treasure, which one may love too fondly; and that fear is indeed terrible. The thought of the instability of one's happiness comes in well to interrupt its full indulgence; and if often entertained must make a man either an Epicurean or a Christian in good earnest. Thank eleven o'clock for stopping my prosing! Good night, and God bless you!

8. TO THE SAME. (On the Death of his Brother.)

Laleham, December 6, 1820.

It is really quite an alarming time since I wrote to you in February; for I cannot count as anything the two brief letters that passed between us at the time of my marriage. I had intended, however, to have written to you a good long one, so soon as the holidays came; but, hearing from ——, a few days ago, that you had been expressing a wish to hear from me, I thought I would try to anticipate my intention, and despatch an epistle to you forthwith. It has been an eventful period for me in many ways, since February last,—more so, both for good and for evil, than I ever remember before. The loss which we all sustained in May, was the first great affliction that ever befell me; and it has been indeed a heavy one. At first it came so suddenly that I could not feel it so keenly; and I had other thoughts besides upon me, which would not then allow me to dwell so much upon it. But time has rather made the loss more painful than less so; and now that I am married, and living here calmly and quietly, I often think how he would have enjoyed to have come to Laleham; and all the circumstances of his death occur to me like a frightful dream. It is very extraordinary how often I dream that he is alive, and always with the consciousness that he is alive, after having been supposed dead; and this sometimes has gone so far, that I have in my dream questioned the reality of his being alive, and doubted whether it were not a dream,

and have been convinced that it was not, so strongly, that I could hardly shake off the impression on waking. I have, since that, lost another relation, my uncle Delafield, who died quite suddenly at Hastings, in September; his death fell less severely on my mother and aunt, from following so near upon a loss still more distressing to them; but there was in both the same circumstance, which for the time made the shock tenfold greater, that my mother was expecting to see both my brother and my uncle within a few days at Laleham, when she heard of their respective deaths. I attended my uncle's funeral at Kensington, and never did I see greater affliction than that of his children, who were all present. I ought not, however, to dwell only on the painful events that have befallen us, when I have so much of a different kind to be thankful for. My mother is settled, with my aunt, and Susannah, in a more comfortable situation than they have ever been in since we left the Isle of Wight. My mother has got a very good garden, which is an amusement to her in many ways, but chiefly as it enables her to send little presents, &c., to her children; and Susannah's crib lying in a room opening to the garden, she too can enjoy it; and she has been buying some flowering shrubs this autumn, and planting them where they will show themselves to her to the best advantage. My aunt is better, I think, than she commonly is; and she too enjoys her new dwelling, and amuses herself in showing Martha pictures and telling her stories, just as she used to do to me. Going on from my mother's house to Buckland's, you would find Frances, with two children more than you are acquainted with. . . . From about a quarter before nine till ten o'clock every evening, I am at liberty, and enjoy my wife's company fully: during this time, I read out to her, (I am now reading to her Herodotus, translating it as I go on,) or write my Sermons, when it is my fortnight to preach; or write letters, as I am doing at this moment. And though the space of time that I can thus enjoy be but short, yet perhaps I relish it more keenly even on this very account; and when I am engaged, I ought to think how very many situations in life might have separated me from my wife's society, not for hours only, but for months, or even years; whereas now I have not slept from home once since I have been married; nor am I likely for the greatest part of the year to do so. The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both; there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom, or some crop for the more vulgar use of the table coming into season; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on. Our snowdrops are now just thrusting their heads out of the ground, and I to-day gathered a pink primrose. Trevenen comes over generally about twice a week to see us, and often stays to dine with us; Whately and Blackstone have also at different times paid us visits, and Mary was very much pleased with them both. . . . We set off for Fledborough so soon as the holidays begin, which will be next Wednesday week, and think of staying there almost to the end of them; only allowing time for a visit to dear old Oxford, when I will try hard to get Mary to



QUADRANGLE OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,

WITH SUNDIAL ERECTED IN 1605.

From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

Bagley Wood, and show her the tree where you and Tucker and I were once perched all together. . . . I am now far better off than I formerly was in point of lectures; for I have one in Thucydides, and another in Aristotle's Ethics; if you dive in the former of these, as I suppose you do, it will be worth your while to get Poppo's "Observationes Criticæ in Thucydidem," a small pamphlet published at Leipzig, in 1815, and by far the best thing—indeed one may say the only good one—that has ever yet been written on the subject. I have been very highly delighted with it, and so I think would any one be, who has as much interest in Thucydides as we have, who have been acquainted with him so long. Another point concerning my trade has puzzled me a good deal. It has been my wish to avoid giving my pupils any Greek to do on a Sunday, so that we do Greek Testament on other days; but on the Sunday always do some English book; and they read so much, and then I ask them questions in it. But I find it almost impossible to make them read a mere English book with sufficient attention to be able to answer questions out of it; or if they do cram themselves for the time, they are sure to forget it directly after. I have been thinking, therefore, of making them take notes of the sermon, after our Oriel fashion; but this does not quite satisfy me; and as you are a man of experience, I should like to know what your plan is, and whether you have found the same difficulty which I complain of. I have a great deal to hear about you all, and I shall be very glad to have tidings of you, and especially to know how Charles is going on, if you have yet heard from him; and also how Hubert is faring, to whom I beg you will give my love. It is idle to lay schemes for a time six months distant,—but I do hope to see you in Devonshire in the summer, if you are at home, as we have something of a plan for going into Cornwall to see my innumerable relations there. I heard from Tucker about a week since—perhaps his last letter from Oxford; it quite disturbs me to think of it. And so he will set up at Malling after all, and by and by perhaps we shall see the problem solved, whether he has lost his heart or no. I cannot make out when we are all to see one another, if we all take pupils, and all leave home in the vacations. I think we must fix some inn on some great road, as the place where we may meet en passant once a year. How goes on poetry? With me it is gone, I suppose for ever, and prose too, as far as writing is concerned; for I do nothing now in that way, save sermons and letters. But this matters little. Have you seen or heard of Cramer's book about Hannibal's passage of the Alps? It is, I think, exceedingly good, and I rejoice for the little club's sake. I have been this day to Egham, to sign my name to a loyal address to the king from the gentlemen and householders of this neighbourhood, expressing our confidence in the wisdom and vigour of the constituted authorities. I hope this would please Dyson. I must now leave off scribbling. Adieu, my dear Cornish: Mary begs to join me in all kind wishes and regards to you and yours; and so would all at the other two houses, if they were at hand.

9. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. (In answer to criticisms on a review of Poppo's Observationes Criticæ.)

Laleham Garden, April 25, 1821.

. . . Now for your remarks on my Poppo. All clumsiness in the sentences, and want of connexion between the parts, I will do my best to amend; and the censure on verbal criticism I will either soften or scratch out entirely, for J. Keble objected to the same part. The translations also I will try to improve, and indeed I am aware of their baldness. The additions which you propose I can make readily; but as to the general plainness of the style, I do not think I clearly see the fault which you allude to, and to say the truth, the plainness, *i.e.* the absence of ornament and long words, is the result of deliberate intention. At any rate, in my own case, I am sure an attempt at ornament would make my style so absurd that you would yourself laugh at it. I could not do it naturally, for I have now so habituated myself to that unambitious and plain way of writing, and absence of Latin words as much as possible, that I could not write otherwise without manifest affectation. Of course I do not mean to justify awkwardnesses and clumsy sentences, of which I am afraid my writings are too full, and all which I will do my best to alter wherever you have marked them; but anything like puff, or verbal ornament, I cannot bring myself to. Richness of style I admire heartily, but this I cannot attain to for lack of power. All I could do would be to produce a bad imitation of it, which seems to me very ridiculous. For the same reason I know not how to make the review more striking; I cannot make it so by its own real weight and eloquence, and therefore I think I should only make it offensive by trying to make it fine. Do consider what you recommend is ἁπλῶς ἄριστον, but I must do what is ἄριστον ἐμοί. You know you always told me I should never be a poet, and in like manner I never could be really eloquent, for I have not the imagination or fulness of mind needful to make me so.

10. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, October 21, 1822.

. . . I have not much to say in the way of news; so I will notice that part of your letter which speaks of my not employing myself on something theological. You must remember that what I am doing in Greek and Roman History is only my amusement during the single hour of the day that I can employ on any occupation of my own, namely between nine and ten in the evening. With such limited time, it would be ridiculous to attempt any work which required much labour, and which could not be promoted by my common occupations with my pupils. The Grecian History is just one of the things I can do most easily; my knowledge of it beforehand is pretty full, and my lectures are continually keeping the subject before my mind; so that to write about it is really my recreation; and the Roman History is the

same to me, though in a less degree. I could not name any other subject equally familiar, or which, in my present circumstances, would be practicable, and certainly if I can complete plain and popular histories of Greece and Rome, of a moderate size, cleared of nonsense and unchristian principles, I do not think I shall be *amusing* myself ill: for as I now am, I could not do anything besides my proper work that was not an amusement. For the last fortnight, during which I have had two sermons to write, I have not been able to do a word of my History; and it will be the same this week, if I write some letters which I wish to write: so that you see I am in no condition to undertake anything of real labour. Be assured there is nothing I would so gladly do as set about a complete Ecclesiastical History; and I love to fancy myself so engaged at some future time, if I live: but to begin such a thing now would be utterly desperate. The want of books alone, and my inability to consult libraries, would be a sufficient hindrance. I have read a new book lately, which is rather an event for me, Jowett's Christian Researches in the Mediterranean. You know it of course, and I doubt not like it as much as I do, which is very much indeed. It is a very wonderful and a very beautiful thing to see the efforts made on so large a scale, and with motives so pure, to diffuse all good both temporal and spiritual; and I suppose that the world is gradually dividing more and more into two divided parties of good and evil,—the lukewarm and the formal Christians are, I imagine, daily becoming less numerous. I am puzzled beyond measure what to think about Ireland. What good can be done permanently with a people who literally do make man's life as cheap as beasts'; and who are content to multiply in idleness and in such beggary that the first failure of a crop brings them to starvation? I would venture to say that luxury never did half so much harm as the total indifference to comfort is doing in Ireland, by leading to a propagation of the human species in a state of brutality. I should think that no country in the world needs missionaries so much, and in none would their success be so desperate.

II. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Laleham, March 3, 1823.

. . . I do not know whether you have ever seen John Keble's Hymns. He has written a great number for most of the holidays and several of the Sundays in the year, and I believe intends to complete the series. I live in hopes that he will be induced to publish them; and it is my firm opinion that nothing equal to them exists in our language: the wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry which they exhibit, I never saw paralleled. If they are not published, it will be a great neglect of doing good. I wish you could see them; the contemplation of them would be a delightful employment for your walks between Hadlow Street and the Temple. . . . Have you heard anything more about ——'s Roman History? I am really anxious to know what sort of a man he is, and whether he will write like a Christian or no; if he will, I have not a wish

to interfere with him; if not, I would labour very hard indeed to anticipate him, and prevent an additional disgrace from being heaped upon the historical part of our literature.

12. TO THE REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, February 22, 1824.

. . . My pupils all come up into the drawing-room a little before tea, and stay for some time, some reading, others talking, playing chess or backgammon, looking at pictures, etc.—a great improvement if it lasts; and if this fair beginning continues, I care not a straw for the labour of the half-year, for it is not labour but vexation which hurts a man, and I find my comfort depends more and more on their good and bad conduct. They are an awful charge, but still to me a very interesting one, and one which I could cheerfully pursue till my health or faculties fail me. Moreover, I have now taken up the care of the Workhouse, *i.e.* as far as going there once a week, to read prayers and give a sort of lecture upon some part of the Bible. I wanted to see more of the poor people, and I found that, unless I devoted a regular time to it, I should never do it, for the hunger for exercise on the part of myself and my horses, used to send me out riding as soon as my work was done; whereas now I give up Thursday to the village, and it will be my own fault if it does not do me more good than the exercise would. You have heard I suppose of Trevenen's tour with me to Scotland. Independent of the bodily good which it did me, and which I really wanted, I have derived from it the benefit of getting rid of some prejudices, for I find myself often thinking of Edinburgh quite affectionately, so great was the kindness which we met with there, and so pleasant and friendly were most of the people with whom we became acquainted. As to the scenery, it far surpassed all my expectations: I shall never forget the effect of the setting sun on the whole line of the Grampians, covered with snow, as we saw them from the steam-boat on the Forth between Alloa and Stirling. It was so delightful also to renew my acquaintance with the English lakes, and with Wordsworth. . . . I could lucubrate largely *de omni scibili*, but paper happily runs short. I am very much delighted with the aspect of the Session of Parliament, and see with hearty gratitude the real reforms and the purer spirit of government which this happy rest from war is every year I trust gradually encouraging. The West India question is thorny: but I suppose the Government may entrench upon individual property for a great national benefit, giving a fair compensation to the parties, just as is done in every Canal Bill. Nay, I cannot see why the rights of the planters are more sacred than those of the old despotic kings and feudal aristocracies who were made to part with many good things which they had inherited from their ancestors because the original tenure was founded on wrong; and so is all slavery, all West Indian slavery at least, most certainly.

13. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Laleham, September 30, 1824.

. . . I am now working at German in good earnest, and have got a master, who comes down here to me once a week. I have read a good deal of Julius Hare's friend Niebuhr, and have found it abundantly overpay the labour of learning a new language, to say nothing of some other very valuable German books with which I am becoming acquainted, all preparatory to my Roman History. I am going to set to work at the "Coke upon Littleton" of Roman law,—to make myself acquainted, if possible, with the tenure of property; and I think I shall apply to you for the loan of some of your books touching the civil law, and specially Justinian's Institutes. As my knowledge increases, I only get a clearer insight into my ignorance; and this excites me to do my best to remove it before I descend to the Avernus of the press. But I am twice the man for labour that I have been lately, for the last year or two, because the pupils, I thank God, are going on well; I have at this moment the pleasure of seeing three of them sitting at the round table in the drawing-room, all busily engaged about their themes; and the general good effect of their sitting with us all the evening is really very surprising.

14. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, April 5, 1825.

. . . I am getting pretty well to understand the history of the Roman kings, and to be ready to commence writing. One of my most useful books is dear old Tottle's [Aristotle's] Politics; which give one so full a notion of the state of society and opinions in old times, that by their aid one can pick out the wheat from the chaff in Livy with great success. Mr. Penrose has lately mentioned a work by a Mr. Cooper, in which he applies the prophecies in the eleventh chapter of Daniel to Buonaparte.—Have you read the work yourself? My own notion is, that people try to make out from prophecy too much of a detailed history, and thus I have never seen a single commentator who has not perverted the truth of history to make it fit the prophecy. I think that, with the exception of those prophecies which relate to our Lord, the object of prophecy is rather to delineate principles and states of opinion which shall come, than external events. I grant that Daniel seems to furnish an exception, and I do not know how Mr. Cooper has done his work; but in general, commentaries or expositions of the prophecies give me a painful sense of unfairness in their authors, in straining the facts to agree with the imagined prediction of them. Have you seen Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation," which he is publishing monthly in threepenny numbers? It is a queer compound of wickedness and ignorance with strong sense and the mention of divers truths which have been too much disguised or kept in the background, but which ought to be generally known. Its object is to represent the Reformation in England as a great national evil, accomplished by all kinds of robbery and cruelty, and tending to the impoverishment and misery of the poor, and to the introduction of a

careless clergy and a spirit of ignorance and covetousness amongst everybody. It made me groan, while reading it, to think that the real history and effects of the Reformation are so little known, and the evils of the worldly policy of Somerset's and Elizabeth's government so little appreciated. As it is, Cobbett's book can do nothing but harm, so bad is its spirit, and so evident its unfairness.

15. TO REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Florence, July 15, 1825.

I wish I could tell you something about the people,—but how is it possible, travelling at the rate that we are obliged to do? We see, of course, the very worst specimens—innkeepers, postilions, and beggars; and one is thus in danger of getting an unfavourable impression of the inhabitants in spite of one's judgment. A matter of more serious thought, and on which I am vainly trying to procure information, is the condition of the lower orders. I have long had a suspicion that Cobbett's complaints of the degradation and sufferings of the poor in England contained much truth, though uttered by him in the worst possible spirit. It is certain that the peasantry here are much more generally proprietors of their own land than with us; and I should believe them to be much more independent and in easier circumstances. This is, I believe, the grand reason why so many of the attempts at revolution have failed in these countries. A revolution would benefit the lawyers, the savans, the merchants, bankers, and shopkeepers, but I do not see what the labouring classes would gain by it. For them the work has been done already, in the destruction of the feudal tyranny of the nobility and great men; and, in my opinion, this blessing is enough to compensate the evils of the French Revolution; for the good endures, while the effects of the massacres and devastations are fast passing away. It is my delight everywhere to see the feudal castles in ruins, never, I trust, to be rebuilt or reoccupied; and in this respect the watchword "Guerre aux châteaux, Paix aux Chaumières," was prophetic of the actual result of the French Revolution. I am sure that we have too much of the oligarchical spirit in England, both in Church and State; and I think that those one-eyed men, the political economists, encourage this by their language about national wealth, &c. Toutefois, there is much good in the oligarchical spirit as it exists in England. . . .

16. TO REV. J. TUCKER. Laleham, August 22, 1825.

. . . I got no books of any consequence, nor did I learn anything except that general notion of the climate, scenery, and manners of the country, which can only be gained by actual observation. We crossed the Tiber a little beyond Perugia, where it was a most miserable ditch with hardly water enough to turn a mill; indeed most of the streams which flow from the Apennines were altogether dried up, and the dry and thirsty appearance of everything was truly oriental. The flowers were a great delight to me, and it was very beautiful to see the hedges

full of the pomegranate in full flower: the bright scarlet blossom is so exceedingly ornamental, to say nothing of one's associations with the fruit. What we call the Spanish broom of our gardens is the common wild broom of the Apennines, but I do not think it so beautiful as our own. The fig trees were most luxuriant, but not more so than in the Isle of Wight, and I got tired of the continual occurrence of fruit trees, chiefly olives, instead of large forest trees. The vale of Florence looks quite poor and dull in comparison of our rich valleys, from the total want of timber; and in Florence itself there is not a tree. How miserably inferior to Oxford is Florence altogether, both within and as seen from a distance; in short, I never was so disappointed in any place in my life. My favourite towns were Genoa, Milan, and Verona. The situation of the latter just at the foot of the Alps, and almost encircled, like Durham, by a full and rapid river, the Adige, was very delightful. Tell me any news you can think of, remembering that two months in the summer are a gap in my knowledge, as I never saw a single newspaper during my absence. Specially send me a full account of yourself and your sisters, and the Kebles if you know aught of them. How pure and beautiful was J. Keble's article on Sacred Poetry in the Quarterly, and how glad am I that he was prevailed on to write it. It seemed to me to sanctify in a manner the whole number. Mine on the early Roman History was slightly altered by Coleridge here and there, so that I am not quite responsible for all of it.

17. TO THE REV. G. CORNISH. Laleham, October 18, 1825.

. . . I have also seen some sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, by a Mr. Rose, directed against the German Theologians, in the advertisement to which he attacks my article in the Quarterly with great vehemence. . . . He is apparently a good man, and his book is likely, I think, to do good; but it does grieve me to find persons of his stamp quarrelling with their friends when there are more than enough of enemies in the world for every Christian to strive against. I met five Englishmen at the public table at our inn at Milan, who gave me great matter for cogitation. One was a clergyman, and just returned from Egypt, the rest were young men, *i.e.* between twenty-five and thirty, and apparently of no profession. I may safely say, that since I was an undergraduate, I never heard any conversation so profligate as that which they all indulged in, the clergyman particularly; indeed, it was not merely gross, but avowed principles of wickedness, such as I do not remember ever to have heard in Oxford. But what struck me most was, that with this sensuality there was united some intellectual activity,—they were not ignorant, but seemed bent on gaining a great variety of solid information from their travels. Now this union of vice and intellectual power and knowledge seems to me rather a sign of the age; and if it goes on, it threatens to produce one of the most fearful forms of Antichrist which has yet appeared. I am sure that the great prevalence of travelling fosters this spirit, not that men learn mischief from the French or

Italians, but because they are removed from the check of public opinion, and are, in fact, self-constituted outlaws, neither belonging to the society which they have left, nor taking a place in that of the countries where they are travelling. What I saw also of the Pope's religion in his own territories excited my attention a good deal. Monkery seems flourishing there in great force, and the abominations of their systematic falsehoods seem as gross as ever. In France, on the contrary, the Catholics seemed to me to be Christians, and daily becoming more and more so. In Italy they seem to me to have no more title to the name than if the statues of Venus and Juno occupied the place of those of the Virgin. It is just the old Heathenism, and, as I should think, with a worse system of deceit.

18. TO REV. J. TUCKER. Laleham, 1826.

. . . It delighted me to hear —— speak decidedly of the great need of reform in the Church, and from what I have heard in other quarters, I am in hopes that these sentiments are gaining ground. But the difficulty will always be practically, who is to reform it? For the clergy have a horror of the House of Commons, and Parliament and the country will never trust the matter to the clergy. If we had our General Assembly, there might be some chance, but as it is, I know no more hopeless prospect, and every year I live, this is to me more painful. If half the energy and resources which have been turned to Bible societies and missions, had steadily been applied to the reform of our own institutions, and the enforcing the principles of the Gospel among ourselves, I cannot but think that we should have been fulfilling a higher duty, and with the blessing of God might have produced more satisfactory fruit. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."* Of the German divines, if Mr. Rose is to be trusted, there can be but one opinion: they exemplify the evils of knowledge without a Christian watchfulness over the heart and practice; but I greatly fear that there are some here who would abuse this example to the discouragement of impartial investigation and independent thought; as if ignorance and blind following the opinions of others were the habits that best become Christians. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things,"—if cleared from fanaticism and presumption, and taken in connexion with "But yet I show unto you a more excellent way,"—is at once, I think, our privilege and our duty.

19. TO REV. E. HAWKINS. Laleham, October 22, 1826.

You know, I believe, that I am at work upon Thucydides, and that it ought to be ready, if possible, at the beginning of Lent Term. I wish much to get the judgments of several men of different qualifications as to what I have already completed. I should like to have the opinion of a professed scholar as to the critical part; of a man deeply versed

* The words of the English version are here substituted for the quotations from the Greek.

in Greek history and law as to the historical and antiquarian part, and particularly to tell me whether there are any points connected with Thucydides which require a particular discussion, and which I may have omitted in pure ignorance; and thirdly, I want the judgment of a man of plain sense, to tell me what he thinks superfluous, and what deficient, in the notes which I have given. Do you think that you could do anything for me on these points, if I were to send you down the MS. of the first two books; and remember that I want to have full and free censures, reserving to myself, of course, the privilege of following them or not, as I shall see cause, but promising to give them the fullest attention. I think I might rely on the Provost's being kind enough to give me his criticisms, as he has already done it to some of the earlier chapters, and almost all his suggestions are such as I shall thankfully follow. I am a little anxious that our Oxford edition of Thucydides should be as good as any which they are publishing in Germany.

20. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, March 4, 1827.

I meant to have written almost immediately upon my return home from Kent; for delightful as is the recollection of my short visit to you on every other ground, I was, and have been ever since, a good deal annoyed by some part of our conversation, *i.e.* by observing the impression produced on your mind by some of the opinions which I expressed. It is to me personally a very great pain that I should have excited feelings of disapprobation in the mind of a man whom I so entirely approve and love, and yet that I cannot feel the disapprobation to be deserved, and therefore cannot remove the cause of it. And on more general grounds it makes me fear, that those engaged in the same great cause will never heartily sink their little differences of opinion, when I find that you, who have known me so long, cannot hear them without thinking them not merely erroneous, but morally wrong, and such, therefore, as give you pain when uttered. I am not in the least going to renew the argument; it is very likely that I was wrong in it; and I am sure it would not annoy me that you should think me so, just as I may think you wrong in any point, or as I think J. Keble wrong in half an hundred, yet without being grieved that he should hold them, that is, grieved as at a fault. You may say that a great many erroneous opinions imply no moral fault at all, but that mine did, namely, the fault of an unsubmissive understanding. But it seems to me that, of all faults, this is the most difficult to define or to discern: for who shall say where the understanding ought to submit itself, unless where it is inclined to advocate anything immoral? We know that what in one age has been called the spirit of rebellious reason, has in another been allowed by all good men to have been nothing but a sound judgment exempt from superstition. We know that the Catholics look with as great horror on the consequences of denying the infallibility of the Church as you can do on those of denying the entire inspiration of the Scriptures; and that, to come nearer

to the point, the inspiration of the Scriptures in points of physical science was once insisted on as stoutly as it is now maintained with regard to matter of history. Now it may be correct to deny their inspiration in one and not in the other; but I think it is hard to ascribe the one opinion to anything morally faulty more than the other. I am far from thinking myself so good a man by many degrees as you are. I am not so advanced a Christian. But I am sure that my love for the Gospel is as sincere, and my desire to bring every thought into the obedience of Christ is one which I think I do not deceive myself in believing that I honestly feel. It is very painful, therefore, to be suspected of paying them only a divided homage, or to be deficient in reverence to Him whom every year that I live my whole soul and spirit own with a more entire certainty and love. Let me again say, that I am neither defending the truth of the particular opinions which I expressed to you, nor yet disavowing them. I only think that it is a pity that they should shock you; as I think we ought to know one another's principles well enough by this time, not certainly to make us acquiesce in all each other's opinions, but to be satisfied that they may be entertained innocently, and that, therefore, we may differ from each other without pain. But enough of this; only it has annoyed me a great deal, and has made me doubt where I can find a person to whom I may speak freely if I cannot do so even to you.

Letters Relating to the Election at Rugby.

21. TO REV. E. HAWKINS. Laleham, October 21, 1827.

I feel most sincerely obliged to you and my other friends in Oxford for the kind interest which you show in my behalf, in wishing to procure for me the head-mastership at Rugby. Of its being a great deal more lucrative than my present employment I have no doubt; nor of its being in itself a situation of more extensive usefulness; but I do doubt whether it would be so in my hands, and how far I am fitted for the place of head-master of a large school. . . . I confess that I should very much object to undertake a charge in which I was not invested with pretty full discretion. According to my notions of what large schools are, founded on all I know and all I have ever heard of them, expulsion should be practised much oftener than it is. Now, I know that trustees, in general, are averse to this plan, because it has a tendency to lessen the numbers of the school, and they regard quantity more than quality. In fact, my opinions on this point might, perhaps, generally be considered as disqualifying me for the situation of master of a great school; yet I could not consent to tolerate much that I know is tolerated generally, and therefore, I should not like to enter on an office which I could not discharge according to my own views of what is right. I do not believe myself, that my system would be, in fact, a cruel or a harsh one, and I believe that with much care on the part of the masters, it would be seldom necessary to proceed to the

ratio ultima; only I would have it clearly understood, that I would most unscrupulously resort to it, at whatever inconvenience, where there was a perseverance in any habit inconsistent with a boy's duties.

22. TO REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Laleham, November 30, 1827.

You have often wanted me to be master at Winchester, so I think you will be glad to hear that I am actually a candidate for Rugby. I was strongly urged to stand, and money tempted me, but I cannot in my heart be sorry to stay where both M. and myself are so entirely happy. If I do get it, I feel as if I could set to work very heartily, and, with God's blessing, I should like to try whether my notions of Christian education are really impracticable, whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble elements which, under the blessings of the Spirit of all holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal. When I think about it thus, I really long to take rod in hand; but when I think of the πρὸς τὸ τέλος, the perfect vileness which I must daily contemplate, the certainty that this can at best be only partially remedied, the irksomeness of "fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum," and the greater form and publicity of the life which we should there lead, when I could no more bathe daily in the clear Thames, nor wear old coats and Russia duck trousers, nor hang on a gallows,* nor climb a pole, I grieve to think of the possibility of a change; but as there are about thirty candidates, and I only applied very late, I think I need not disquiet myself. I send you this brief notice, because you ought to hear of my plans from myself rather than from others; but I have no time to write more. Thucydides prospers.

23. TO REV. J. TUCKER. December 28, 1827.

Our united warmest thanks to you and to your sisters for the joy you have felt about Rugby, For the labour I care nothing, if God gives me health and strength as he has for the last eight years. But whether I shall be able to make the school what I wish to make it,—I do not mean wholly or perfectly, but in some degree,—that is, an instrument of God's glory, and of the everlasting good of those who come to it,—that indeed is an awful anxiety.

24. TO REV. E. HAWKINS. Laleham, December 28, 1827.

Your kind little note ought not to have remained thus long unanswered, especially as you have a most particular claim on my thanks for your active kindness in the whole business, and for your character of me to Sir H. Halford, that I was likely to improve generally the system of public education, a statement which Sir H. Halford told me had weighed most strongly in my favour. You would not, I am sure, have recommended me, if you had supposed that I should alter things violently, or for the pleasure of altering; but as I have at different

* His gymnastic exercises.

times expressed in conversation my disapprobation of much of the existing system, I find that some people expect that I am going to sweep away root and branch, quod absit! I need not tell you how wholly unexpected this result has been to us, and I hope I need not say also what a solemn and almost overwhelming responsibility I feel is imposed on me. I would hope to have the prayers of my friends, together with my own, for a supply of that true wisdom which is required for such a business. To be sure, how small in comparison is the importance of my teaching the boys to read Greek, and how light would be a schoolmaster's duty if that were all of it. Yet, if my health and strength continue as they have been for the last eight years, I do not fear the labour, and really enjoy the prospect of it. I am so glad that we are likely to meet soon in Oxford.

25. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, March 2.

With regard to reforms at Rugby, give me credit, I must beg of you, for a most sincere desire to make it a place of Christian education. At the same time my object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make; I mean that, from the natural imperfect state of boyhood, they are not susceptible of Christian principles in their full development upon their practice, and I suspect that a low standard of morals in many respects must be tolerated amongst them, as it was on a larger scale in what I consider the boyhood of the human race.* But I believe that a great deal may be done, and I should be most unwilling to undertake the business, if I did not trust that much might be done. Our impressions of the exterior of everything that we saw during our visit to Dr. Wooll in January, were very favourable; at the same time that I anticipate a great many difficulties in the management of affairs, before they can be brought into good train. But both M. and myself, I think, are well inclined to commence our work, and if my health and strength be spared me, I certainly feel that in no situation could I have the prospect of employment so congenial to my taste and qualifications; that is, supposing always that I find that I can manage the change from older pupils to a school. Your account of yourself was most delightful: my life for some years has been one of great happiness, but I fear not of happiness so safe and permitted. I am hurried on too fast in the round of duties and of domestic enjoyments, and I greatly feel the need, and shall do so even more at Rugby, unless I take heed in time, of stopping to consider my ways, and to recognise my own infinite weakness and unworthiness. I have read the "Letters on the Church," and reviewed them in the Edinburgh Review for September, 1826, if you care to know what I think of them. I think that any discussion on church matters must do good, if it is likely to lead to any reform; for any change, such as is within any human calculation, would be an improvement. What might not —— do, if he

* See Sermons, vol. ii. p. 440. His later sermons and letters seem to indicate that subsequently this opinion would not have been expressed quite so strongly.

would set himself to work in the House of Lords, not to patch up this hole or that, but to recast the whole corrupt system, which in many points stands just as it did in the worst times of popery, only reading "King" or "Aristocracy," in the place of "Pope."

26. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Laleham, March 14, 1828.

. . . We are resigning private pupils, I imagine, with very different feelings; you looking forward to a life of less distraction, and I to one of far greater, insomuch that all here seems quietness itself in comparison with what I shall meet with at Rugby. There will be a great deal to do, I suspect, in every way, when I first enter on my situation; but still, if my health continues, I do not at all dread it, but on the contrary look forward to it with much pleasure. I have long since looked upon education as my business in life; and just before I stood for Rugby, I had offered myself as a candidate for the historical professorship at the London University; and had indulged in various dreams of attaching myself to that institution, and trying as far as possible to influence it. In Rugby there is a fairer field, because I start with greater advantages. You know that I never ran down public schools in the lump, but grieved that their exceeding capabilities were not turned to better account; and if I find myself unable in time to mend what I consider faulty in them, it will at any rate be a practical lesson to teach me to judge charitably of others who do not reform public institutions as much as is desirable. I suppose that you have not regarded all the public events of the last few months without some interest. My views of things certainly become daily more *reforming;* and what I above all other things wish to see is, a close union between Christian reformers and those who are often, as I think, falsely charged with being enemies of Christianity. It is a part of the perfection of the Gospel that it is attractive to all those who love truth and goodness, as soon as it is known in its true nature, whilst it tends to clear away those erroneous views and evil passions with which philanthropy and philosophy, so long as they stand aloof from it, are ever in some degree corrupted. My feeling towards men whom I believe to be sincere lovers of truth and the happiness of their fellow-creatures, while they seek these ends otherwise than through the medium of the Gospel, is rather that they are not far from the kingdom of God, and might be brought into it altogether, than that they are enemies whose views are directly opposed to our own. That they are not brought into it is, I think, to a considerable degree, chargeable upon the professors of Christianity; the high Church party seeming to think that the establishment in Church and State is all in all, and that the Gospel principles must be accommodated to our existing institutions, instead of offering a pattern by which those institutions should be purified; and the Evangelicals by their ignorance and narrow-mindedness, and their seeming wish to keep the world and the Church ever distinct, instead of labouring to destroy the one by increasing the influence of the other, and making the kingdoms of the world indeed the kingdoms of Christ.

27. TO AUGUSTUS HARE, ESQ. Laleham, March 7, 1828.

. . . I trust that you have recovered your accident at Perugia, and that you are enabled to enjoy your stay at that glorious Rome. I think that I have never written to you since my return from it last spring, when I was so completely overpowered with admiration and delight at the matchless beauty and solemnity of Rome and its neighbourhood. But I think my greatest delight after all was in the society of Bunsen, the Prussian minister at Rome. . . . He reminded me continually of you more than of any other man whom I know, and chiefly by his entire and enthusiastic admiration of everything great and excellent and beautiful, not stopping to see or care for minute faults; and though I cannot rid myself of that critical propensity, yet I can heartily admire and almost envy those who are without it. . . . I have derived great benefit from sources of information, that your brother has at different times recommended to me, and the perusal of some of his articles in the "Guesses at Truth" has made me exceedingly desirous of becoming better acquainted with him, as I am sure that his conversation would be really profitable to me in the highest sense of the word, as well as delightful. And I have a double pleasure in saying this, because I did not do him justice formerly in my estimate of him, and am anxious to do myself justice now by saying that I have learnt to judge more truly. You will have heard of my changed prospects in consequence of my election at Rugby. It will be a severe pang to me to leave Laleham; but otherwise I rejoice in my appointment, and hope to be useful, if life and health are spared me. . . . I think of going to Leipsic, Dresden, and Prague, to worship the Elbe and the country of John Huss and Ziska. All here unite in kindest remembrances to you, and I wish you could convey to the very stones and air of Rome the expression of my fond recollection for them.

28. TO REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, May 25, 1828.

[After speaking of Mr. Tucker's proposed intention of going as a missionary to India.] If you should go to India before we have an opportunity of meeting again, I would earnestly beg of you not to go away with the notion, which I sometimes fear that my oldest friends are getting of me, that I am become a hard man, given up to literary and scholastic pursuits, and full of worldly and political views of things. It has given me very great pain to think that some of those whom I most love, and with whom I would most fain be one in spirit, regard my views of things as jarring with their own, and are losing towards me that feeling of Christian brotherhood which I think they once entertained. I am not in the slightest degree speaking of any offence given or received, or any personal decay of regard, but I fancy they look upon me as not quite one with themselves, and as having my affections fixed upon lower objects. Assuredly I have no right to regret that I should be thought deficient in points in which I know I am deficient; but I would most earnestly protest against being thought

wilfully and contentedly deficient in them, and not caring to be otherwise. And I cannot help fearing that my conversation with you last winter twelvemonth led you to something, at least, of a similar impression.

29. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Laleham, April 24, 1828.

It seems an age since I have seen you or written to you; and I hear that you are now again returned to London, and that your eldest boy, I am grieved to find, is not so well and strong as you could wish. I could really be half romantic, yet I do not know that I ought to use any such equivocal epithet. When I think how little intercourse I hold with my most valued friends, it is almost awful to feel the tendencies of life to pare down one's affections and feelings to the minimum compatible with anything like humanity. There is one's trade and one's family, and beyond it seems as if the great demon of worldly-mindedness would hardly allow one to bestow a thought or care.

But, if it please God, I will not sink into this state without some struggles, at least, against it. I saw Dyson the other day in Oxford, where I went to take my degree of B.D., and he and his wife were enough to freshen one's spirit for some time to come. I wish that you and I could meet oftener, and, instead of that, I fear that when I am at Rugby we shall meet even seldomer; but I trust that we shall meet sometimes still. You know, perhaps, and yet how should you? that my sixth child, and fourth son, was born on the 7th of April, and his dear mother has been again preserved to me. All the rest of my children are quite well, and they are also tolerably well at the other houses, though the coming parting is a sad cloud both to them and to us. Still, without any affectation, I believe that John Keble is right, and that it is good for us to leave Laleham, because I feel that we are daily getting to regard it as too much of a home. I cannot tell you how we both love it, and its perfect peace seems at times an appalling contrast to the publicity of Rugby. I am sure that nothing could stifle this regret, were it not for my full consciousness that I have nothing to do with rest here, but with labour; and then I can and do look forward to the labour with nothing but satisfaction, if my health and faculties be still spared to me.

I went down to Rugby, a fortnight since, to meet the trustees. The terms of the school, which were far too low, have been raised on my representation; and there is some possibility of my being put into the situation of the head-masters of Eton and Westminster, that is, to have nothing to do with any boarders. . . . I have got six maps for Thucydides, all entirely original, and have nearly finished half of the last book; so that I hope I may almost say "Italiam! Italiam!"

30. TO THE REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Laleham, July 11, 1828.

. . . It would be foolish to talk of the deep love that I bear to Laleham, and the wrench which it will be to part from it; but this is

quite consistent with a lively interest in Rugby, and when I strolled with —— in the meadows there, during our visit of last week, I thought that I already began to feel it as my home. . . . There will be enough to do, I imagine, without any addition; though I really feel very sanguine as to my own relish for the work, and think that it will come more naturally to me than I at first imagined. May God grant that I may labour with an entire confidence in Him, and with none in myself without Him.

31. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Laleham, July 29, 1828.

. . . I never would publish * without a considerable revision of them. I well know their incompleteness, and suspect much worse faults in them. Do not imagine that I neglect your remarks; far from it: I would attend to them earnestly, and would soften gladly anything that was too harsh, or that might give offence, and would alter the mere inadvertencies of my hasty writing in point of style. But certainly the character of the style I could not alter, because no other would be natural to me; and though I am far from wishing other people to write as I do, yet for myself I hold it best to follow my own fashion. . . .

I owe it to Rugby not to excite needless scandal by an isolated and uncalled-for publication. I shall never be Mr. Dean, nor do I wish it; but having undertaken the office of Dr. Wooll, with double *l* or single *l*, as best suits your fancy, I do wish to do my utmost in it, and not to throw difficulties in my own way by any imprudence. This, of course, would apply either to minor points, or to those on which I distrusted my own competent knowledge. Where I am fully decided on a matter of consequence, I would speak out as plainly and boldly as your heart could wish.

We are all in the midst of confusion; the books all packed, and half the furniture; and on Tuesday, if God will, we shall leave this dear place, this nine years' home of such exceeding happiness. But it boots not to look backwards. Forwards, forwards, forwards,—should be one's motto. I trust you will see us in our new dwelling ere long; I shall want to see my old friends there, to wear off the gloss of its newness.

32. TO THE REV. JOHN TUCKER. Laleham, August, 1828.

I am inclined to write to you once again before we leave Laleham, as a sort of farewell from this dear place; and you shall answer it with a welcome to Rugby. You fancy us already at Rugby, and so does J. Keble, from whom I received a very kind letter some time since, directed to me there. But we do not move till Tuesday, when we go, fourteen souls, to Oxford, having taken the whole coach; and on Wednesday we hope to reach Rugby, having in like manner secured

* In allusion to the first volume of his Sermons, which was now in the process of publication.

the whole Leicester coach from Oxford to Rugby. Our goods and chattels, under convoy of our gardener, are at this time somewhere on the Grand Junction Canal, and will reach Rugby I hope this evening. The poor house here is sadly desolate; all the carpets up, half the furniture gone, and signs of removal everywhere visible. And so ends the first act of my life since I arrived at manhood. For the last eight years it has been a period of as unruffled happiness as I should think could ever be experienced by man. M——'s illness, in 1821, is almost its only dark spot;—and how was that softened and comforted! It is almost a fearful consideration; and yet there is a superstitious notion, and an unbelieving one, too, which cannot receive God's mercies as his free gift, but will always be looking out for something wherewith to purchase them. An humbling consideration much rather it is and ought to be; yet all life is humbling, if we think upon it, and our greatest mercies, which we sometimes least think of, are the most humbling of all. . . . The Rugby prospect I contemplate with a very strong interest: the work I am not afraid of, if I can get my proper exercise; but I want absolute play, like a boy, and neither riding nor walking will make up for my leaping-pole and gallows, and bathing, when the youths used to go with me, and I felt completely for the time a boy as they were. It is this entire relaxation, I think, at intervals, such again as my foreign tours have afforded, that gives me so keen an appetite for my work at other times, and has enabled me to go through it not only with no fatigue, but with a sense of absolute pleasure. I believe that I am going to publish a volume of Sermons. You will think me crazed perhaps; but I have two reasons for it; chiefly, the repeated exhortations of several individuals for the last three or four years; but these would not alone have urged me to it, did I not wish to state for my own sake what my opinions really are, on points where I know they have been grievously misrepresented. Whilst I lived here in Laleham my opinions mattered to nobody: but I know that while I was a candidate for Rugby, it was said in Oxford that I did not preach the Gospel, nor even touch upon the great doctrines of Christianity in my sermons; and if this same impression be prevalent now, it will be mischievous to the school in a high degree. Now, if what I really do preach be to any man's notions not the Gospel, I cannot help it, and must be content to abide by the consequences of his opinion; but I do not want to be misunderstood, and accused of omitting things which I do not omit.

33. TO THE REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Rugby, August 16, 1828.

. . . If I can do my work as I ought to do it, we shall have every reason to be thankful for the change. I must not, it is true, think of dear old Laleham, and all that we have left there, or the perfect peace of our eight years of wedded life passed there together. It is odd that both you and I should now for the first time in our lives be moving from our parents' neighbourhood; but in this respect our happiness was very uncommon, and to me altogether Laleham was so like a place

of premature rest, that I believe I ought to be sincerely thankful that I am called to a scene of harder and more anxious labour. . . . The boys come back next Saturday week. So here begins the second act of our lives. May God bless it to us, and make it help forward the great end of all.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL LIFE AT RUGBY.

IT would be useless to give any chronological details of a life so necessarily monotonous as that of the head-master of a public school; and it is accordingly only intended to describe the general system which Dr. Arnold pursued during the fourteen years he was at Rugby. Yet some apology may seem to be due for the length of a chapter, which to the general reader must be comparatively deficient in interest. Something must, indeed, be forgiven to the natural inclination to dwell on those recollections of his life, which to his pupils are the most lively and the most recent—something to the almost unconscious tendency to magnify those scenes which are most nearly connected with what is most endeared to oneself. But independently of any local or personal considerations, it has been felt that if any part of Dr. Arnold's work deserved special mention, it was his work at Rugby; and that if it was to be of any use to those of his own profession who would take any interest in it, it could only be made so by a full and minute account.

Those who look back upon the state of English education in the year 1827, must remember how the feeling of dissatisfaction with existing institutions which had begun in many quarters to display itself, had already directed considerable attention to the condition of public schools. The range of classical reading, in itself confined, and with no admixture of other information, had been subject to vehement attacks from the Liberal party generally, on the ground of its alleged narrowness and inutility. And the more undoubted evil of the absence of systematic attempts to give a more directly Christian character to what constituted the education of the whole English gentry, was becoming more and more a scandal in the eyes of religious men, who at the close of the last century and the beginning of this—Wilberforce, for example, and Bowdler—had lifted up their voices against it. A complete reformation, or a complete destruction of the whole system, seemed to many persons sooner or latter to be inevitable. The difficulty, however, of making the first step, where the alleged objection to alteration was its impracticability, was not to be easily surmounted. The mere resistance to change which clings to old institutions, was in itself a considerable obstacle, and, in the case of some of the public schools, from the nature of their constitution, in the first instance almost insuperable; and whether amongst those who were engaged in the existing system, or those who were most vehemently opposed to it,

for opposite but obvious reasons, it must have been extremely difficult to find a man who would attempt, or if he attempted, carry through, any extensive improvement.

It was at this juncture that Dr. Arnold was elected head-master of a school which, whilst it presented a fair average specimen of the public schools at that time, yet by its constitution imposed fewer shackles on its head, and offered a more open field for alteration than was the case at least with Eton or Winchester. The post itself, in spite of the publicity, and to a certain degree formality, which it entailed upon him, was in many respects remarkably suited to his natural tastes;—to his love of tuition, which had now grown so strongly upon him, that he declared sometimes that he could hardly live without such employment; to the vigour and spirits which fitted him rather to deal with the young than the old; to the desire of carrying out his favourite ideas of uniting things secular with things spiritual, and of introducing the highest principles of action into regions comparatively uncongenial to their reception.

Even his general interest in public matters was not without its use in his new station. Many, indeed, both of his admirers and of his opponents, used to lament that a man with such views and pursuits should be placed in such a situation. "What a pity," it was said on the one hand, "that a man fit to be a statesman should be employed in teaching school-boys." "What a shame," it was said on the other hand, "that the head-master of Rugby should be employed in writing essays and pamphlets." But, even had there been no connexion between the two spheres of his interest, and had the inconvenience resulting from his public prominence been far greater than it was, it would have been the necessary price of having him at all in that place. He would not have been himself, had he not felt and written as he did; and he could not have endured to live under the grievance of remaining silent on subjects, on which he believed it to be his most sacred duty to speak what he thought.

As it was, however, the one sphere played into the other. Whatever labour he bestowed on his literary works was only part of that constant progress of self-education which he thought essential to the right discharge of his duties as a teacher. Whatever interest he felt in the struggles of the political and ecclesiastical world, reacted on his interest in the school, and invested it in his eyes with a new importance. When he thought of the social evils of the country, it awakened a corresponding desire to check the thoughtless waste and selfishness of school-boys; a corresponding sense of the aggravation of those evils by the insolence and want of sympathy too frequently shown by the children of the wealthier classes towards the lower orders; a corresponding desire that they should there imbibe the first principles of reverence to law and regard for the poor which the spirit of the age seemed to him so little to encourage. When he thought of the evils of the Church, he would "turn from the thought of the general temple in ruins, and see whether they could not, within the walls of their own little particular congregation," endeavour to realise what he believed

to be its true idea; "what use they could make of the vestiges of it still left amongst themselves—common reading of the Scriptures, common prayer, and the communion." (Serm. vol. iv. pp. 266, 316.) Thus, "whatever of striking good or evil happened in any part of the wide range of English dominion"—brought to his thoughts "on what important scenes some of his own scholars might be called upon to enter;" "whatever new and important things took place in the world of thought," suggested the hope "that they, when they went forth amidst the strifes of tongues and of minds, might be endowed with the spirit of wisdom and power." (Serm. vol. v. p. 405.) And even in the details of the school, it would be curious to trace how he recognised in the peculiar vices of boys the same evils which, when full grown, became the source of so much social mischief: how he governed the school precisely on the same principles as he would have governed a great empire; how constantly, to his own mind or to his scholars, he exemplified the highest truths of theology and philosophy in the simplest relations of the boys towards each other, or towards him.

In entering upon his office he met with difficulties, many of which have since passed away, but which must be borne in mind, if points are here dwelt upon, that have now ceased to be important, but were by no means insignificant or obvious when he came to Rugby. Nor did his system at once attain its full maturity. He was a long time feeling his way amongst the various institutions which he formed or invented;—he was constantly striving after an ideal standard of perfection, which he was conscious that he had never attained; to the improvements which, in a short time, began to take place in other schools—to those at Harrow, under his friend Dr. Longley, and to those at Winchester, under Dr. Moberly, to which he alluded in one of his later sermons, (vol. v. p. 150,) he often looked as models for himself;—to suggestions from persons very much younger than himself, not unfrequently from his former pupils, with regard to the course of reading, or to alterations in his manner of preaching, or to points of discipline, he would often listen with the greatest deference. His own mind was constantly devising new measures for carrying out his several views. "The school," he said, on first coming, "is quite enough to employ any man's love of reform; and it is much pleasanter to think of evils, which you may yourself hope to relieve, than those with regard to which you can give nothing but vain wishes and opinions." "There is enough of Toryism in my nature," he said, on evils being mentioned to him in the place, "to make me very apt to sleep contentedly over things as they are, and therefore I hold it to be most true kindness when any one directs my attention to points in the school which are alleged to be going on ill."

The perpetual succession of changes which resulted from this, was by many objected to as excessive, and calculated to endanger the stability of his whole system. "He wakes every morning," it was said of him, "with the impression that everything is an open question." But rapid as might be the alterations to which the details of his system

were subjected, the general principles remained fixed. The unwillingness which he had, even in common life, to act in any individual case without some general law to which he might refer it, ran through everything, and at times it would almost seem as if he invented universal rules with the express object of meeting particular cases. Still, if in smaller matters this gave an occasional impression of fancifulness or inconsistency, it was, in greater matters, one chief cause of the confidence which he inspired. Amidst all the plans that came before him, he felt, and he made others feel, that whatever might be the merits of the particular question at issue, there were principles behind which lay far more deeply seated than any mere question of school government, which he was ready to carry through at whatever cost, and from which no argument or menace could move him.

Of the mere external administration of the school, little need here be said. Many difficulties which he encountered were alike provoked and subdued by the peculiarities of his own character. The vehemence with which he threw himself into a contest against evil, and the confidence with which he assailed it, though it carried him through perplexities to which a more cautious man would have yielded, led him to disregard interests and opinions which a less earnest or a less sanguine reformer would have treated with greater consideration. His consciousness of his own integrity, and his contempt for worldly advantage, sometimes led him to require from others more than might be reasonably expected from them, and to adopt measures which the world at large was sure to misinterpret; yet these very qualities, in proportion as they became more appreciated, ultimately secured for him a confidence beyond what could have been gained by the most deliberate circumspection. But whatever were the temporary exasperations and excitements thus produced in his dealings with others, they were gradually removed by the increasing control over himself and his work which he acquired in later years. The readiness which he showed to acknowledge a fault when once convinced of it, as well as to persevere in kindness even when he thought himself injured, succeeded in healing breaches which, with a less forgiving or less honest temper, would have been irreparable. His union of firmness with tenderness had the same effect in the settlement of some of the perplexities of his office, which in others would have resulted from art and management; and even his work as a schoolmaster cannot be properly appreciated without remembering how, in the end of his career, he rallied round him the public feeling, which in its beginning and middle, as will appear further on, had been so widely estranged from him.

With regard to the trustees of the school, entirely amicable as were his usual relations with them, and grateful as he felt to them for their active support and personal friendliness, he from the first maintained that in the actual working of the school he must be completely independent, and that their remedy, if they were dissatisfied, was not interference, but dismissal. On this condition he took the post, and any attempt to control either his administration of the school, or his own private occupations, he felt bound to resist "as a duty," he said on one

occasion, "not only to himself, but to the master of every foundation school in England."

Of his intercourse with the assistant-masters it is for obvious reasons impossible to speak with that detail which the subject deserves. But though the co-operation of his colleagues was necessarily thrown into the shade by the activity and vigour of his own character, it must not be lost sight of in the following account, whether it be regarded as one of his most characteristic means of administration, or as an instance of the powerful influence he exercised over those with whom he was brought into close contact. It was one of his main objects to increase in all possible ways their importance and their interest in the place. "Nothing delights me more," he said, in speaking of the reputation enjoyed by one of his colleagues, "than to think that boys are sent here for his sake rather than for mine." In matters of school discipline he seldom or never acted without consulting them. Every three weeks a council was held, in which all school matters were discussed, and in which every one was free to express his opinion, or propose any measure not in contradiction to any fundamental principle of school administration, and in which it would not unfrequently happen that he himself was opposed and outvoted. He was anxious that they like himself should have time to read for their own improvement, and he was also glad to encourage any occasional help that they might render to the neighbouring clergy. But from the first he maintained that the school business was to occupy their main and undivided interest. The practice, which owing to their lower salaries had before prevailed, of uniting some parochial cure with their school duties, was entirely abolished, and the boarding-houses, as they respectively became vacant, he placed exclusively under their care. The connexion thus established between the masters and the boys in their several houses he laboured to strengthen by opening in various ways means for friendly communication between them;—every house was thus to be as it were an epitome of the whole school. On the one hand every master was to have, as he used to say, "each a horse of his own to ride," independent of the "mere phantasmagoria of boys" passing successively through their respective forms; and on the other hand, the boys would thus have some one at hand to consult in difficulties, to explain their case if they got into trouble with the head-master or the other masters, to send a report* of their characters home, to prepare them for confirmation, and in general to stand to them in the relation of a pastor to his flock. "No parochial ministry," he would say to them, "can be more properly a cure of souls than yours;" and though, where it might happen that the masters were laymen, no difference was made between their duties to their boys and those of others, yet he was anxious, as a general rule, that they should be ordained as soon as possible, and procured from the bishop of the diocese a recognition of their situations

* This practice, which he first introduced at the end of each half-year, afterwards became monthly. He himself used latterly to write besides every half-year to the parents of every boy in his own form;—shortly, if the boy's character was good—at considerable length, if he had cause of complaint.

as titles for orders. Whatever, in short, he was in his own department, he wished them to be in theirs;—whatever he felt about his superintendence of the whole school, he wished them to feel about that part of it especially committed to them. It was an increasing delight to him to inspire them with general views of education and of life, by which he was himself so fully possessed; and the bond, thus gradually formed, especially when in his later time several of those who had been his pupils became his colleagues, grew deeper and stronger with each successive year that they passed in the place. Out of his own family, there was no circle, of which he was so completely the animating principle, as amongst those who co-operated with him in the great practical work of his life; none in which his loss was more keenly felt to be irreparable, or his example more instinctively regarded as a living spring of action, and a source of solemn responsibility, than amongst those who were called to continue their labours in the sphere and on the scene which had been ennobled to them by his counsels and his presence.*

But whatever interest attaches to the more external circumstances of his administration, and to his relations with others, who were concerned in it, is of course centered in his own personal government of

* His views will perhaps be best explained by the two following letters :—

LETTER OF INQUIRY FOR A MASTER.

. . . What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense, and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school; but yet, on second thoughts, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms; and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work to high scholarship: for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other. I should wish it also to be understood, that the new master may be called upon to take boarders in his house, it being my intention for the future to require this of all masters as I see occasion, that so in time the boarding-houses may die a natural death. . . . With this to offer, I think I have a right to look rather high for the man whom I fix upon, and it is my great object to get here a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who may permanently keep up the character of the school, and make it "vile damnum," if I were to break my neck to-morrow. . . .

LETTER TO A MASTER ON HIS APPOINTMENT.

. . . The qualifications which I deem essential to the due performance of a master's duties here, may in brief, be expressed as the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman,—that a man should enter upon his business not ἐκ παρέργου, but as a substantive and most important duty; that he should devote himself to it as the especial branch of the ministerial calling which he has chosen to follow—that belonging to a great public institution, and standing in a public and conspicuous situation, he should study things "lovely and of good report;" that is, that he should be public spirited, liberal, and entering heartily into the interest, honour, and general respectability and distinction of the society which he has joined; and that he should have sufficient vigour of mind and thirst for knowledge, to persist in adding to his own stores without neglecting the full improvement of those whom he is teaching. I think our masterships here offer a noble field of duty, and I would not bestow them on any one whom I thought would undertake them without entering into the spirit of our system heart and hand.

the boys. The natural effect of his concentration of interest on what he used to call "our great self," the school, was that the separate existence of the school was in return almost merged in him. This was not indeed his own intention, but it was precisely because he thought so much of the institution and so little of himself, that in spite of his efforts to make it work independently of any personal influence of his own, it became so thoroughly dependent upon him, and so thoroughly penetrated with his spirit. From one end of it to the other, whatever defects it had were his defects; whatever excellences it had were his excellences. It was not the master who was beloved or disliked for the sake of the school, but the school which was beloved or disliked for the sake of the master. Whatever peculiarity of character was impressed on the scholars whom it sent forth, was derived not from the genius of the place, but from the genius of the man. Throughout, whether in the school itself, or in its after-effects, the one image that we have before us is not Rugby, but ARNOLD.

What was his great object has already appeared from his letters; namely, the hope of making the school a place of really Christian education. These words in his mouth meant something very different from the general professions which every good teacher must be supposed to make, and which no teacher even in the worst times of English education could have openly ventured to disclaim; but it is exceedingly difficult so to explain them, as that they shall not seem to exceed or fall short of the truth. It was not an attempt merely to give more theological instruction, or to introduce sacred words into school admonitions; there may have been some occasions for religious advice that might have been turned to more advantage, some religious practices which might have been more constantly or effectually encouraged. His design arose out of the very nature of his office: the relation of an instructor to his pupils was to him, like all the other relations of human life, only in a healthy state, when subordinate to their common relation to God. The idea of a Christian school, again, was to him the natural result, so to speak, of the very idea of a school in itself; exactly as the idea of a Christian State seemed to him to be involved in the very idea of a State itself. The intellectual training was not for a moment underrated, and the machinery of the school was left to have its own way. But he looked upon the whole as bearing on the advancement of the one end of all instruction and education; the boys were still treated as schoolboys, but as schoolboys who must grow up to be Christian men; whose age did not prevent their faults from being sins, or their excellences from being noble and Christian virtues; whose situation did not of itself make the application of Christian principles to their daily lives an impracticable vision.

His education, in short, it was once observed amidst the vehement outcry by which he used to be assailed, "was not (according to the popular phrase) based upon religion, but was itself *religious*." It was this chiefly which gave a oneness to his work amidst a great variety of means and occupations, and a steadiness to the general system amidst its almost unceasing change. It was this which makes it difficult

to separate one part of his work from another, and which often made it impossible for his pupils to say in after-life, of much that had influenced them, whether they had derived it from what was spoken in school, in the pulpit, or in private. And, therefore, when either in direct religious teaching, or on particular occasions, Christian principles were expressly introduced by him, they had not the appearance of a rhetorical flourish, or of a temporary appeal to the feelings; they were looked upon as the natural expression of what was constantly implied: it was felt that he had the power, in which so many teachers have been deficient, of saying what he did mean, and of not saying what he did not mean,—the power of doing what was right, and speaking what was true, and thinking what was good, independently of any professional or conventional notions that so to act, speak, or think, was becoming or expedient.

It was not merely an abstract school, but an English public school, which he looked upon as the sphere in which this was to be effected. There was something to him at the very outset full of interest in a great place of national education, such as he considered a public school to be.

"There is," he said, "or there ought to be, something very ennobling in being connected with an establishment at once ancient and magnificent, where all about us, and all the associations belonging to the objects around us, should be great, splendid, and elevating. What an individual ought and often does derive from the feeling that he is born of an old and illustrious race, from being familiar from his childhood with the walls and trees which speak of the past no less than of the present, and make both full of images of greatness; this, in an inferior degree, belongs to every member of an ancient and celebrated place of education. In this respect every one of us has a responsibility imposed upon him, which I wish that we more considered." (Serm. vol. iii. p. 210.)*

This feeling of itself dictated the preservation of the old school constitution as far as it was possible, and he was very careful not to break

* It was one of his most cherished wishes at Rugby, to be enabled to leave to the school some permanent rank or dignity, which should in some measure compensate for its total barrenness of all historical associations, which he always felt painfully in contrast with his own early school, Winchester. Thus, amongst other schemes, he exerted himself to procure a medal or some similar favour from the Crown. "I can truly say," he wrote in 1840, "that nothing which could have been given me in the way of preferment, would have been so gratifying to me as to have been the means in any degree of obtaining what I think would be not more an honour than a real and lasting benefit to the school." The general grounds on which he thought this desirable, may best be stated in his own words: "I think that it would be well, on public grounds, to confer what may be considered as analogous to a peerage conferred on some of the wealthiest commoners, or to a silk gown bestowed on distinguished lawyers; that is, that when schools had risen from a very humble origin to a considerable place in the country, and had continued so for some time, some royal gift, however small, should be bestowed upon them, merely as a sort of recognition or confirmation, on the part of the Crown, of the courtesy rank which they had acquired already. I have always believed that one of the simplest and most effectual means of improving the foundation schools throughout the country, would be to hold out the hope of some mark of encouragement from the Crown, as they might happen to deserve it."

through any customs which connected the institution, however slightly, with the past. But in this constitution there were peculiarities of far greater importance in his eyes for good or evil, than any mere imaginative associations; the peculiarities which distinguish the English public school system from almost every other system of education in Europe, and which are all founded on the fact that a large number of boys are left for a large portion of their time to form an independent society of their own, in which the influence, that they exercise over each other, is far greater than can possibly be exercised by the masters, even if multiplied greatly beyond their present number.

How keenly he felt the evils resulting from this system, and the difficulty of communicating to it a really Christian character, will be evident to any one who knows the twelfth Sermon in his second volume, in which he unfolded, at the beginning of his career, the causes which had led good men to declare that "public schools are the seats and nurseries of vice;" or the three Sermons on "Christian Schools," in his fifth volume, in which, with the added experience of ten years, he analysed the six evils by which he "supposed that great schools were likely to be corrupted, and to be changed from the likeness of God's temple to that of a den of thieves." (Vol. v. p. 74.)

Sometimes he would be led to doubt whether it were really compatible with the highest principles of education; sometimes he would seem to have an earnest and almost impatient desire to free himself from it. Still, on the whole, it was always on a reformation, not on an overthrow, of the existing constitution of the school that he endeavoured to act. "Another system," he said, "may be better in itself, but I am placed in this system, and am bound to try what I can make of it."

With his usual undoubting confidence in what he believed to be a general law of Providence, he based his whole management of the school on his early formed and yearly increasing conviction that what he had to look for, both intellectually and morally, was not performance but promise; that the very freedom and independence of school life, which in itself he thought so dangerous, might be made the best preparation for Christian manhood; and he did not hesitate to apply to his scholars the principle which seemed to him to have been adopted in the training of the childhood of the human race itself.* He shrunk from pressing on the conscience of boys rules of action which he felt they were not yet able to bear, and from enforcing actions which, though right in themselves, would in boys be performed from wrong motives. Keenly as he felt the risk and fatal consequences of the failure of this trial, still it was his great, sometimes his only support to believe that "the character is braced amid such scenes to a greater beauty and firmness than it ever can attain without enduring and witnessing them. Our work here would be absolutely unendurable if we did not bear in mind that we should look forward as well as backward—if we did not remember that the victory of fallen man lies not in innocence but in tried virtue." (Serm. vol. iv. p. 7.) "I hold fast," he said, "to the great truth, that 'blessed is he that overcometh;'" and he writes

* Sermons, vol. ii. p. 440.

in 1837 :—"Of all the painful things connected with my employment, nothing is equal to the grief of seeing a boy come to school innocent and promising, and tracing the corruption of his character from the influence of the temptations around him, in the very place which ought to have strengthened and improved it. But in most cases those who come with a character of positive good are benefited ; it is the neutral and indecisive characters which are apt to be decided for evil by schools, as they would be in fact by any other temptation."

But this very feeling led him with the greater eagerness to catch at every means, by which the trial might be shortened or alleviated. "Can the change from childhood to manhood be hastened, without prematurely exhausting the faculties of body or mind?" (Serm. vol. iv. p. 19) was one of the chief questions on which his mind was constantly at work, and which in the judgment of some he was disposed to answer too readily in the affirmative. It was with the elder boys, of course, that he chiefly acted on this principle, but with all above the very young ones he trusted to it more or less. Firmly as he believed that *a* time of trial was inevitable, he believed no less firmly that it might be passed at public schools sooner than under other circumstances ; and, in proportion as he disliked the assumption of a false manliness in boys, was his desire to cultivate in them true manliness, as the only step to something higher, and to dwell on earnest principle and moral thoughtfulness, as the great and distinguishing mark between good and evil.* Hence his wish that as much as possible should be done *by* the boys, and nothing *for* them ; hence arose his practice, in which his own delicacy of feeling and uprightness of purpose powerfuly assisted him, of treating the boys as gentlemen and reasonable beings, of making them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed to them ; of showing that he appealed and trusted to their own common sense and conscience. Lying, for example, to the masters, he made a great moral offence ; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely,—in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys ; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked :—"If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word ;" and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."

Perhaps the liveliest representation of this general spirit, as distinguished from its exemplification in particular parts of the discipline and instruction, would be formed by recalling his manner, as he appeared in the great school, where the boys used to meet when the whole school was assembled collectively, and not in its different forms or classes. Then, whether on his usual entrance every morning to prayers before the first lesson, or on the more special emergencies which might require his presence, he seemed to stand before them, not merely as the head-master, but as the representative of the school.

* See Sermons, vol. iv. p. 99.

There he spoke to them as members together with himself of the same great institution, whose character and reputation they had to sustain as well as he. He would dwell on the satisfaction he had in being head of a society, where noble and honourable feelings were encouraged, or on the disgrace which he felt in hearing of acts of disorder or violence, such as in the humbler ranks of life would render them amenable to the laws of their country, or again, on the trust which he placed in their honour as gentlemen, and the baseness of any instance in which it was abused. "Is this a Christian school?" he indignantly asked at the end of one of those addresses, in which he had spoken of an extensive display of bad feeling amongst the boys, and then added,—"I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once." And few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than on one of these occasions, when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place before the assembled school, and said, "It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

The means of carrying out these principles were of course various; they may, however, for the sake of convenience, be viewed under the divisions of the general discipline of the school, the system of instruction, the chapel services, and his own personal intercourse and influence.

I. In considering his general management of the discipline of the school, it will only be possible to touch on its leading features.

1. He at once made a great alteration in the whole system of punishments in the higher part of the school, "keeping it as much as possible in the background, and by kindness and encouragement attracting the good and noble feelings of those with whom he had to deal."* As this appears more distinctly elsewhere, it is needless to enlarge upon it here; but a few words may be necessary to explain the view with which, for the younger part of the school, he made a point of maintaining, to a certain extent, the old discipline of public schools.

"The beau ideal of school discipline with regard to young boys would seem to be this, that, whilst corporal punishment was retained on principle as fitly answering to and marking the naturally inferior state of boyhood, and therefore as conveying no peculiar degradation to persons in such a state, we should cherish and encourage to the utmost all attempts made by the several boys, as individuals, to escape from the natural punishment of their age by rising above its naturally low tone of principle."

Flogging, therefore, for the younger part, he retained, but it was confined to moral offences, such as lying, drinking, and habitual idleness, while his aversion to inflicting it rendered it still less frequent in practice than it would have been according to the rule he had laid down for it. But in answer to the argument used in a liberal journal,

* Serm. vol. iv. p. 106. The whole sermon is a full exposition of his view.

that it was even for these offences and for this age degrading, he replied with characteristic emphasis—

"I know well of what feeling this is the expression; it originates in that proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian—but essentially barbarian. It visited Europe with all the curses of the age of chivalry, and is threatening us now with those of Jacobinism. . . . At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What can be more false, or more adverse to the simplicity, sobriety, and humbleness of mind, which are the best ornament of youth, and the best promise of a noble manhood?"*

2. But his object was of course far higher than to check particular vices. "What I want to see in the school," he said, "and what I cannot find, is an abhorrence of evil: I always think of the Psalm, 'Neither doth he abhor anything that is evil.'" Amongst all the causes, which in his judgment contributed to the absence of this feeling, and to the moral childishness, which he considered the great curse of public schools, the chief seemed to him to lie in the spirit which was there encouraged of combination, of companionship, of excessive deference to the public opinion prevalent in the school. Peculiarly repugnant as this spirit was at once to his own reverence for lawful authority, and to his dislike of servile submission to unlawful authority; fatal as he deemed it to all approach to sympathy between himself and his scholars—to all free and manly feeling in individual boys—to all real and permanent improvement of the institution itself—it gave him more pain when brought prominently before him, than any other evil in the school. At the very sight of a knot of vicious or careless boys gathered together round the great school-house fire, "It makes me think," he would say, "that I see the Devil in the midst of them." From first to last it was the great subject to which all his anxiety converged. No half-year ever passed without his preaching upon it—he turned it over and over in every possible point of view—he dwelt on it as the one master-fault of all. If the spirit of Elijah were to stand in the midst of us, and we were to ask him, 'What shall we do then?' his answer would be, 'Fear not, nor heed one another's voices, but fear and heed the voice of God only.'" (MS. Serm. on Luke iii. 10. 1833.)

Against this evil he felt that no efforts of good individual example, or of personal sympathy with individual masters, could act effectually, unless there were something to counteract it constantly amongst the boys themselves.

"He, therefore, who wishes" (to use his own words) "really to improve public education would do well to direct his attention to this point, and to consider how there can be infused into a society of boys such elements as, without being too dissimilar to coalesce thoroughly with the rest, shall yet be so superior as to raise the character of the whole. It would be absurd to say that any school has as yet fully solved this problem. I am convinced, however, that, in the peculiar

* Miscellaneous Works, p. 365.

relation of the highest form to the rest of the boys, such as it exists in our great public schools, there is to be found the best means of answering it. This relation requires in many respects to be improved in its character; some of its features should be softened, others elevated; but here, and here only, is the engine which can effect the end desired." (Journ. Ed. p. 292.)

In other words, he determined to use, and to improve to the utmost, the existing machinery of the Sixth Form, and of fagging; understanding, by the Sixth Form, the thirty boys who composed the highest class—"those who having risen to the highest form in the school, will probably be at once the oldest and the strongest, and the cleverest; and if the school be well ordered, the most respectable in application and general character:" and by fagging, "the power given by the supreme authorities of the school to the Sixth Form, to be exercised by them over the lower boys, for the sake of securing a regular government amongst the boys themselves, and avoiding the evils of anarchy, in other words, of the lawless tyranny of physical strength." (Journ. Ed. pp. 287, 286.) *

In many points he took the institution as he found it, and as he remembered it at Winchester. The responsibility of checking bad practices without the intervention of the masters, the occasional settlement of difficult cases of school-government, the subjection of brute force to some kind of order, involved in the maintenance of such an authority, had been more or less produced under the old system both at Rugby and elsewhere. But his zeal in its defence, and his confident reliance upon it as the keystone of his whole government, were eminently characteristic of himself. It was a point moreover on which the spirit of the age set strongly and increasingly against him, on which there was a general tendency to yield to the popular outcry, and on which the clamour, that at one time assailed him, was ready to fasten as a subject where all parties could concur in their condemnation. But he was immovable: and, though on his first coming he had felt himself called upon rather to restrain the authority of the Sixth Form from abuses, than to guard it from encroachments, yet now that the whole system was denounced as cruel and absurd, he delighted to stand forth as its champion. The power, which was most strongly condemned, of personal chastisement vested in the Præpostors over those who resisted their authority, he firmly maintained as essential to the general support of the good order of the place; and there was no obloquy, which he would not undergo in the protection of a boy, who had by due exercise of this discipline made himself obnoxious to the school, the parents, or the public.

But the importance, which he attached to it, arose from his regarding it not only as an efficient engine of discipline, but as the chief

* It has not been thought necessary here to enter at length into his defence of the general system of fagging, especially as it may be seen by those who are interested in the subject in the article in the ninth volume of the Quarterly Journal of Education, from which the above extracts have been taken, and which is now inserted at length in the volume of his Miscellaneous Works.

means of creating a respect for moral and intellectual excellence, and of diffusing his own influence through the mass of the school. Whilst he made the Præpostors rely upon his support in all just use of their authority, as well as on his severe judgment of all abuse of it, he endeavoured also to make them feel that they were actually fellow-workers with him for the highest good of the school, upon the highest principles and motives—that they had, with him, a moral responsibility and a deep interest in the real welfare of the place. Occasionally during his whole stay, and regularly at the beginning or end of every half-year during his later years, he used to make short addresses to them on their duties, or on the general state of the school, one of which, as an illustration of his general mode of speaking and acting with them, it has been thought worth while to give, as nearly as his pupils could remember it, in the very words he used. After making a few remarks to them on their work in the lessons: "I will now," he proceeded, "say a few words to you as I promised. Speaking to you, as to young men who can enter into what I say, I wish you to feel that you have another duty to perform, holding the situation that you do in the school; of the importance of this I wish you all to feel sensible, and of the enormous influence you possess, in ways in which we cannot, for good or for evil, on all below you; and I wish you to see fully how many and great are the opportunities offered to you here of doing good—good, too, of lasting benefit to yourselves as well as to others; there is no place where you will find better opportunities for some time to come, and you will then have reason to look back to your life here with the greatest pleasure. You will soon find, when you change your life here for that at the Universities, how very few in comparison they are there, however willing you may then be,—at any rate during the first part of your life there. That there is good, working in the school, I most fully believe, and we cannot feel too thankful for it; in many individual instances, in different parts of the school, I have seen the change from evil to good—to mention instances would of course be wrong. The state of the school is a subject of congratulation to us all, but only so far as to encourage us to increased exertions; and I am sure we ought all to feel it a subject of most sincere thankfulness to God; but we must not stop here; we must exert ourselves with earnest prayer to God for its continuance. And what I have often said before I repeat now: what we must look for here is, 1st, religious and moral principles; 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct; 3rdly, intellectual ability."

Nothing, accordingly, so shook his hopes of doing good, as weakness or misconduct in the Sixth. "You should feel," he said, "like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would, indeed, be thought cowardice." "When I have confidence in the Sixth," was the end of one of his farewell addresses, "there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go."

It may well be imagined how important this was as an instrument of education, independently of the weight of his own personal qualities Exactly at the age when boys begin to acquire some degree of self-

respect, and some desire for the respect of others, they were treated with confidence by one, whose confidence they could not but regard as worth having; and found themselves in a station, where there own dignity could not be maintained, except by consistent good conduct. And exactly at a time when manly aspirations begin to expand, they found themselves invested with functions of government, great beyond their age, yet naturally growing out of their position; whilst the ground of solemn responsibility, on which they were constantly taught that their authority rested, had a general, though of course not universal, tendency to counteract any notions of mere personal self-importance.

"I cannot deny that you have an anxious duty—a duty which some might suppose was too heavy for your years. But it seems to me, the nobler as well as the truer way of stating the case to say, that it is the great privilege of this and other such institutions, to anticipate the common time of manhood; that by their whole training they fit the character for manly duties at an age when, under another system, such duties would be impracticable; that there is not imposed upon you too heavy a burden; but that you are capable of bearing, without injury, what to others might be a burden, and therefore to diminish your duties and lessen your responsibility would be no kindness, but a degradation—an affront to you and to the school." (Serm. vol. v. p. 59.)

3. Whilst he looked to the Sixth Form, as the ordinary corrective for the ordinary evils of a public school, he still felt that these evils from time to time developed themselves in a shape which demanded peculiar methods to meet them, and which may best be explained by one of his letters.

"My own school experience has taught me the monstrous evil of a state of low principle prevailing amongst those who set the tone to the rest. I can neither theoretically nor practically defend our public school system, where the boys are left so very much alone to form a distinct society of their own, unless you assume that the upper class shall be capable of being in a manner μεσιται between the masters and the mass of the boys, that is, shall be capable of receiving and transmitting to the rest, through their example and influence, right principles of conduct, instead of those extremely low ones which are natural to a society of boys left wholly to form their own standard of right and wrong. Now, when I get any in this part of the school who are not to be influenced—who have neither the will nor the power to influence others—not from being intentionally bad, but from very low wit, and extreme childishness or coarseness of character—the evil is so great, not only negatively but positively, (for their low and false views are greedily caught up by those below them,) that I know not how to proceed, or how to hinder the school from becoming a place of education for evil rather than for good, except by getting rid of such persons. And then comes the difficulty, that the parents who see their sons only at home—that is just where the points of character, which are so injurious here, are not called into action—can scarcely be brought to understand why they should remove them; and having, as most people

ENTRANCE TO THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, RUGBY.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

have, only the most vague ideas as to the real nature of a public school, they cannot understand what harm they are receiving or doing to others, if they do not get into some palpable scrape, which very likely they never would do. More puzzling still is it, when you have many boys of this description, so that the evil influence is really very great, and yet there is not one of the set whom you would set down as a really bad fellow if taken alone; but most of them would really do very well if they were not together and in a situation where, unluckily, their age and size leads them, unavoidably, to form the laws and guide the opinion of their society; whereas, they are wholly unfit to lead others, and are so slow at receiving good influences themselves, that they want to be almost exclusively with older persons, instead of being principally with younger ones."

The evil undoubtedly was great, and the difficulty, which he describes in the way of its removal, tended to aggravate the evil. When first he entered on his post at Rugby, there was a general feeling in the country, that so long as a boy kept himself from offences sufficiently enormous to justify expulsion, he had a kind of right to remain in a public school; that the worse and more troublesome to parents were their sons, the more did a public school seem the precise remedy for them; that the great end of a public school, in short, was to flog their vices out of bad boys. Hence much indignation was excited when boys were sent away for lesser offences; an unfailing supply of vicious sons was secured, and scrupulous parents were naturally reluctant to expose their boys to the influence of such associates.

His own determination had been fixed long before he came to Rugby, and it was only after ascertaining that his power in this respect would be absolute, that he consented to become a candidate for the post.* The retention of boys who were clearly incapable of deriving good from the system, or whose influence on others was decidedly and extensively pernicious, seemed to him not a necessary part of the trials of school, but an inexcusable and intolerable aggravation of them. "Till a man learn that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school," he said, "will never be what it might be, and what it ought to be." The remonstrances which he encountered both on public and private grounds were vehement and numerous. But on these terms alone had he taken his office: and he solemnly and repeatedly declared, that on no other terms could he hold it, or justify the existence of the public school system in a Christian country.

The cases which fell under this rule included all shades of character from the hopelessly bad up to the really good, who yet from their peculiar circumstances might be receiving great injury from the system of a public school; grave moral offences frequently repeated; boys banded together in sets to the great harm of indivduals or of the school at large; overgrown boys, whose age and size gave them influence over others, and made them unfit subjects for corporal punishment, whilst the low place which, either from idleness or dulness, they held

* See Letter to Dr. Hawkins, in 1827.

in the school, encouraged all the childish and low habits to which they were naturally tempted.* He would retain boys after offences, which considered in themselves would seem to many almost deserving of expulsion; he would request the removal of others for offences which to many would seem venial. In short, he was decided by the ultimate result on the whole character of the individual, or on the general state of the school.

It was on every account essential to the carrying out of his principle, that he should mark in every way the broad distinction between this kind of removal, and what in the strict sense of the word used to be called expulsion. The latter was intended by him as a punishment and lasting disgrace, was inflicted publicly and with extreme solemnity, was of very rare occurrence, and only for gross and overt offences. But he took pains to show that removal, such as is here spoken of, whether temporary or final, was not disgraceful or penal, but intended chiefly, if not solely, for a protection of the boy himself or his schoolfellows. Often it would be wholly unknown who were thus dismissed or why; latterly he generally allowed such cases to remain till the end of the half-year, that their removal might pass altogether unnoticed: the subjoined letters also to the head of a college and a private tutor, introducing such boys to their attention, are samples of the spirit in which he acted on these occasions.†

* The admission of very young boys, *e.g.* under the age of ten, he earnestly deprecated, as considering them incapable of profiting by the discipline of the place.

† 1. To the Head of a college.—"With regard to ——, if you had asked me about him half a year ago, I should have spoken of him in the highest terms in point of conduct and steady attention to his work; there has been nothing in all that has passed, beyond a great deal of party and schoolboy feeling, wrong, as I think, and exceedingly mischievous to a school, but from its peculiar character not likely to recur at college or in after-life, and not reflecting permanently on a boy's principles or disposition. I think you will have in —— a steady and gentlemanly man, who will read fairly and give no disturbance, and one who would well repay any interest taken in him by his tutor to direct him either in his work or conduct. He was one of those who would do a great deal better at college than at school; and of this sort there are many: as long as they are among boys, and with no closer personal intercourse with older persons than a public school affords, they are often wrong-headed and troublesome; but older society and the habits of more advanced life set them to rights again."

2. . . . "Their conduct till they went away was as good as possible, and I feel bound to speak strongly in their favour with regard to their prospects at college; for there was more of foolishness than of vice in the whole matter, and it was their peculiar situation in the school, and the peculiar danger of their fault among us, that made us wish them to be removed. —— was very much improved in his work, and did some of his business very well: since he left us he has been with a private tutor, and I shall be disappointed if he has not behaved there so as to obtain from him a very favourable character."

3. . . . "—— was not a bad fellow at all, but had overgrown school in his body before he had outgrown it in wit; he was therefore the hero of the younger boys for his strength and prowess; and this sort of distinction was doing him harm, so that I advised his father to take him away, and to get him entered at the University as soon as possible."

4. To a private tutor.—"I am glad that you continue to like ——, nor am I surprised at it, for I always thought that school brought out the bad in his character,

This system was not pursued without difficulty: the inconvenience attendant upon such removals was occasionally very great; sometimes the character of the boy may have been mistaken, the difficulty of explaining the true nature of the transaction to parents was considerable; an exaggerated notion was entertained of the extent to which this view was carried.

To administer such a system required higher qualifications in a head-master than mere scholarship or mere zeal. What enabled him to do so successfully was, the force of his character, his determination to carry out his principles through a host of particular obstacles; his largeness of view, which endeavoured to catch the distinctive features of every case; the consciousness which he felt, and made others feel, of the uprightness and purity of his intentions. The predictions that boys who failed at school would turn out well with private tutors, were often acknowledged to be verified in cases where the removal had been most complained of; the diminution of corporal punishment in the school was necessarily much facilitated; a salutary effect was produced on the boys by impressing upon them, that even slight offences, which came under the head-master's eye, were swelling the sum of misconduct which might end in removal; whilst many parents were displeased by the system, others were induced to send "as many boys," he said, "and more than he sent away;" lastly, he succeeded in shaking the old notion of the conditions under which boys must be allowed to remain at school, and in impressing on others the standard of moral progress which he endeavoured himself to enforce.

The following letter to one of the assistant-masters expresses his mode of meeting the attacks to which he was exposed on the two subjects last mentioned.

"I do not choose to discuss the thickness of Præpostors' sticks, or the greater or less blackness of a boy's bruises, for the amusement of all the readers of the newspapers; nor do I care in the slightest degree about the attacks, if the masters themselves treat them with indifference. If they appear to mind them, or to fear their effect on the school, the apprehension in this, as in many other instances, will be likely to verify itself. For my own part, I confess, that I will not condescend to justify the school against attacks, when I believe that it is going on not only not ill, but positively well. Were it really otherwise, I think I should be as sensitive as any one, and very soon give up the concern. But these attacks are merely what I bargained for, so far as they relate to my conduct in the school, because they are directed against points on which my 'ideas' were fixed before I came to Rugby, and are only more fixed now; *e.g.* that the authority of the Sixth Form

and repressed the good. There are some others in the same way whom you would find, I think, very satisfactory pupils, but who are not improving here."

5. "It is a good thing, I have no doubt, that —— has left us; his is just one of those characters which cannot bear a public school, and may be saved and turned to great good by the humanities of private tuition."

"Ah!" he would say of a case of this kind, "if the Peninsular war were going on now, one would know what to do with him—a few years' hardship would bring a very nice fellow out of him."

is essential to the good of the school, and is to be upheld through all obstacles from within and from without, and that sending away boys is a necessary and regular part of a good system, not as a punishment to one, but as a protection to others. Undoubtedly it would be a better system if there was no evil; but evil being unavoidable we are not a gaol to keep it in, but a place of education where we must cast it out, to prevent its taint from spreading. Meanwhile let us mind our own work, and try to perfect the execution of our own 'ideas' and we shall have enough to do, and enough always to hinder us from being satisfied with ourselves; but when we are attacked we have some right to answer with Scipio, who, scorning to reply to a charge of corruption, said, 'Hoc die cum Hannibale bene et feliciter pugnavi:'—we have done enough good and undone enough evil, to allow us to hold our assailants cheap."

II. The spirit, in which he entered on the instruction of the school, constituting as it did the main business of the place, may perhaps best be understood from a particular exemplification of it in the circumstances under which he introduced a prayer before the first lesson in the Sixth Form, over and above the general prayers read before the whole school. On the morning on which he first used it he said, that he had been much troubled to find that the change from attendance on the death-bed of one of the boys in his house to his school-work had been very great: he thought that there ought not to be such a contrast, and that it was probably owing to the school-work not being sufficiently sanctified to God's glory; that if it was made really a *religious* work, the transition to it from a death-bed would be slight: he therefore intended for the future to offer a prayer before the first lesson, that the day's work might be undertaken and carried on solely to the glory of God and their improvement,—that he might be the better enabled to do his work.*

Under this feeling, all the lessons, in his eyes, and not only those which were more directly religious, were invested with a moral character; and his desire to raise the general standard of knowledge and application in the school was as great, as if it had been his sole object.

He introduced, with this view, a variety of new regulations; contributed liberally himself to the foundation of prizes and scholarships, as incentives to study, and gave up much of his leisure to the extra labour of new examinations for the various forms, and of a yearly examination for the whole school. The spirit of industry which his method excited in his better scholars, and more or less in the school at large, was considerable; and it was often complained that their minds and constitutions were overworked by premature exertion. Whether this was the case more at Rugby than in other schools, since the greater exertions generally required in all parts of education, it is difficult to determine. He himself would never allow the truth of it, though maintaining that it would be a very great evil if it were so. The Greek union of the ἀρετὴ γυμναστικὴ with the ἀρετὴ μουσικὴ, he

* See Appendix A.

thought invaluable in education, and he held that the freedom of the sports of public schools was particularly favourable to it; and whenever he saw that boys were reading too much, he always remonstrated with them, relaxed their work, and if they were in the upper part of the school, would invite them to his house in the half-year or the holidays to refresh them.

He had a strong belief in the general union of moral and intellectual excellence. "I have now had some years' experience," he once said in preaching at Rugby, "I have known but too many of those who in their utter folly have said in their heart, there was no God; but the sad sight—for assuredly none can be more sad—of a powerful, an earnest, and an inquiring mind seeking truth, yet not finding it—the horrible sight of good deliberately rejected, and evil deliberately chosen—the grievous wreck of earthly wisdom united with spiritual folly—I believe that it has been, that it is, that it may be—Scripture speaks of it, the experience of others has witnessed it; but I thank God that in my own experience I have never witnessed it yet; I have still found that folly and thoughtlessness have gone to evil; that thought and manliness have been united with faith and goodness." And in the case of boys his experience led him, to use his words in a letter to a friend, "more and more to believe in this connexion, for which divers reasons may be given. One, and a very important one, is, that ability puts a boy in sympathy with his teachers in the matter of his work, and in their delight in the works of great minds; whereas a dull boy has much more sympathy with the uneducated, and others to whom animal enjoyments are all in all." "I am sure," he used to say, "that in the case of boys the temptations of intellect are not comparable to the temptations of dulness;" and he often dwelt on "the fruit which he above all things longed for,—moral thoughtfulness,—the inquiring love of truth going along with the devoted love of goodness."

But for mere cleverness, whether in boys or men, he had no regard. "Mere intellectual acuteness," he used to say, in speaking (for example) of lawyers, "divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistophiles." Often when seen in union with moral depravity, he would be inclined to deny its existence altogether; the generation of his scholars, to which he looked back with the greatest pleasure, was not that which contained most instances of individual talent, but that which had altogether worked steadily and industriously. The university honours which his pupils obtained were very considerable, and at one time unrivalled by any school in England, and he was unfeignedly delighted whenever they occurred. But he never laid any stress upon them, and strongly deprecated any system which would encourage the notion of their being the chief end to be answered by school education. He would often dwell on the curious alternations of cleverness or dulness in school generations, which seemed to baffle all human calculation or exertion. "What we ought to do is to send up boys who will not be plucked." A mere plodding boy was above all others

encouraged by him. At Laleham he had once got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir?—indeed I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten." And though it would of course happen that clever boys, from a greater sympathy with his understanding, would be brought into closer intercourse with him, this did not affect his feeling, not only of respect, but of reverence to those who, without ability, were distinguished for high principle and industry. "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." In speaking of a pupil of this character, he once said, "I would stand to that man *hat in hand;*" and it was his feeling after the departure of such an one that drew from him the most personal, perhaps the only personal praise which he ever bestowed on any boy in his sermons. (See Sermons, vol. iii. pp. 352, 353.)*

* The subjoined letters will best show the feeling with which he regarded the academical successes or failures of his pupils:—

1. To a pupil who had failed in his examination at the University:—

". . . I hardly know whether you would like my writing to you; yet I feel strongly disposed so far to presume on the old relation which existed between us, as to express my earnest hope that you will not attach too much importance to your disappointment, whatever it may have been, at the recent examination. I believe that I attach quite as much value as is reasonable to university distinctions; but it would be a grievous evil if the good of a man's reading for three years were all to depend on the result of a single examination, affected as that result must ever in some degree be by causes independent of a man's intellectual excellence. I am saying nothing but what you know quite well already; still the momentary feeling of disappointment may tempt a man to do himself great injustice, and to think that his efforts have been attended by no proportionate fruit. I can only say, for one, that as far as the real honour of Rugby is concerned, it is the effort, an hundred times more than the issue of the effort, that is in my judgment a credit to the school; inasmuch as it shows that the men who go from here to the University do their duty there; and that is the real point, which alone to my mind reflects honour either on individuals or on societies; and if such a fruit is in any way traceable to the influence of Rugby, then I am proud and thankful to have had such a man as my pupil. I am almost afraid that you will think me impertinent in writing to you; but I must be allowed to feel more than a passing interest in those whom I have known and valued here; and in your case this interest was renewed by having had the pleasure of seeing you in Westmoreland more lately. I should be extremely glad if you can find an opportunity of paying us a visit ere long at Rugby."

2. To a pupil just before his examination at Oxford:—

"I have no other object in writing to you, than merely to assure you of my hearty interest about you at this time, when I suppose that the prospect of your examination is rising up closely before you. Yet I hope that you know me better than to think that my interest arises merely from the credit which the school may gain from your success, or that I should be in a manner personally disappointed if our men were not to gain what they are trying for. On this score I am very hard, and I know too well the uncertainties of examinations to be much surprised at any result. I am much more anxious, however, that you should not overwork yourself, nor unnerve your mind for after-exertion. And I wish to say that if you would like change of air or scene for a single day, I should urge you to come down here, and if I can be of any use to you, when here, in examining you, that you may not think that you

This being his general view, it remains to unfold his ideas of school instruction in detail.

1. That classical studies should be the basis of intellectual teaching, he maintained from the first. "The study of language," he said, "seems to me as if it was given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuperable difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philology through the medium of their own spoken language, seem the very instruments, by which this is to be effected." But a comparison of his earlier and later letters will show how much this opinion was strengthened in later years, and how, in some respects, he returned to parts of the old system, which on his first arrival at Rugby he had altered or discarded. To the use of Latin verse, which he had been accustomed to regard as "one of the most contemptible prettinesses of the understanding," "I am becoming," he said, "in my old age more and more a convert." Greek and Latin grammars in English, which he introduced soon after he came, he found were attended with a disadvantage, because the rules which in Latin fixed themselves in the boys' memories, when learned in English, were forgotten. The changes in his views resulted on the whole from his increasing conviction, that "it was not knowledge, but the means of gaining knowledge which he had to teach; as well as by his increasing sense of the value of the ancient authors, as belonging really to a period of modern civilisation like our own: the feeling that in them, "with a perfect abstraction from those particular names and associations, which are for ever biasing our judgment in modern and domestic instances, the great principles of all political questions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, are perfectly discussed and illustrated with entire freedom, with most attractive eloquence, and with profoundest wisdom. (Serm. vol. iii. Pref. p. 13.)

From time to time, therefore, as in the Journal of Education, (vol. vii. p. 240,) where his reasons are stated at length,* he raised his voice

would be utterly losing your time in leaving Oxford, I shall be very glad to do it. I am a great believer in the virtues of a journey for fifty miles, for giving tone to the system where it has been overworked."

3. To a pupil who had been unsuccessful in an examination for the Ireland scholarship:—

"I am more than satisfied with what you have done in the Ireland; as to getting it, I certainly never should have got it myself, so I have no right to be surprised if my pupils do not."

4. To a pupil who had gained a first class at Oxford:—

"Your letter has given all your friends here great joy, and most heartily do I congratulate you upon it. Depend upon it, it is a gift of God, not to be gloried in, but deeply and thankfully to be prized, for it may be made to minister to His glory and to the good of His Church, which never more needed the aid of the Spirit of wisdom, as well as of the Spirit of love."

5. To another, on the same:—

"I must write you in one line my heartiest congratulations, for I should not like not to write on an occasion which I verily believe is to no one more welcome than it is to me. You, I know, will look onwards and upwards—and will feel that God's gifts and blessings bind us more closely to His service."

* This essay also is inserted in the volume of his Miscellaneous Works, p. 348.

against the popular outcry, by which classical instruction was at that time assailed. And it was, perhaps, not without a share in producing the subsequent reaction in its favour, that the one Head-master, who, from his political connections and opinions, would have been supposed most likely to yield to the clamour, was the one who made the most deliberate and decided protest against it.

2. But what was true of his union of new with old elements in the moral government of the school, applies no less to its intellectual management. He was the first Englishman who drew attention in our public schools to the historical, political, and philosophical value of philology and of the ancient writers, as distinguished from the mere verbal criticism and elegant scholarship of the last century. And besides the general impulse which he gave to miscellaneous reading, both in the regular examinations and by encouraging the tastes of particular boys for geology or other like pursuits, he incorporated the study of Modern History, Modern Languages, and Mathematics into the work of the school, which attempt, as it was the first of its kind, so it was at one time the chief topic of blame and praise in his system of instruction. The reading of a considerable portion of modern history was effected without difficulty; but the endeavour to teach mathematics and modern languages, especially the latter, not as an optional appendage, but as a regular part of the school business, was beset with obstacles, which rendered his plan less successful than he had anticipated; though his wishes, especially for boys who were unable to reap the full advantage of classical studies were, to a great extent, answered.*

* The instruction in modern languages passed through various stages, of which the final result was that the several forms were taught by their regular masters, French and German in the three higher forms, and French in the forms below. How fully he was himself awake to the objections to this plan will appear from the subjoined letter in 1840; but still he felt that it yet remained to be shown how, for a continuance, *all* the boys of a large public school can be taught modern languages, except by English masters, and those the masters of their respective classical forms.

Extract from a letter to the Earl of Denbigh, Chairman of the Trustees of the School:—

"I assume it certainly, as the foundation of all my view of the case, that boys at a public school never will learn to speak or pronounce French well under any circumstances. But to most of our boys, to read it will be of far more use than to speak it; and, if they learn it grammatically as a dead language, I am sure that whenever they have any occasion to speak it, as in going abroad, for instance, they will be able to do it very rapidly. I think that if we can enable the boys to read French with facility, and to know the Grammar well, we shall do as much as can be done at a public school, and should teach the boys something valuable. And, in point of fact, I have heard men, who have left Rugby, speak with gratitude of what they have learnt with us in French and German.

"It is very true that our general practice here, as in other matters, does not come up to our theory; and I know too well that most of the boys would pass a very poor examination even in French Grammar. But so it is with their mathematics; and so it will be with any branch of knowledge that is taught but seldom, and is felt to be quite subordinate to the boy's main study. Only I am quite sure that if the boy's regular masters fail in this, a foreigner, be he who he may, would fail much more.

"I do not therefore see any way out of the difficulties of the question, and I believe sincerely that our present plan is the *least bad*, I will not say *the best*, that can be adopted; discipline is not injured as it is with foreign masters, and I think

What has been said, relates rather to his system of instruction, than to the instruction itself. His personal share in the teaching of the younger boys was confined to the general examinations, in which he took an active part, and to two lessons which he devoted in every week to the hearing in succession every form in the school. These visits were too transient for the boys to become familiar with him; but great interest was always excited, and though the chief impression was of extreme fear, they were also struck by the way in which his examinations elicited from them whatever they knew, as well as by the instruction which they received merely from hearing his questions, or from seeing the effect produced upon him by their answers. But the chief source of his intellectual as of his moral influence over the school, was through the Sixth Form. To the rest of the boys he appeared almost exclusively as a master, to them he appeared almost exclusively as an instructor. The library tower, which stands over the great gateway of the school-buildings, and in which he heard the lessons of his own form, is the place to which his pupils will revert as the scene of their first real acquaintance with his powers of teaching, and with himself.

It has been attempted hitherto to represent his principles of education as distinct from himself, but in proportion as we approach his individual teaching, this becomes impracticable—the system is lost in the man—the recollections of the Head-master of Rugby are inseparable from the recollections of the personal guide and friend of his scholars. They will at once recall those little traits, which however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of his whole manner. They will remember the glance, with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also, as the heads of a great school; the attitude in which he stood, turning over the pages of Facciolati's Lexicon, or Pole's Synopsis, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and the cheerful "Thank you," which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden "Sit down" which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations; the expressions of delight with which, when they had been doing well, he would say that it was a constant pleasure to him to come into the library.

His whole method was founded on the principle of awakening the intellect of every individual boy. Hence it was his practice to teach

that something is taught, though but little. With regard to German, I can speak more confidently; and I am sure that there we do facilitate a boy's after-study of the language considerably, and enable him, with much less trouble, to read those many German books, which are so essential to his classical studies at the university."

by questioning. As a general rule, he never gave information, except as a kind of reward for an answer, and often withheld it altogether, or checked himself in the very act of uttering it, from a sense that those whom he was addressing had not sufficient interest or sympathy to entitle them to receive it. His explanations were as short as possible —enough to dispose of the difficulty and no more; and his questions were of a kind to call the attention of the boys to the real point of every subject and to disclose to them the exact boundaries of what they knew or did not know. With regard to younger boys, he said, "It is a great mistake to think that they should *understand* all they learn; for God has ordered that in youth the memory should act vigorously, independent of the understanding—whereas a man cannot usually recollect a thing unless he understands it." But in proportion to their advance in the school he tried to cultivate in them a habit not only of collecting facts, but of expressing themselves with facility, and of understanding the principles on which their facts rested. "You come here," he said, "not to read, but to learn how to read;" and thus the greater part of his instructions were interwoven with the process of their own minds; here was a continual reference to their thoughts, an acknowledgment hat, so far as their information and power of reasoning could take iem, they ought to have an opinion of their own. He was evidently working not for, but with the form, as if they were equally interested with himself in making out the meaning of the passage before them. His object was to set them right, not by correcting them at once, but either by gradually helping them on a true answer, or by making the answers of the more advanced part of the form serve as a medium, through which his instructions might be communicated to the less advanced. Such a system he thought valuable alike to both classes of boys. To those who by natural quickness or greater experience of his teaching were more able to follow his instructions, it confirmed the sense of the responsible position which they held in the school, intellectually as well as morally. To a boy less ready or less accustomed to it, it gave precisely what he conceived that such a character required. "He wants this," to use his own words, "and he wants it daily—not only to interest and excite him, but to dispel what is very apt to grow around a lonely reader not constantly questioned—a haze of indistinctness as to a consciousness of his own knowledge or ignorance; he takes a vague impression for a definite one; an imperfect notion for one that is full and complete, and in this way he is continually deceiving himself."

Hence, also, he not only laid great stress on original compositions, but endeavoured so to choose the subjects of exercises as to oblige them to read and lead them to think for themselves. He dealt at once the death-blow to themes (as he expressed it) on "Virtus est bona res," and gave instead historical or geographical descriptions, imaginary speeches or letters, etymological accounts of words, or criticisms of books, or put religious or moral subjects in such a form as awakened a new and real interest in them;* as, for example, not simply "carpe diem," or, "pro-

* See Appendix B.

crastination is the thief of time;" but, "carpere diem jubent Epicurei, jubet hoc idem Christus." So again, in selecting passages for translation from English into Greek or Latin, instead of taking them at random from the Spectator or other such works, he made a point of giving extracts, remarkable in themselves, from such English and foreign authors as he most admired, so as indelibly to impress on the minds of his pupils some of the most striking names and passages in modern literature. "Ha, very good!" was his well-known exclamation of pleasure when he met with some original thought; "is that entirely your own, or do you remember anything in your reading that suggested it to you?" Style, knowledge, correctness or incorrectness of statement or expression, he always disregarded in comparison with indication or promise of real thought. "I call that the best theme," he said, "which shows that the boy has read and thought for himself; that, the next best, which shows that he has read several books, and digested what he has read; and that the *worst*, which shows that he has followed but one book, and followed that without reflection."

The interest in their work which this method excited in the boys was considerably enhanced by the respect which, even without regard to his general character, was inspired by the qualities brought out prominently in the ordinary course of lessons. They were conscious of (what was indeed implied in his method itself) the absence of display, which made it clear that what he said was to instruct them, not to exhibit his own powers; they could not but be struck by his never concealing difficulties and always confessing ignorance; acknowledging mistakes in his edition of Thucydides, and on Latin verses, mathematics, or foreign languages, appealing for help or information to boys whom he thought better qualified than himself to give it. Even as an example, it was not without its use, to witness daily the power of combination and concentration on his favourite subjects which had marked him even from a boy; and which especially appeared in his illustrations of ancient by modern, and modern by ancient history. The wide discursiveness with which he brought the several parts of their work to bear on each other; the readiness with which he referred them to the sources and authorities of information, when himself ignorant of it; the eagerness with which he tracked them out when unknown—taught them how wide the field of knowledge really was. In poetry it was almost impossible not to catch something of the delight and almost fervour, with which, as he came to any striking passage, he would hang over it, reading it over and over again, and dwelling upon it for the mere pleasure which every word seemed to give him. In history or philosophy, events, sayings, and authors, would, from the mere fact that he had quoted them, become fixed in the memory of his pupils, and give birth to thoughts and inquiries long afterwards, which, had they been derived through another medium, would have been forgotten or remained unfruitful. The very scantiness with which he occasionally dealt out his knowledge, when not satisfied that the boys could enter into it, whilst it often provoked a half-angry feeling of disappointment in those who eagerly treasured up all that he uttered, left an impression

that the source from which they drew was unexhausted and unfathomed, and to all that he did say gave a double value.

Intellectually, as well as morally, he felt that the teacher ought himself to be perpetually learning, and so constantly above the level of his scholars. "I am sure," he said, speaking of his pupils at Laleham, "that I do not judge of them or expect of them, as I should, if I were not taking pains to improve my own mind." For this reason, he maintained that no schoolmaster ought to remain at his post much more than fourteen or fifteen years, lest, by that time, he should have fallen behind the scholarship of the age; and by his own reading and literary works he endeavoured constantly to act upon this principle himself. "For nineteen out of twenty boys," he said once to Archbishop Whately, in speaking of the importance not only of information, but real ability in assistant masters, (and his remark of course applied still more to the station which he occupied himself,) "ordinary men may be quite sufficient, but the twentieth, the boy of real talents, who is more important than the others, is liable even to suffer injury from being early placed under the training of one whom he can, on close inspection, look up to as his superior in something besides mere knowledge. The dangers," he observed, "were of various kinds. One boy may acquire a contempt for the information itself, which he sees possessed by a man whom he feels nevertheless to be far below him. Another will fancy himself as much above nearly all the world as he feels he is above his own tutor; and will become self-sufficient and scornful. A third will believe it to be his duty, as a point of humility, to bring himself down intellectually to a level with one whom he feels bound to reverence, and thus there have been instances, where the veneration of a young man of ability for a teacher of small powers has been like a millstone round the neck of an eagle."

His practical talent as a scholar consisted in his insight into the general structure of sentences and the general principles of language, and in his determination to discard all those unmeaning phrases and forms of expression, by which so many writers of the last generation and boys of all generations endeavour to conceal their ignorance. In Greek and Latin composition his exceeding indifference to mere excellence of style, when unattended by anything better, made it difficult for him to bestow that praise, which was necessary to its due encouragement as a part of the school work, and he never was able to overcome the deficiency, which he always felt in composing or correcting verse exercises, even after his increased conviction of their use as a mental discipline. But to prose composition in both languages he had from the first attached considerable importance, not only as the best means of acquiring a sound knowledge of the ancient authors, but of attaining a mastery over the English language also, by the readiness and accuracy of expression which it imparted. He retained too himself that happy facility for imitating the style of the Greek historians and philosophers, for which he was remarkable in youth, whilst his Latin prose was peculiar for combining the force of common Latinity with the vigour and simplicity of his own style—perfectly correct and idiomatic, yet not the language of Cicero or Livy, but of himself.

In the common lessons, his scholarship was chiefly displayed in his power of extempore translation into English. This he had possessed in a remarkable degree from the time that he was a boy at Winchester, where the practice of reading the whole passage from Greek or Latin into good English, without construing each particular sentence word by word, had been much encouraged by Dr. Gabell, and in his youthful vacations during his Oxford course he used to enliven the sick-bed of his sister Susannah by the readiness with which in the evenings he would sit by her side, and translate book after book of the history of Herodotus. So essential did he consider this method to a sound study of the classics, that he published an elaborate defence of it in the Quarterly Journal of Education, and, when delivering his Modern History lectures at Oxford, where he much lamented the prevalence of the opposite system, he could not resist the temptation of protesting against it, with no other excuse for introducing the subject, than the mention of the Latin style of the middle age historians. In itself, he looked upon it as the only means of really entering into the spirit of the ancient authors; and, requiring as he did besides, that the translation should be made into idiomatic English, and if possible, into that style of English which most corresponded to the period or the subject of the Greek or Latin writer in question, he considered it further as an excellent exercise in the principles of taste and in the knowledge and use of the English language, no less than of those of Greece and Rome. No one must suppose that these translations in the least resembled the paraphrases in his notes to Thucydides, which are avowedly not translations, but explanations; he was constantly on the watch for any inadequacy or redundancy of expression—the version was to represent, and no more than represent, the exact words of the original; and those who, either as his colleagues or his pupils, were present at his lessons or examinations, well know the accuracy, with which every shade of meaning would be reproduced in a different shape, and the rapidity, with which he would pounce on any mistake of grammar or construction, however dexterously concealed in the folds of a free translation.

In the subject of the lessons it was not only the language, but the author and the age which rose before him; it was not merely a lesson to be got through and explained, but a work which was to be understood, to be condemned or to be admired. It was an old opinion of his, which, though much modified, was never altogether abandoned, that the mass of boys had not a sufficient appreciation of poetry, to make it worth while for them to read so much of the ancient poets, in proportion to prose writers, as was usual when he came to Rugby. But for some of them he had besides a personal distaste. The Greek tragedians, though reading them constantly, and portions of them with the liveliest admiration, he thought on the whole greatly overrated; and still more, the second-rate Latin poets, but whom he seldom used; and some, such as Tibullus and Propertius, never. "I do really think," he said, speaking of these last as late as 1842, "that any examiners incur a serious responsibility who require or encourage the reading of these books for scholarships; of all useless reading, surely the reading

of indifferent poets is most useless." And to some of them he had a yet deeper feeling of aversion. It was not till 1835 that he himself read the plays of Aristophanes, and though he was then much struck with the "Clouds," and ultimately introduced the partial use of his Comedies in the school, yet his strong moral disapprobation always interfered with his sense of the genius both of that poet and Juvenal.

But of the classical lessons generally his enjoyment was complete. When asked once whether he did not find the repetition of the same lessons irksome to him, "No," he said, "there is a constant freshness in them; I find something new in them every time that I go over them." The best proof of the pleasure which he took in them is the distinct impression which his scholars retained of the feeling, often rather implied than expressed, with which he entered into the several works; the enthusiasm with which, both in the public and private orations of Demosthenes, he would contemplate piece by piece "the luminous clearness" of the sentences; the affectionate familiarity which he used to show towards Thucydides, knowing as he did the substance of every single chapter by itself; the revival of youthful interest with which he would recur to portions of the works of Aristotle; the keen sense of a new world opening before him, with which in later years, with ever increasing pleasure, he entered into the works of Plato—above all, his childlike enjoyment of Herodotus, and that "fountain of beauty and delight which no man," he said, "can ever drain dry," the poetry of Homer. The simple language of that early age was exactly what he was most able to reproduce in his own simple and touching translations; and his eyes would fill with tears, when he came to the story which told how Cleobis and Bito, as a reward for their filial piety, lay down in the temple, and fell asleep and died.

To his pupils, perhaps, of ordinary lessons, the most attractive were the weekly ones on Modern History. He had always a difficulty in finding any work which he could use with satisfaction as a text book. "Gibbon, which in many respects would answer the purpose so well, I dare not use." Accordingly, the work, whatever it might be, was made the groundwork of his own observations, and of other reading from such books as the school library contained. Russell's Modern Europe, for example, which he estimated very low, though perhaps from his own early acquaintance with it at Winchester, with less dislike than might have been expected, served this purpose for several years. On a chapter of this he would engraft, or cause the boys to engraft, additional information from Hallam, Guizot, or any other historian who happened to treat of the same period, whilst he himself, with that familiar interest which belonged to his favourite study of history and of geography, which he always maintained could only be taught in connexion with it, would by his searching and significant questions gather the thoughts of his scholars round the peculiar characteristics of the age or the country on which he wished to fix their attention. Thus, for example, in the Seven Years' War, he would illustrate the general connexion of military history with geography, by the simple instance of the order of Hannibal's successive victories;

and then, chalking roughly on a board the chief points in the physical conformation of Germany, apply the same principle to the more complicated campaigns of Frederick the Great. Or, again, in a more general examination, he would ask for the chief events which occurred, for instance, in the year 15 of two or three successive centuries, and, by making the boys contrast or compare them together, bring before their minds the differences and resemblances in the state of Europe in each of the periods in question.

Before entering on his instructions in theology, which both for himself and his scholars had most peculiar interest, it is right to notice the religious character which more or less pervaded the rest of the lessons. When his pupils heard him in preaching recommend them "to note in any common work that they read, such judgments of men and things, and such a tone in speaking of them as are manifestly at variance with the Spirit of Christ," (Serm. vol. iii. p. 116,) or when they heard him ask "whether the Christian ever feels more keenly awake to the purity of the spirit of the Gospel, than when he reads the history of crimes related with no true sense of their evil," (Serm. vol. ii. p. 223,) instances would immediately occur to them from his own practice, to prove how truly he felt what he said. No direct instruction could leave on their minds a livelier image of his disgust at moral evil, than the black cloud of indignation which passed over his face when speaking of the crimes of Napoleon, or of Cæsar, and the dead pause which followed, as if the acts had just been committed in his very presence. No expression of his reverence for a high standard of Christian excellence could have been more striking than the almost involuntary expressions of admiration which broke from him whenever mention was made of St. Louis of France. No general teaching of the providential government of the world would have left a deeper impression, than the casual allusions to it, which occurred as they came to any of the critical moments in the history of Greece and Rome. No more forcible contrast could have been drawn between the value of Christianity and of heathenism, than the manner with which, for example, after reading in the earlier part of the lesson one of the Scripture descriptions of the Gentile world, "Now," he said, as he opened the Satires of Horace, "we shall see what it was."

Still it was in the Scripture* lessons that this found most scope. In the lower forms it was rather that more prominence was given to them, and that they were placed under better regulations, than that they were increased in amount. In the Sixth Form, besides the lectures on Sunday, he introduced two lectures on the Old or New Testament in the course of the week, so that a boy who remained there three years would often have read through a great part of the New Testament, much of the Old Testament, and especially of the Psalms in the Septuagint version, and also committed much of them to memory; whilst at times he would deliver lectures on the history of the early Church, or of the English Reformation. In these lessons on the Scriptures he would insist much on the importance of familiarity with

* For his own feeling about them, see Sermons, vol. iv. pp. 317, 321.

the very words of the sacred writers, and of the exact place where passages occurred; on a thorough acquaintance with the different parts of the story contained in the several Gospels, that they might be referred to at once; on the knowledge of the times when, and the persons to whom, the Epistles were written. In translating the New Testament, while he encouraged his pupils to take the language of the authorised version as much as possible, he was very particular in not allowing them to use words which fail to convey the meaning of the original, or which by frequent use have lost all definite meaning of their own—such as "edification," or "the Gospel." Whatever dogmatical instruction he gave was conveyed almost entirely in a practical or exegetical shape; and it was very rarely indeed that he made any allusion to existing parties or controversies within the Church of England. His own peculiar views, which need not be noticed in this place, transpired more or less throughout; but the great proportion of his interpretations were such as most of his pupils, of whatever opinions, eagerly collected and preserved for their own use in after life.

But more important than any details was the union of reverence and reality in his whole manner of treating the Scriptures, which so distinguished these lessons from such as may in themselves almost as little deserve the name of religious instruction as many lessons commonly called secular. The same searching questions, the same vividness which marked his historical lessons,—the same anxiety to bring all that he said home to their own feelings, which made him, in preparing them for confirmation, endeavour to make them say, "Christ died for me," instead of the general phrase, "Christ died for us,"—must often, when applied to the natural vagueness of boys' notions on religious subjects, have dispelled it for ever. "He appeared to me," writes a pupil, whose intercourse with him never extended beyond these lessons, "to be remarkable for his habit of realising everything that we are told in Scripture. You know how frequently we can ourselves, and how constantly we hear others go prosing on in a sort of religious cant or slang, which is as easy to learn as any other technical jargon, without seeing as it were by that faculty, which all possess, of picturing to the mind, and acting as if we really saw things unseen belonging to another world. Now he seemed to have the freshest view of our Lord's life and death that I ever knew a man to possess. His rich mind filled up the naked outline of the Gospel history;—it was to him the most interesting *fact* that has ever happened,—as real, as *exciting* (if I may use the expression) as any recent event in modern history of which the actual effects are visible." And all his comments, from whatever theory of inspiration they were given, were always made in a tone and manner that left an impression that from the book which lay before him he was really seeking to draw his rule of life, and, that whilst he examined it in earnest to find what its meaning was, when he had found it he intended to abide by it.

The effect of these instructions was naturally more permanent (speaking merely in an intellectual point of view) than the lessons themselves, and it was a frequent topic of censure that his pupils were

led to take up his opinions before their minds were duly prepared for them. What was true of his method and intention in the simplest matters of instruction, was true of it as applied to the highest matters. Undoubtedly it was his belief that the minds of young men ought to be awakened to the greatness of things around them; and it was his earnest endeavour to give them what he thought the best means of attaining a firm hold upon truth. But it was always his wish that his pupils should form their opinions for themselves, and not take them on trust from him. To his particular political principles he carefully avoided allusion, and it was rarely that his subjects for school compositions touched on any topics that could have involved, even remotely, the disputed points of party politics. In theological matters, partly from the nature of the case, partly from the peculiar aspect under which for the last six years of his life he regarded the Oxford school, he both expressed his thoughts more openly, and was more anxious to impress them upon his pupils; but this was almost entirely in the comparatively few sermons preached on what could be called controversial topics. In his intercourse indeed with his pupils after they had left the school, he naturally spoke with greater freedom on political or theological subjects, yet it was usually when invited by them, and, though he often deeply lamented their adoption of what he held to be erroneous views, he much disliked a merely unmeaning echo of his own opinions. "It would be a great mistake," he said, "if I were to try to make myself here into a Pope."

It was, however, an almost inevitable consequence of coming into contact with his teaching, and with the new world which it opened, that his pupils would often, on their very entrance into life, have acquired a familiarity and encountered a conflict with some of the most harassing questions of morals and religion. It would also often happen, that the increasing reverence, which they felt for him, would not only incline them to receive with implicit trust all that he said in the lessons or in the pulpit, but also to include in their admiration of the man, all that they could gather of his general views either from report or from his published works: whilst they would naturally look with distrust on the opposite notions in religion and politics, brought before them, as would often be the case, in close connexion with vehement attacks on him, which in most cases they could hardly help regarding as unfounded or unfair. Still the greater part of his pupils, while at school, were, after the manner of English boys, altogether unaffected by his political opinions; and of those who most revered him, none in after life could be found who followed his views implicitly, even on the subjects on which they were most disposed to listen to him. But though no particular school of opinion grew up amongst them, the end of his teaching would be answered far more truly, (and it may suggest to those who know ancient history, similar results of similar methods in the hands of other eminent teachers,) if his scholars learned to form an independent judgment for themselves, and to carry out their opinions to their legitimate consequences,—to appreciate moral agreement amidst much intellectual difference, not only in each

other or in him, but in the world at large;—and to adopt many, if not all of his principles, whilst differing widely in their application of them to existing persons and circumstances.

III. If there is any one place at Rugby more than another which was especially the scene of Dr. Arnold's labours, both as a teacher and as a master, it is the School-chapel. Even its outward forms from "the very cross at the top of the building,"* on which he loved to dwell as a visible symbol of the Christian end of their education, to the vaults which he caused to be opened underneath for those who died in the school, must always be associated with his name. "I envy Winchester its antiquity," he said, "and am therefore anxious to do all that can be done to give us something of a venerable outside, if we have not the nobleness of old associations to help us." The five painted windows in the Chapel were put up in great part at his expense, altogether at his instigation. The subject of the first of these, the great east window, he delighted to regard as "strikingly appropriate to a place of education," being "the Wise Men's Offering," and the first time after its erection that the chapter describing the Adoration of the Magi was read in the church service he took occasion to preach upon it one of his most remarkable sermons, that of "Christian Professions—Offering Christ our best." (Serm. vol. iii. p. 112.) And as this is connected with the energy and vigour of his life, so the subject of the last, which he chose himself a short time before his death, is the confession of St. Thomas, on which he dwelt with deep solemnity in his last hours, as in his life he had dwelt upon it as the great consolation of doubting but faithful hearts, and as the great attestation of what was to him the central truth of Christianity, our Lord's divinity. Lastly, the monuments, of those who died in the school during his government, and whose graves were the first ever made in the chapel; above all, his own, the monument and grave of the only head-master of Rugby who is buried within its walls, give a melancholy interest to the words with which he closed a sermon preached on the Founder's day, in 1833, whilst as yet the recently opened vaults had received no dead within them:

"This roof under which we are now assembled, will hold, it is probable, our children and our children's children; may they be enabled to think, as they shall kneel perhaps over the bones of some of us now here assembled, that they are praying where their fathers prayed: and let them not, if they mock in their day the means of grace here offered to them, encourage themselves with the thought that the place had long ago been profaned with equal guilt; that they are but infected with the spirit of our ungodliness."†

But of him especially it need hardly be said, that his chief interest in that place lay in the three hundred boys who, Sunday after Sunday, were collected, morning and afternoon, within its walls. "The veriest stranger," he said, "who ever attends divine service in this chapel, does well to feel something more than common interest in the sight of the congregation here assembled. But if the sight so interests a mere

* MS. Sermon. † Serm. vol. iii. p. 211.

stranger, what should it be to ourselves, both to you and to me?" (Serm. vol. v. p. 403.) So he spoke within a month of his death, and to him, certainly, the interest was increased rather than lessened by its familiarity. There was the fixed expression of countenance, exhibiting the earnest attention with which, after the service was over, he sat in his place looking at the boys as they filed out one by one, in the orderly and silent arrangement which succeeded, in the latter part of his stay, to the public calling over of their names in the chapel. There was the complete image of his union of dignity and simplicity, of manliness and devotion, as he performed the chapel service, especially when at the communion table he would read or rather repeat almost by heart the Gospel and Epistle of the day, with the impressiveness of one who entered into it equally with his whole spirit and also with his whole understanding. There was the visible animation, with which by force of long association he joined in the musical parts of the service, to which he was by nature wholly indifferent, as in the chanting of the Nicene Creed, which was adopted in accordance with his conviction that creeds in public worship (Serm. vol. iii. p. 310) ought to be used as triumphant hymns of thankgiving; or still more in the Te Deum, which he loved so dearly, and when his whole countenance would be lit up at his favourite verse—"When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

From his own interest in the service naturally flowed his anxiety to impart it to his scholars: urging them in his later sermons, or in his more private addresses, to join in the responses, at times with such effect, that at least from all the older part of the school the responses were very general. The very course of the ecclesiastical year would often be associated in their minds with their remembrance of the peculiar feeling, with which they saw that he regarded the greater festivals, and of the almost invariable connexion of his sermons with the services of the day. The touching recollections of those amongst the living or the dead, whom he loved or honoured, which passed through his mind as he spoke of All Saints' Day, and, whenever it was possible, of its accompanying feast, now no longer observed, All Souls' Day:—and the solemn thoughts of the advance of human life, and of the progress of the human race, and of the Church, which were awakened by the approach of Advent,—might have escaped a careless observer: but it must have been difficult for any one not to have been struck by the triumphant exultation of his whole manner on the recurrence of Easter Day. Lent was marked during his last three years, by the putting up of boxes in the chapel and the boarding-houses, to receive money for the poor, a practice adopted not so much with the view of relieving any actual want, as of affording the boys an opportunity for self-denial and almsgiving.*

* He feared, however, to introduce more religious services, than he thought the boys would bear without a sense of tedium or formality, on which principle he dropped an existing practice of devoting all the lessons in Passion Week to the New Testament; and always hesitated to have a chapel service on such festivals as did

He was anxious to secure the administration of the rite of confirmation, if possible, once every two years; when the boys were prepared by himself and the other masters in their different boarding-houses, who each brought up his own division of pupils on the day of the ceremony; the interest of which was further enhanced, during his earlier years, by the presence of the late Bishop Ryder,* for whom he entertained a great respect, and latterly by the presence of his intimate friend, Archbishop Whately. The Confirmation Hymn of Dr. Hinds, which was used on these occasions, became so endeared to his recollections, that, when travelling abroad late at night, he would have it repeated or sung to him. One of the earliest public addresses to the school was that made before the first confirmation, and published in the second volume of his sermons; and he always had something of the kind (over and above the Bishop's charge) either before or after the regular Chapel service.

The Communion was celebrated four times a year. At first some of the Sixth Form boys alone were in the habit of attending; but he took pains to invite to it boys in all parts of the school, who had any serious thoughts, so that the number out of two hundred and ninety or three hundred boys, was occasionally a hundred, and never less than seventy. To individual boys he rarely spoke on the subject, from the

not fall on Sundays, though in the last year of his life he made an exception with regard to Ascension Day.

* The following extract from a sermon preached in consequence of the delay of confirmation may serve to illustrate as well his general feeling on the subject, as his respect for the individual:—

"... And while I say this, it is impossible not to remember to what cause this disappointment has been owing, namely to the long illness and death of the late excellent Bishop of this diocese. This is neither the place nor the congregation for a funeral eulogy on that excellent person; we knew him too little, and were too much removed out of the ordinary sphere of his ministry, to be able to bear the best witness to him. Yet many here, I think, will remember the manner in which he went through the rite of confirmation in this chapel three years ago; the earnestness and kindness of his manner, the manifest interest which he felt in the service in which he was ministering. And though, as I said, we were comparatively strangers to him, yet we had heard enough of him to receive, without one jarring feeling, the full impression of his words and manner; we knew that as these were solemn and touching, so they were consistent and sincere; they were not put on for the occasion, nor yet, which is a far more common case, did they spring out of the occasion. It was not the mere natural and momentary feeling which might have arisen even in a careless mind, while engaged in a work so peculiarly striking; but it was truly the feeling not of the occasion but of the man. He but showed himself to us as he was, and thus we might and may dwell with pleasure on the recollection long after the immediate effect was over; and may think truly that, when he told us how momentous were the interests involved in the promises and prayers of that service, he told us no more than he himself most earnestly believed; he urged us to no other faith, to no other course of living, than that which by God's grace he had long made his own. It is a great blessing to God's Church when they who are called to the higher offices of the ministry in it, thus give to their ministry the weight, not of their words only, but of their lives. Still we must remember that the care of our souls is our own,—that God's means of grace and warnings furnished us by the ministry of His Church, are no way dependent upon the personal character of the minister; that confirmation, with all its opportunities, is still the same point in our lives, by whomsoever it may be administered."

fear of its becoming a matter of form or favour; but in his sermons he dwelt upon it much, and would afterwards speak with deep emotion of the pleasure and hope which a larger attendance than usual would give him. It was impossible to hear these exhortations or to see him administer it, without being struck by the strong and manifold interest, which it awakened in him; and at Rugby it was of course more than usually touching to him from its peculiar relation to the school. When he spoke of it in his sermons, it was evident that amongst all the feelings which it excited in himself, and which he wished to impart to others, none was so prominent as the sense that it was a communion not only with God, but with one another, and that the thoughts thus roused should act as a direct and especial counterpoise to that false communion and false companionship, which, as binding one another not to good but to evil, he believed to be the great source of mischief in the school at large. And when,—especially to the very young boys, who sometimes partook of the Communion,—he bent himself down with looks of fatherly tenderness, and glistening eyes, and trembling voice, in the administration of the elements, it was felt, perhaps, more distinctly than at any other time, how great was the sympathy which he felt with the earliest advances to good in every individual boy.

That part of the Chapel service, however, which, at least to the world at large, is most connected with him, as being the most frequent and most personal of his ministrations, was his preaching. Sermons had occasionally been preached by the head-master of this and other public schools to their scholars before his coming to Rugby; but (in some cases from the peculiar constitution or arrangement of the school) it had never before been considered an essential part of the head-master's office. The first half-year he confined himself to delivering short addresses, of about five minutes' length, to the boys of his own house. But from the second half-year he began to preach frequently; and from the autumn of 1831, when he took the chaplaincy * which had then become vacant, he preached almost every Sunday of the school year to the end of his life.

* Extract from a letter to the Trustees, applying for the situation:—"I had no knowledge nor so much as the slightest suspicion of the vacancy," he writes, "till I was informed of it last night. But the importance of the point is so great that I most respectfully crave the indulgence of the Trustees to the request I venture to submit to them, namely, that if they see no objection to it I may myself be appointed to the chaplaincy, waiving, of course, altogether the salary attached to the office. Whoever is chaplain, I must ever feel myself, as Head-master, the real and proper religious instructor of the boys. No one else can feel the same interest in them, and no one else (I am not speaking of myself personally, but merely by virtue of my situation) can speak to them with so much influence. In fact, it seems to me the natural and fitting thing, and the great advantage of having a separate chapel for the school—that the master of the boys should be officially as well as really their pastor, and that he should not devolve on another, however well qualified, one of his own most peculiar and solemn duties. This, however, is a general question, which I only venture so far to enter upon, in explaining my motives in urging and requesting, in this present instance, that the Trustees would present me to the Bishop to be licensed, allowing me altogether to decline the salary, because I consider that I am paid for my services already; and that being Head-master and clergyman, I am bound to be the religious instructor of my pupils by virtue of my situation."

It may be allowable to dwell for a few moments on a practice which has since been followed, whenever it was practicable, in the other great public schools, and on sermons which, as they were the first of their kind, will also be probably long looked upon as models of their kind, in English preaching. They were preached always in the afternoon, and lasted seldom more than twenty minutes, sometimes less; a new one almost every time. "A man could hardly," he said, "preach on the same subject, without writing a better sermon than he had written a few years before." However much they may have occupied his previous thoughts, they were written almost invariably between the morning and afternoon service; and though often under such stress of time that the ink of the last sentence was hardly dry when the Chapel bell ceased to sound, they contain hardly a single erasure, and the manuscript volumes remain as accessible a treasure to their possessors as if they were printed. When he first began to preach, he felt that his chief duty was to lay bare, in the plainest language that he could use, the sources of the evils of schools, and to contrast them with the purity of the moral law of Christianity. "The spirit of Elijah," he said, "must ever precede the spirit of Christ." But as he advanced, there is a marked contrast between the severe tone of his early sermons in the second volume, when all was as yet new to him, except the knowledge of the evil which he had to combat, and the gentler tone which could not but be inspired by his greater familiarity, both with his work and his pupils—between the direct attack on particular faults which marks the course of Lent Sermons in 1830, and the wish to sink the mention of particular faults in the general principle of love to Christ and abhorrence of sin, which marks the summary of his whole school experience in the last sermon which he ever preached. When he became the constant preacher, he made a point of varying the more directly practical addresses with sermons on the interpretation of Scripture, on the general principles and evidences of Christianity, or on the dangers of their after life, applicable chiefly to the elder boys. Amongst these last should be noticed those which contained more or less the expression of his sentiments on the principles to which he conceived his pupils liable hereafter to be exposed at Oxford, and most of which, as being of a more general interest, he selected for publication in his third and fourth volumes. That their proportion to those that are published affords no measure of their proportion to those that are unpublished, may be seen at once by reference to the year's course in the fifth volume, which out of thirty-four, contains only four, which could possibly be included in this class. That it was not his own intention to make them either personal or controversial, appears from an explanation to a friend of a statement, which, in 1839, appeared in the newspapers, that he had been preaching a course of sermons against the Oxford errors.—"The origin of the paragraph was simply this: that I preached two in February, showing that the exercise of our own judgment was not inconsistent with the instruction and authority of the Church, or with individual modesty and humility, [viz., the thirty-first and thirty-second in vol. iv.] They were not in the least controversial,

and neither mentioned nor alluded to the Oxford writers. And I have preached only these two which could even be supposed to bear upon their doctrines. Indeed, I should not think it right, except under very different circumstances from present ones, to occupy the boys' time or thoughts with such controversies." The general principles, accordingly, which form the groundwork of all these sermons, are such as are capable of a far wider application than to any particular school of English opinion, and often admit of direct application to the moral condition of the school. But the quick ears of boys no doubt were always ready to give such sermons a more personal character than he had intended, or perhaps had even in his mind at the moment; and at times, when the fear of these opinions was more forcibly impressed upon him, the allusion and even mention of the writers in question is so direct, that no one could mistake it.

But it was of course in their direct practical application to the boys, that the chief novelty and excellence of his sermons consisted. Though he spoke with almost conversational plainness on the peculiar condition of public schools, his language never left an impression of familiarity, rarely of personal allusion. In cases of notorious individual misconduct, he generally shrunk from any pointed mention of them, and on one occasion when he wished to address the boys on an instance of untruthfulness which had deeply grieved him, he had the sermon before the regular service, in order to be alone in the Chapel with the boys, without the presence even of the other masters.* Earnest and even impassioned as his appeals were, himself at times almost overcome with emotion, there was yet nothing in them of excitement. In speaking of the occasional deaths in the school, he would dwell on the general solemnity of the event, rather than on any individual or agitating details; and the impression thus produced, instead of belonging to the feeling of the moment, has become part of an habitual rule for the whole conduct of life. Often he would speak with severity and bitter disappointment of the evils of the place; yet there was hardly ever a sermon which did not contain some words of encouragement. "I have never," he said in his last sermon, "wished to speak with exaggeration: it seems to me as unwise as it is wrong to do so. I think that it is quite right to observe what is hopeful in us as well as what is threatening; that general confessions of unmixed evil are deceiving and hardening, rather than arousing; that our evil never looks so really dark as when we contrast it with anything which there may be in us of good." (Serm. vol. v. p. 460.)

Accordingly, even from the first, and much more in after years

* On another occasion, the practice of drinking having prevailed to a great extent in the school, he addressed the boys at considerable length from his place in the great school, saying that he should have spoken to them from the pulpit, but that as there were others present in the Chapel, he wished to hide their shame. And then, (says one who was present,) "in a tone of the deepest feeling, as if it wrung his inmost heart to confess the existence of such an evil amongst us," he dwelt upon the sin and the folly of the habit, even where intoxication was not produced—its evil effects both on body and mind—the folly of fancying it to be manly—its general effect on the school.

there was blended with his sterner tone a strain of affectionate entreaty —an appeal to principles, which could be appreciated only by a few— exhortations to duties, such as self-denial, and visiting the poor, which, some at least might practise, whilst none could deny their obligation. There also appeared most evidently—what indeed pervaded his whole school life—the more than admiration, with which he regarded those who struggled against the stream of school opinion, and the abiding comfort which they afforded him. In them he saw not merely good boys and obedient scholars, but the companions of everything high and excellent, with which his strong historical imagination peopled the past, or which his lively sense of things unseen realised in the invisible world. There were few present in the chapel who were not at least for the moment touched, when, in one of his earliest sermons, he closed one of these earnest appeals with the lines from Milton which always deeply moved him,—the blessing on Abdiel.

But more than either matter or manner of his preaching, was the impression of himself. Even the mere readers of his sermons will derive from them the history of his whole mind, and of his whole management of the school. But to his hearers it was more than this. It was the man himself, there more than in any other place, concentrating all his various faculties and feelings on one sole object, combating face to face the evil, with which directly or indirectly he was elsewhere perpetually struggling. He was not the preacher or the clergyman, who had left behind all his usual thoughts and occupations as soon as he had ascended the pulpit. He was still the scholar, the historian, and theologian, basing all that he said, not indeed ostensibly, but consciously, and often visibly, on the deepest principles of the past and present. He was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy. He was still the simple-hearted and earnest man, labouring to win others to share in his own personal feelings of disgust at sin, and love of goodness, and to trust to the same faith, in which he hoped to live and die himself.

It is difficult to describe, without seeming to exaggerate, the attention with which he was heard by all above the very young boys. Years have passed away, and many of his pupils can look back to hardly any greater interest than that with which, for those twenty minutes, Sunday after Sunday, they sat beneath that pulpit, with their eyes fixed upon him, and their attention strained to the utmost to catch every word that he uttered. It is true, that, even to the best, there was much, and to the mass of boys, the greater part of what he said, that must have passed away from them as soon as they had heard it, without any corresponding fruits. But they were struck, as boys naturally would be, by the originality of his thoughts, and what always impressed them as the beauty of his language; and in the substance of what he said, much that might have seemed useless, because for the most part impracticable to boys, was not without its effect in breaking completely through the corrupt atmosphere of school opinion, and exhibiting before them once every week an image of high principle and feeling,

which they felt was not put on for the occasion, but was constantly living amongst them. And to all it must have been an advantage, that, for once in their lives, they had listened to sermons, which none of them could associate with the thought of weariness, formality, or exaggeration. On many there was left an impression to which, though unheeded at the time, they recurred in after life. Even the most careless boys would sometimes, during the course of the week, refer almost involuntarily to the sermon of the past Sunday, as a condemnation of what they were doing. Some, whilst they wonder how it was that so little practical effect was produced upon themselves at the time, yet retain the recollection, (to give the words of one who so describes himself,) that, "I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the Chapel door, but would walk home to be alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others, whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school."

IV. Although the Chapel was the only place in which, to the school at large, he necessarily appeared in a purely pastoral and personal relation—yet this relation extended in his view to his whole management of his scholars; and he conceived it to be his duty and that of the other masters to throw themselves, as much as possible, into the way of understanding and entering into the feelings of the boys, not only in their official intercourse, but always. When he was first appointed at Rugby, his friends had feared that the indifference which he felt towards characters and persons, with whom he had no especial sympathy, would have interfered with his usefulness as Head-master. But in the case of boys, a sense of duty supplied the want of that interest in character, as such, which, in the case of men, he possessed but little. Much as there was in the peculiar humour of boys which his own impatience of moral thoughtlessness, or of treating serious or important subjects with anything like ridicule or irony, prevented him from fully appreciating, yet he truly felt, that the natural youthfulness and elasticity of his constitution gave him a great advantage in dealing with them.—"When I find that I cannot run up the library stairs," he said, "I shall know that it is time for me to go."

Thus traits and actions of boys, which to a stranger would have told nothing, were to him highly significant. His quick and far-sighted eye became familiar with the face and manner of every boy in the school. "Do you see," he said to an assistant-master who had recently come, "those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before; you should make an especial point of observing the company they keep;—nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character." The insight which he thus acquired into the general characteristics of boyhood, will not be doubted by any reader of his sermons; and his scholars used sometimes to be startled by the knowledge of their own notions, which his speeches to them implied. "Often and often," says one of them, "have I said to myself, 'If it was one of ourselves who had just spoken, he could not more completely have known and under-

stood our thoughts and ideas.'" And, though it might happen that his opinion of boys would, like his opinions of men, be too much influenced by his disposition to judge of the whole from some one prominent feature, and though his fixed adherence to general rules might sometimes prevent him from making exceptions where the case required it; yet few can have been long familiar with him, without being struck by the distinctness, the vividness, and, in spite of great occasional mistakes, the very general truth and accuracy of his delineation of their individual characters, or the readiness with which, whilst speaking most severely of a mass of boys, he would make allowances, and speak hopefully in any particular instance that came before him. Often before any other eye had discerned it, he saw the germs of coming good or evil, and pronounced confident decisions, doubted at the time, but subsequently proved to be correct; so that those, who lived with him, described themselves as trusting to his opinions of boys as to divinations, and feeling as if by an unfavourable judgment their fate was sealed.

His relation to the boarders in his own house (called by distinction the School-house, and containing between sixty and seventy boys) naturally afforded more scope for communication than with the rest of the school. Besides the opportunities which he took of showing kindness and attention to them in his own family, in cases of distress or sickness, he also made use of the preparation for confirmation for private conversation with them; and during the later years of his life was accustomed to devote an hour or more in the evening to seeing each of them alone by turns, and talking on such topics as presented themselves, leading them if possible to more serious subjects. The general management of the house, both from his strong dislike to intruding on the privacy even of the youngest, and from the usual principles of trust on which he proceeded, he left as much as possible to the Præpostors. Still his presence and manner when he appeared officially, either on special calls, or on the stated occasions of calling over their names twice a day, was not without its effect. One of the scenes that most lives in the memory of his school-house pupils is their night muster in the rudely lighted hall—his tall figure at the head of the files of boys ranged on each side of the long tables, whilst the prayers were read by one of the Præpostors, and a portion of Scripture by himself. This last was a practice, which he introduced soon after his arrival, when, on one of these occasions, he spoke strongly to the boys on the necessity of each reading some part of the Bible every day, and then added, that as he feared that many would not make the rule for themselves, he should for the future always read a passage every evening at this time. He usually brought in his Greek Testament, and read about half a chapter in English, most frequently from the close of St. John's Gospel; when from the Old Testament, especially his favourite Psalms, the 19th for example, and the 107th, and the others relating to the beauty of the natural world. He never made any comment; but his manner of reading impressed the boys considerably, and it was observed by some of them, shortly after the

practice was commenced, that they had never understood the Psalms before. On Sunday nights he read a prayer of his own, and before he began to preach regularly in the Chapel, delivered the short addresses which have been before mentioned, and which he resumed, in addition to his other work on Sundays, during the last year and a half of his life.

With the boys in the Sixth Form his private intercourse was comparatively frequent, whether in the lessons, or in questions of school government, or in the more familiar relation in which they were brought to him in their calls before and after the holidays, their dinners with him during the half-year, and the visits which one or more used by turns to pay to him in Westmorland during part of the vacation. But with the greater part of the school it was almost entirely confined to such opportunities as arose out of the regular course of school discipline or instruction, and the occasional invitations to his house of such amongst the younger boys, as he could find any reason or excuse for asking.

It would thus often happen in so large a number that a boy would leave Rugby without any personal communication with him at all; and even in the higher part of the school, those who most respected him would sometimes complain, even with bitterness, that he did not give them greater opportunities of asking his advice, or himself offer more frequently to direct their studies and guide their inquiries. Latterly, indeed, he communicated with them more frequently, and expressed himself more freely both in public and private on the highest subjects. But he was always restrained from speaking much or often, both from the extreme difficulty which he felt in saying anything without a real occasion for it, and also from his principle of leaving as much as possible to be filled up by the judgment of the boys themselves, and from his deep conviction that, in the most important matters of all, the movement must come not from without but from within. And it certainly was the case that, whenever he did make exceptions to this rule, and spoke rather as their friend than their master, the simplicity of his words, the rareness of their occurrence, and the stern background of his ordinary administration gave a double force to all that was said.

Such, for example, would be the effect of his speaking of swearing to a boy, not so much in anger or reproof, as assuring him how every year he would learn to see more and more how foolish and disgusting such language was; or again, the distinction he would point out to them between mere amusement and such as encroached on the next day's duties, when, as he said, "it immediately becomes what St. Paul calls *revelling*." Such also would be the impression of his severe rebukes for individual faults, showing by their very shortness and abruptness his loathing and abhorrence of evil. "Nowhere," he said, in speaking to some boys on bad behaviour during prayers at their boarding-house, "nowhere is Satan's work more evidently manifest than in turning holy things to ridicule." Such also were the cases, in which boys, who were tormented while at school with sceptical doubts took

courage at last to unfold them to him, and were almost startled to find the ready sympathy with which, instead of denouncing them as profane, he entered into their difficulties and applied his whole mind to assuage them. So again, when dealing with the worst class of boys, in whom he saw indications of improvement, he would grant indulgences, which on ordinary occasions he would have denied, with a view of encouraging them by signs of his confidence in them; and at times on discovering cases of vice, he would, instead of treating them with contempt or extreme severity, tenderly allow the force of the temptation, and urge it upon them as a proof brought home to their own minds, how surely they must look for help out of themselves.

In his preparation of boys for Confirmation he followed the same principle. The printed questions which he issued for them were intended rather as guides to their thoughts than as necessary to be formally answered; and his own interviews with them were very brief. But the few words which he then spoke—the simple repetition, for example, of the promise made to prayer, with his earnest assurance, that if it was not true, nothing was true; if anything in the Bible could be relied upon, it was that—have become the turning-point of a boy's character, and graven on his memory as a law for life.

But, independently of particular occasions of intercourse, there was a deep undercurrent of sympathy which extended to almost all, and which from time to time broke through the reserve of his outward manner. In cases where it might have been thought that tenderness would have been extinguished by indignation, he was sometimes so deeply affected in pronouncing sentence of punishment on offenders, as to be hardly able to speak. "I felt," he said once of some great fault of which he had heard in one of the Sixth Form—and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke, "as if it had been one of my own children, and, till I had ascertained that it was really true, I mentioned it to no one, not even to any of the masters." And this feeling began, before he could have have had any personal knowledge of them. "If he should turn out ill," he said of a young boy of promise to one of the assistant-masters, and his voice trembled with emotion as he spoke, "I think it would break my heart." Nor were any thoughts so bitter to him, as those suggested by the innocent faces of little boys as they first came from home,—nor any expressions of his moral indignation deeper, than when he heard of their being tormented or tempted into evil by their companions. "It is a most touching thing to me," he said once in the hearing of one of his former pupils, on the mention of some new-comers, "to receive a new fellow from his father—when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil, as well as for good. I do not know anything which affects me more." His pupil, who had, on his own first coming, been impressed chiefly by the severity of his manner, expressed some surprise, adding, that he should have expected this to wear away with the succession of fresh arrivals. "No," he said, "if ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it was high time to be off."

What he felt thus on ordinary occasions, was heightened of course

when anything brought strongly before him any evil in the school. "If this goes on," he wrote to a former pupil on some such occasion, "it will end either my life at Rugby, or my life altogether." "How can I go on," he said, "with my Roman History? There all is noble and high-minded, and here I find nothing but the reverse." The following extract from a letter to his friend, Sir T. Pasley, describes this feeling:—

"Since I began this letter, I have had some of the troubles of school-keeping; and one of those specimens of the evil of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account; and divers instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when if left to themselves they would have rather shunned it. And the exceedingly small number of boys, who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's 'Shams') are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one,—a view of human nature, which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilisations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realise. But here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found so many as even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife after I have been [so many] years fighting against it, is so sickening, that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness, which I see amidst the darkness, in the case of the few good are so cheering, that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about."

V. As, on the one hand, his interest and sympathy with the boys far exceeded any direct manifestation of it towards them, so, on the other hand, the impression which he produced upon them was derived, not so much from any immediate intercourse or conversation with him, as from the general influence of his whole character, displayed consistently whenever he appeared before them. This influence, with its consequent effects, was gradually on the increase during the whole of his stay. From the earliest period, indeed, the boys were conscious of something unlike what they had been taught to imagine of a schoolmaster, and by many, a lasting regard was contracted for him; but it was not till he had been in his post some years, that there arose that close bond of union which characterised his relation to his elder pupils; and it was, again, not till later still that this feeling extended itself, more or less, through the mass of the school, so that, in the higher forms at least, it became the fashion (so to speak) to think and talk of him with pride and affection.

The liveliness and simplicity of his whole behaviour must always have divested his earnestness of any appearance of moroseness and

affectation. "He calls us *fellows*," was the astonished expression of the boys when, soon after his first coming, they heard him speak of them by the familiar name in use amongst themselves; and in his later years, they observed with pleasure the unaffected interest with which, in the long autumn afternoons, he would often stand in the school-field and watch the issue of their favourite games of football. But his ascendency was, generally speaking, not gained, at least in the first instance, by the effect of his outward manner. There was a shortness, at times, something of an awkwardness in his address, occasioned partly by his natural shyness, partly by his dislike of wasting words on trivial occasions, which to boys must have been often repulsive rather than conciliating; something also of extreme severity in his voice and countenance, beyond what he was himself at all aware of. With the very little boys, indeed, his manner partook of that playful kindness and tenderness, which always marked his intercourse with children; in examining them in the lower forms, he would sometimes take them on his knee, and go through picture-books of the Bible or of English History, covering the text of the narrative with his hand, and making them explain to him the subject of the several prints. But in those above this early age, and yet below the rank in the school which brought them into closer contact with him, the sternness of his character was the first thing that impressed them. In many, no doubt, this feeling was one of mere dread, which, if not subsequently removed or modified, only served to repel those who felt it to a greater distance from him. But in many also, this was, even in the earlier period of their stay, mingled with an involuntary and, perhaps, an unconscious respect inspired by the sense of the manliness and straightforwardness of his dealings, and still more by the sense of the general force of his moral character; by the belief (to use the words of different pupils) in "his extraordinary knack, for I can call it nothing else, of showing that his object in punishing or proving, was not his own good or pleasure, but that of the boy,"—"in a truthfulness—an εἰλικρίνεια—a sort of moral transparency;" in the fixedness of his purpose, and "the searchingness of his practical insight into boys," by a consciousness, almost amounting to solemnity, that "when his eye was upon you, he looked into your inmost heart;" that there was something in his very tone and outward aspect, before which anything low, or false, or cruel, instinctively quailed and cowered.

And the defect of occasional over-hastiness and vehemence of expression, which during the earlier period of his stay at times involved him in some trouble, did not materially interfere with their general notion of his character. However mistaken it might be in the individual case, it was evident to those who took any thought about it, that that ashy paleness and that awful frown were almost always the expression not of personal resentment, but of deep, ineffable scorn and indignation at the sight of vice and sin: and it was not without its effect to observe, that it was a fault against which he himself was constantly on the watch—and which, in fact, was in later years so nearly

subdued, that most of those who had only known him during that time can recall no instance of it during their stay.

But as boys advanced in the school, out of this feeling of fear "grew up a deep admiration, partaking largely of the nature of awe, and this softened into a sort of loyalty, which remained even in the closer and more affectionate sympathy of later years."—"I am sure," writes a pupil who had no personal communications with him whilst at school, and but little afterwards, and who never was in the Sixth Form, "that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say, that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life;" adding, with reference to the thoughtless companions with whom he had associated, "I used to believe that I too had a work to do for him in the school, and I did for his sake labour to raise the tone to the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself." It was in boys immediately below the highest form that this new feeling would usually rise for the first time, and awaken a strong wish to know more of him. Then, as they came into personal contact with him, their general sense of his ability became fixed, in the proud belief that they were scholars of a man, who would be not less remarkable to the world than he was to themselves; and their increasing consciousness of his own sincerity of purpose, and of the interest which he took in them, often awakened, even in the careless and indifferent, an outward respect for goodness, and an animation in their work before unknown to them. And when they left school, they felt that they had been in an atmosphere unlike that of the world about them: some of those, who lamented not having made more use of his teaching whilst with him, felt that "a better thought than ordinary often reminded them how he first led to it; and in matters of literature almost invariably found that when any idea of seeming originality occurred to them, that its germ was first suggested by some remark of Arnold"—that "still, to this day in reading the Scriptures, or other things, they could constantly trace back a line of thought that came originally from him, as from a great parent mind." And when they heard of his death, they became conscious—often for the first time—of the large place which he had occupied in their thoughts, if not in their affections.

Such was the case with almost all who were in the Sixth Form with him during the last ten years of his life; but with some who, from peculiar circumstances or greater sympathy with him, came into more permanent communication with him, there was a yet stronger bond of union. His interest in his elder pupils, unlike a mere professional interest, seemed to increase after they had left the school. No sermons were so full of feeling and instruction, as those which he preached on the eve of their departure for the Universities. It was now that the intercourse which at school had been so broken, and as it were stolen by snatches, was at last enjoyed between them to its full extent. It was sometimes in the few parting words—the earnest blessing which he then bestowed upon them—that they became for the first time conscious of his real care and love for them. The same anxiety for their

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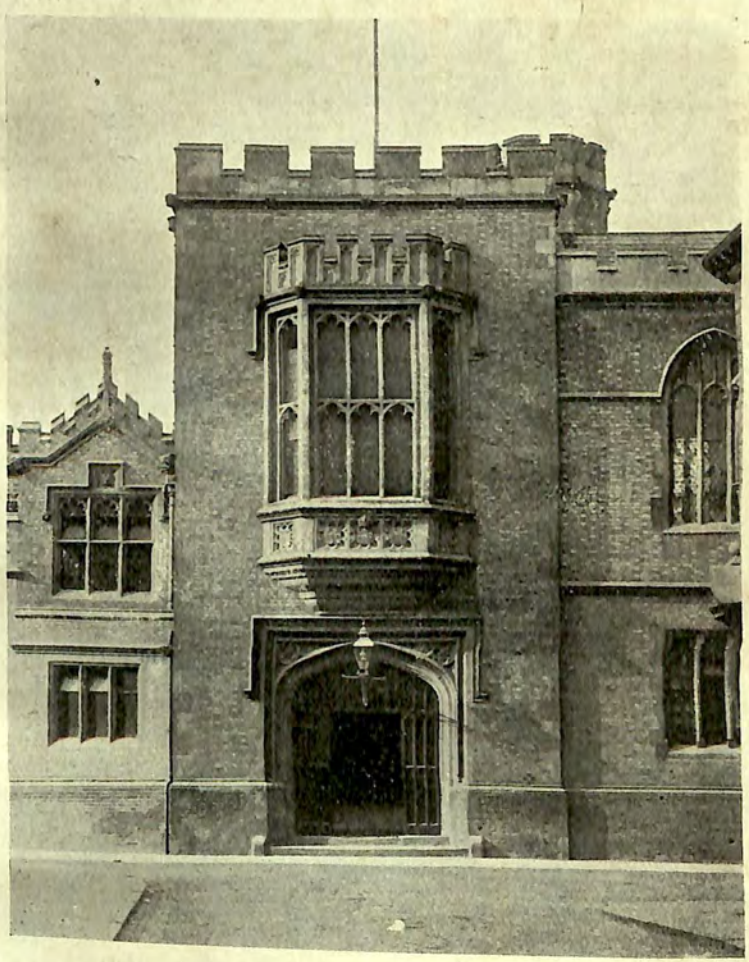
good which he had felt in their passage through school, he now showed, without the necessity of official caution and reserve, in their passage through life. To any pupil who ever showed any desire to continue his connexion with him, his house was always open, and his advice and sympathy ready. No half-year, after the four first years of his stay at Rugby, passed without a visit from his former scholars: some of them would come three or four times a year; some would stay in his house for weeks. He would offer to prepare them for their university examinations by previous examinations of his own; he never shrunk from adding any of them to his already numerous correspondents, encouraging them to write to him in all perplexities. To any who were in narrow circumstances, not in one case but in several, he would at once offer assistance, sometimes making them large presents of books on their entrance at the University, sometimes tendering them large pecuniary aid, and urging to them that his power of doing so was exactly one of those advantages of his position which he was most bound to use. In writing for the world at large, they were in his thoughts, "in whose welfare," he said, "I naturally have the deepest interest, and in whom old impressions may be supposed to have still so much force, that I may claim from them at least a patient hearing." (Serm. vol. iv. Pref. p. lv.) And when annoyed by distractions from within the school or opposition from without, he turned, he used to say, to their visits as "to one of the freshest springs of his life."

They on their side now learned to admire those parts of his character which, whilst at school, they had either not known or only imperfectly understood. Pupils with characters most different from each other's, and from his own—often with opinions diverging more and more widely from his as they advanced in life—looked upon him with a love and reverence which made his gratification one of the brightest rewards of their academical studies—his good or evil fame, a constant source of interest and anxiety to them—his approbation and censure, amongst their most practical motives of action—his example, one of their most habitual rules of life. To him they turned for advice in every emergency of life, not so much for the sake of the advice itself, as because they felt that no important step ought to be taken without consulting him. An additional zest was imparted to whatever work they were engaged in by a consciousness of the interest which he felt in the progress of their undertaking, and the importance which he attached to its result. They now felt the privilege of being able to ask him questions on the many points which his school teaching had suggested without fully developing—but yet more, perhaps, they prized the sense of his sympathy and familiar kindness, which made them feel that they were not only his pupils, but his companions. That youthfulness of temperament which has been before noticed in his relation to boys, was still more important in his relation to young men. All the new influences which so strongly divide the students of the nineteenth century from those of the last had hardly less interest for himself than for them; and, after the dulness or vexation of business or of controversy, a visit of a few days to Rugby would remind them, (to apply a



THE GATEWAY, RUGBY,

WITH WINDOW OF SIXTH FORM SCHOOL ABOVE IT.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

favourite image of his own,) "how refreshing it is in the depth of winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and all is dead and lifeless, to walk by the sea-shore, and enjoy the eternal freshness and liveliness of ocean." His very presence seemed to create a new spring of health and vigour within them, and to give to life an interest and an elevation which remained with them long after they had left him again, and dwelt so habitually in their thoughts, as a living image, that, when death had taken him away, the bond appeared to be still unbroken, and the sense of separation almost lost in the still deeper sense of a life and an union indestructible.

What were the permanent effects of this system and influence, is a question which cannot yet admit of an adequate answer, least of all from his pupils. The mass of boys are, doubtless, like the mass of men, incapable of receiving a deep and lasting impression from any individual character, however remarkable; and it must also be borne in mind, that hardly any of his scholars were called by rank or station to take a leading place in English society, where the effect of his teaching and character, whatever it might be in itself, would have been far more conspicuous to the world at large.

He himself, though never concealing from himself the importance of his work, would constantly dwell on the scantiness of its results. "I came to Rugby," he said, "full of plans for school reform; but I soon found that the reform of a public school was a much more difficult thing than I had imagined." And again, "I dread to hear this called a religious school. I know how much there is to be done before it can really be called so."—"With regard to one's work," he said, "be it school or parish, I suppose the desirable feeling to entertain, is always to expect to succeed, and never think that you have succeeded." He hardly ever seems to have indulged in any sense of superiority to the other public schools. Eton, for example, he would often defend against the attacks to which it was exposed, and the invidious comparisons which some persons would draw between that school and Rugby. What were his feelings towards the improvements taking place there and elsewhere, after his coming to Rugby, have been mentioned already; even between the old system and his own, he rarely drew a strong distinction, conscious though he must have been of the totally new elements which he was introducing. The earliest letters from Rugby express an unfeigned pleasure in what he found existing, and there is no one disparaging mention of his predecessor in all the correspondence, published or unpublished, that has been collected for this work.

If, however, the prediction of Dr. Hawkins at his election, has been in any way fulfilled, the result of his work need not depend on the rank, however eminent, to which he raised Rugby School; or the influence, however powerful, which he exercised over his Rugby scholars. And, if there be any truth in the following letter from Dr. Moberly, to whose testimony additional weight is given, as well by his very wide difference of political and ecclesiastical opinion, as by his personal experience,

first as a scholar at Winchester, and an undergraduate at Oxford, then as the tutor of the most flourishing college in that University, and lastly, in his present position as Head-master of Winchester, it will be felt that, not so much amongst his own pupils, nor in the scene of his actual labours, as in every Public School throughout England, is to be sought the chief and enduring monument of Dr. Arnold's Head-mastership at Rugby.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF DR. MOBERLY, HEAD-MASTER OF WINCHESTER.

"Possibly," he writes, after describing his own recollections as a schoolboy, "other schools may have been less deep in these delinquencies than Winchester; I believe that in many respects they were. But I did not find, on going to the University, that I was under disadvantages as compared with those who came from other places; on the contrary, the tone of young men at the University, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared; and I think I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public-school men; or, if this be too strongly said, hardly to be found except in cases where private and domestic training, or good dispositions, had prevailed over the school habits and tendencies. A most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools—a change too great for any person to appreciate adequately, who has not known them in both these times. This change is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence, but I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University, that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation, when they first came to college; we regretted, indeed, that they were often deeply imbued with principles which we disapproved, but we cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their characters in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good, which (for how many years I know not) had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.

"I knew personally but little of him. You remember the first occasion on which I ever had the pleasure of seeing him: but I have always felt and acknowledged that I owe more to a few casual remarks of his in respect of the government of a public school, than to any advice or example of any other person. If there be improvement in the important points, of which I have been speaking at Winchester, (and from the bottom of my heart I testify with great thankfulness that

the improvement is real and great,) I do declare, in justice, that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it.

"I fear that the reply, which I have been able to make to your question, will hardly be so satisfactory as you expected, as it proceeds so entirely upon my own observations and inferences. At the same time I have had, perhaps, unusual opportunity for forming an opinion, having been six years at a public school at the time of their being at the lowest,—having then mingled with young men from other schools at the University, having had many pupils from different schools, and among them several of Dr. Arnold's most distinguished ones; and at last, having had near eight years' experience, as the master of a school, which has undergone, in great measure, the very alteration which I have been speaking of. Moreover, I have often said the very things, which I have here written, in the hearing of men of all sorts, and have never found anybody disposed to contradict them.

"Believe me, my dear Stanley,

"Yours most faithfully,

"GEORGE MOBERLY."

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL LIFE AT RUGBY.

IT was natural that with the wider range of duty, and the more commanding position which Dr. Arnold's new station gave him, there should have been a new stage in his character and views, hardly less marked intellectually, than that which accompanied his change from Oxford to Laleham had been morally. The several subjects of thought, which more or less he had already entertained, especially during the two or three preceding years, now fell rapidly one by one into their proper places. Ready as he still was to take the advice of his friends in practice, his opinions now took a more independent course: and whatever subsequent modification they underwent, came not from without, but from within. Whilst he became more and more careful to reconcile his own views with those, whom, in ages past or present, he reverenced as really great men, the circle within which he bestowed his veneration became far more exclusive. The purely practical element sank into greater subordination to the more imaginative and philosophical tendencies of his mind;—in works of poetical or speculative genius, which at an earlier period he had been inclined to depreciate, he now, looking at them from another point of view, took an increasing delight. Within the letters of the very first year there is a marked alteration visible even in the mere form of his handwriting, and the mode of addressing his friends. The character which has already been given of his boyish verses at Oxford, becomes less and less applicable

to the simple and touching fragments of poetry in which from time to time he expressed the feelings of his later years. The change of style in his published writings from the baldness of his earlier works to the vigorous English of his mature age, indicates the corresponding impulse given to his powers, and the greater freedom and variety of his new range of thought.

With his entrance, therefore, on his work at Rugby, his public life, (if it may so be called,) no less than his professional life, properly begins. But what was true of the effect of his own character in his sphere as a teacher, is hardly less true of it in his sphere as an author. His works were not merely the inculcations of particular truths, but the expression of his whole mind; and excited in those who read them a sentiment almost of personal regard or of personal dislike, as the case might be, over and above the approbation or disapprobation of the opinions which they contained. Like himself, they partook at once of a practical and speculative character, which exposed them, like himself, to considerable misapprehension. On the one hand, even the most permanent of them seemed to express the feeling of the hour which dictated them. On the other hand, even the most transitory seemed to express no less the fixed ideas, by which his whole life was regulated: and it may be worth while, therefore, in regard to both these aspects, without descending into the details and circumstances of each particular work, which the ensuing correspondence will of itself sufficiently describe, to offer briefly a few remarks which may serve as a preface to all of them.

I. Greatly as his practical turn of mind was modified in his later years, and adverse as he always was to what are technically called "practical men," yet, in the sense of having no views, however high, which he did not labour to bring into practice sooner or later, he remained eminently practical to the end of his life. "I always think," he used to say, "of that magnificent sentence of Bacon, 'In this world, God only and the angels may be spectators.'" "Stand still, and see the salvation of God," he observed in allusion to Dr. Pusey's celebrated sermon on that passage, "was true advice to the Israelites on the shores of the Red Sea; but it was not the advice which is needed in ordinary circumstances; it would have been false advice when they were to conquer Canaan." "I cannot," he said, "enter fully into these lines of Wordsworth—

> 'To me the meanest flower that breathes can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

There is to me something in them of a morbid feeling—life is not long enough to take such intense interest in objects themselves so little." Secluded as he was, both by his occupations and his domestic habits, from contact with the world, even more than most men in his station, yet the interest with which, now more than ever, he entered into public affairs, was such as can rarely be felt by men not actually engaged in the government of the country. The life of a nation, he said, was to him almost as distinct as that of an individual; and whatever might

be his habitual subjects of public interest,—the advance of political and social reform,—the questions of peace and war,—the sufferings of the poorer classes,—the growth of those rising commonwealths in the Australian colonies, where from time to time, he entertained an ardent desire to pass the close of his life, in the hope of influencing, if possible, what he conceived to be the germs of the future destinies of England and of the world,—came before him with a vividness, which seemed to belong rather to a citizen of Greece or Rome, than to the comparative apathy and retirement of the members of modern states.

It was of course only or chiefly through his writings, that he could hope to act on the country at large; and they accordingly, almost all, became inseparably bound up with the course of public events. They were not, in fact, so much words as deeds; not so much the result of an intention to instruct, as of an incontrollable desire to give vent to the thoughts that were struggling within him. "I have a testimony to deliver," was the motive which dictated almost all of them. "I must write or die," was an expression which he used more than once in times of great public interest, and which was hardly too strong to describe what he felt. If he was editing Thucydides, it was with the thought that he was engaged, "not on an idle inquiry about remote ages and forgotten institutions, but a living picture of things present, fitted not so much for the curiosity of the scholar, as for the instruction of the statesman and the citizen." (Pref. vol. iii. p. xxii.) If he felt himself called upon to write the History of Rome, one chief reason was, because it "could be understood by none so well as by those who have grown up under the laws, who have been engaged in the parties, who are themselves citizens of our kingly commonwealth of England." (Pref. vol. i. p. vii.) If he was anxious to set on foot a Commentary of the Scriptures, it was mostly at times, when he was struck by the reluctance or incapacity of the men of his own generation to apply to their own social state the warnings of the Apostles and Prophets. If he was desirous of maintaining against the Oxford school his own views of the Church, it was that, "when he looked at the social condition of his countrymen," he "could not doubt that here was the work for the Church of Christ to do, that none else could do it, and that with the blessing of her Almighty Head she could." (Serm. vol. iv. Pref. p. cxv.)

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if that impatience of present evil, which belonged alike to his principles and his disposition, appeared in his writings, and imparted to them—often, probably, unknown to himself—something, if not of a polemical aspect, at least of an attitude of opposition and attack, averse though he was himself to controversy, and carefully avoiding it with those whom he knew personally, even when frequently challenged to enter upon it. "The wisdom of winter is the folly of spring," was a maxim with him, which would often explain changes of feeling and expression that to many might seem inconsistencies. "If I were living in London," he said, "I should not talk against the evil tendencies of the clergy, any more than if I were living in Oxford I should talk against the evil tendencies of the political economists. It is my nature always to attack that evil which seems to

me most present." It was thus a favourite topic, in his exposition of Scripture, to remark how the particular sins of the occasion were denounced, the particular forms of Antichrist indicated often without the qualification, which would have been required by the presence of the opposite danger. "Contrast," he used to say, "the language of the first chapter of Isaiah, when the hierarchy of Judah was in its full pride and power, with the language of the second chapter of Malachi, when it was in a state of decline and neglect."

Connected with this, was the peculiar vehemence of language, which he often used, in speaking of the subjects and events of the day. This was indeed partly to be accounted for by his eagerness to speak out whatever was in his mind, especially when moved by his keen sense of what he thought evil—partly by the natural simplicity of his mode of speech, which led him to adopt phrases in their simplest sense without stopping to explain them, or suspecting that they would be misunderstood. But with regard to public principles and parties, it was often more than this. With every wish to be impartial, yet his natural temperament, as he used himself to acknowledge, made it difficult for him to place himself completely in another's point of view; and thus he had a tendency to judge individuals, with whom he had no personal acquaintance, from his conception of the party to which they belonged, and to look at both through the medium of that strong power of association, which influenced materially his judgment, not only of events, but of men, and even of places. Living individuals, therefore, and existing principles, became lost to his view in the long line of images, past and future, in which they only formed one link. Every political or ecclesiastical movement suggested to him the recollection of its historical representative in past times,—and yet more, as by an instinct, half religious and half historical, the thought of what he conceived to be the prototypes of the various forms of error and wickedness denounced by the Prophets in the Old Testament, or by our Lord and His Apostles in the New. And looking not backwards only, but forwards, to their remotest consequences, and again guiding himself, as he thought, by the example of the language of St. Paul, who "seemed to have had his eye fixed in vision rather upon the full-grown evil of later times, than upon the first imperfect show—the faint indications of it—in his own time," (Serm. vol. v. p. 346,) he saw in them the germs of mischief yet to come,—not only the mischief of their actual triumph, but the mischief of the reaction against them.

There was besides a peculiar importance attaching, in his view, to political questions, with which every reader of his works must be familiar. The life of the commonwealth is to him the main subject of history—the laws of political science the main lesson of history—"the desire of taking an active share in the great work for government—the highest earthly desire of the ripened mind." And those who read his letters will be startled at times by the interest with which he watches the changes of administration, where to many the real difference would seem to be comparatively trifling. Thus he would speak of a ministry advocating even good measures inconsistently with their position or

principles, "as a daily painfulness—a moral east wind, which made him feel uncomfortable without any particular ailment"—or lament the ascendency of false political views, as tending "to the sure moral degradation of the whole community, and the ultimate social disorganisation of our system," "not from reading the Morning Chronicle or the Edinburgh Review, but from reading the Bible and Aristotle, and all history."

Such expressions as these must indeed be taken with the necessary qualifications which belong to all words spoken to intimate friends in a period of great excitement. But they may serve to illustrate at least the occasional strength of feeling which it is the object of these remarks to explain. It arose, no doubt, in part from his tendency to view all things in a practical and concrete form, and in part from his belief of the large power possessed by the supreme governors of society over the social and moral condition of those intrusted to them. But there were also real principles present to his mind whenever he thus spoke, which seemed to him so certain, that "daily experience could hardly remove his wonder at finding that they did not appear so to others." (Mod. Hist. Lect., p. 391.) What these principles were in detail, his own letters will sufficiently show. But it must be borne in mind how, whilst he certainly believed that they were exemplified to a great degree in the actual state of English politics, the meaning which he attached to them rose so far above their meaning as commonly used, that it could hardly be thought that the same subject was spoken of. Conservatism in his mouth was not merely the watchword of an English party, but the symbol of an evil, against which his whole life, public and private, was one continued struggle, which he dreaded in his own heart no less than in the institutions of his country, and his abhorrence of which will be found to pervade not only the pamphlets which have been most condemned, but the sermons which have been most admired, namely, the spirit of resistance to all change. Jacobinism, again, in his use of the word, included not only the extreme movement party in France or England, to which he usually applied it, but all the natural tendencies of mankind, whether "democratical, priestly, or chivalrous," to oppose the authority of Law, divine and human, which he regarded with so deep a reverence. Popular principles and democracy (when he used these words in a good sense) were not the opposition to an hereditary monarchy or peerage, which he always valued as precious elements of national life, but were inseparably blended with his strong belief in the injustice and want of sympathy generally shown by the higher to the lower orders,—a belief which he often declared had been first brought home to him, when, after having as a young man at Oxford held the opposite view, he first began seriously to study the language used with regard to it by St. James and the Old Testament Prophets. Liberal principles were not merely the expression of his adherence to a Whig ministry, but of his belief in the constant necessity of applying those principles of advance and reform, which, in their most perfect development, he conceived to be identical with Christianity itself. Even in their lower exemplifications, and in every

age of the world except that before the Fall of man from Paradise, he maintained them to have been, by the very constitution of human society, the representatives of the cause of wisdom and goodness. And this truth, no less certain in his judgment than the ordinary deductions of natural theology, he believed to have been placed on a still firmer oasis by the higher standard held out in the Christian religion, and the revelation of a moral law, which no intermixture of races or change of national customs could possibly endanger.

That he was not, in the common sense of the word, a member of any party, is best shown by the readiness with which all parties alike, according to the fashion of the time, reclaimed or renounced him as an associate. Ecclesiastically, he neither belonged, nor felt himself to belong, to any of the existing sections of the English clergy; and from the so-called High Church, Low Church, and Evangelical bodies he always stood, not perhaps equally, but yet decidedly aloof. Politically, indeed, he held himself to be a strong Whig; but as a matter of fact, he found that in cases of practical co-operation with that party, he differed almost as much from them as from their opponents; and would often confess with sorrow, that there were none among them who realised what seemed to him their true principles.* And whilst in later years his feeling and language on these subjects were somewhat modified, he at all times, even when most tenaciously holding to his opinion, maintained the principle, that "political truths are not, like moral truths, to be held as absolutely certain, nor ever wholly identical with the professions or practice of any party or individual." (Pref. to Hist. of Rome, vol. i. p. xi.) There were few warnings to his pupils on the entrance into life more solemn, than those against party spirit, against giving to any human party, sect, society, or cause, that undivided sympathy and service which he held to be due only to the one party, and cause of all good men under their Divine Head.† There were few more fervent aspirations for his children, than that with which he closes a letter in 1833: "May God grant to my sons, if they live to manhood, an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it for themselves, with an intense abhorrence of all party ties, save that one tie, which binds them to the party of Christ against wickedness."

II. But no temporary interest or excitement was allowed to infringe on the loftiness or the unity of his ultimate ends, to which every particular plan that he took up, and every particular line of thought which

* The interest which in his earlier life he took in the leading questions of political economy, though it was always kept alive by his general sympathy with all subjects relating to the social state of the country, was yet in his later years considerably abated, by a growing consciousness of his ignorance of the subject. On some points, however, he always felt and spoke strongly. The corn laws, for example, he always regarded, though not as the chief cause of national distress, yet as a great evil, the removal of which was imperatively demanded by sound economical principles; and of the practice of accumulating national debts, he said, in the last year of his life, that he rejoiced in few things more in his professorial lectures at Oxford, than in the protest which he had there made against it. "Woe be to that generation that is living in England," he used to say, "when the coal-mines are exhausted and the national debt not paid off."

† See Sermon on "Who are partakers in our hope?" vol. iii.

he followed, was completely subordinate. However open to objection may have been many of his practical suggestions, it must be remembered, that they were never the result of accidental fancies, but of fixed and ruling ideas. However fertile he might be in supplying details when called for, it was never on them, but on principles, that he rested his claim to be heard; often and often he declared that if these could be received and acted upon, he cared nothing for the particular applications of them, which he might have proposed, and nothing for the failure of particular schemes, if he could hope that his example would excite others to execute them better.

Striving to fulfil in his measure the definition of man, in which he took especial pleasure, "a being of large discourse, looking before and after," he learned more and more, whilst never losing his hold on the present, to live also habitually in the past and for the future. Vehement as he was in assailing evil, his whole mind was essentially not destructive but constructive; his love of reform was in exact proportion to his love of the institutions which he wished to reform; his hatred of shadows in exact proportion to his love of realities. "He was an idoloclast," says Archdeacon Hare, "at once zealous and fearless in demolishing the reigning idols, and at the same time animated with a reverent love for the ideas which those idols carnalise and stifle." Impatient as he was, even to restlessness, of evils which seemed to him capable of remedy, he yet was ready, as some have thought even to excess, to repose with the most undoubting confidence on what he held to be a general law. "Ah!" he said, speaking to a friend of the parable of the "earth, of herself, bringing forth first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,"—"how much there is in those words: I hope some day to be able to work at them thoroughly." "We walk by faith and not by sight," was a truth on which in its widest sense he endeavoured to dwell alike in his private and public relations,—alike in practice and in speculation. "You know you do what God does," was his answer to an expression of a painful sense of the increase of a child's responsibility by an early Christian education. "We may be content, I think, to share the responsibility with Christ." And on more general subjects, "We must brace our minds," he said, in an unpublished sermon, "we must brace our minds to the full extent of that great truth —that 'no man hath seen God at any time;' still amidst outward darkness and inward,—amidst a world going on, as it seems, its own course, with no other laws than those which God has given to nature; —amidst all the doubts and perplexities of our own hearts—the deepest difficulties sitting hard beside the most blessed truths—still we must seek after the Lord with unabated faith if so be that we may find Him." It was not that he was not conscious of difficulties—but that (to apply his own words) "before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty his mind reposed as quietly as in possession of a discovered truth."

His time for reading at Laleham and Rugby was necessarily limited by his constant engagements—but his peculiar habits and turn of mind enabled him to accomplish much, which to others in similar circumstances would have been impossible. He had a remarkable facility for

turning to account spare fragments of time—for appropriating what he casually heard, and for mastering the contents of a book by a very rapid perusal. His memory was exceedingly retentive of all subjects in which he took any interest; and the studies of his youth—especially of what he used to call the "golden time" between his degree and his leaving Oxford—were perpetually supplying him with materials for his later labours. The custom which he then began, of referring at once to the sources and original documents of history, as in Rymer, Montfaucon, and the Summa Conciliorum, gave a lasting freshness and solidity to his knowledge; and, instead of merely exchanging his later for his earlier acquisitions, the one seemed to be a natural development of the other.

Whenever a new line of study was opened to him, he fearlessly followed it; a single question would often cost him much research in books for which he naturally cared but little; for philological purposes, he was endeavouring even in his latest years to acquire a knowledge of the Sanscrit and Sclavonic languages; he was constantly engaged in correspondence with scientific men or scholars on minute points of history or geography; in theology he had almost always on hand one of the early Christian writers, with a view to the ultimate completion of his great work on Church and State. He had a great respect for learning, though impatient of the pretensions to the name often made by a mere amount of reading; and the standard of what was required in order to treat of any subject fully, was perpetually rising before him. It would often happen from the necessity of the case, that his works were written in haste, and were therefore sometimes expressed nakedly and abruptly. But it would be wrong to infer from the unblotted, unrevised manuscript, which went to the press as it came from his pen, that it was not the result of much thought and reading; although he hardly ever corrected what he had once written, yet he often approached the same subject in various forms; the substance of every paragraph had, as he often said, been in his mind for years, and sometimes had been actually written at greater length or in another shape;—his sense of deficient knowledge often deterred him from publishing on subjects of the greatest interest to him; he always made it a point to read far more than he expressed in writing, and to write much which he never gave to the world.

What he actually achieved in his works falls so far short of what he intended to achieve, that it seems almost like an injustice to judge of his aims and views by them. Yet, even in what he had already published in his lifetime, he was often the first to delineate in outline what others may hereafter fill up; the first to give expression in England to views which, on the continent, had been already attained; the first to propose, amidst obloquy or indifference, measures and principles, which the rapid advance of public opinion has so generally adopted, as almost to obliterate the remembrance of who first gave utterance to them. And those, who know the intentions which were interrupted by his premature death, will form their notion of what he was as an historian, philosopher, and theologian, not so much from the actual

writings which he lived to complete, as from the design of the three great works, to which he looked forward as the labours of his latest years, and which, as belonging not more to one period of his life than another, and as forming, even in his mere conception of them, the centres of all that he thought or wrote on whatever subject, would have furnished the key to all his views—a History of Rome, a Commentary on the New Testament, and, in some sense including both of these with itself, a Treatise on Church and State, or Christian Politics.

1. His early fondness for history grew constantly upon him; he delighted in it, as feeling it to be "simply a search after truth, where, by daily becoming more familiar with it, truth seems for ever more within your grasp:" the images of the past were habitually in his mind, and haunted him even in sleep with a vividness, which would bring before him some of the most striking passages in ancient history—as if present at the assassination of Cæsar, remembering distinctly his conversation with Decimus Brutus, and all the tumult of the scene in the Capitol, or again at the siege of Jerusalem in the army of Titus, or walking round the walls of Syracuse with Alcibiades; or watching the events of the civil wars of Rome, crowded by the vagaries of a dream into the space of twenty-four hours, with all their different characters, —Sylla especially, with the livid spots upon his face, but yet with the air and manner of Walter Scott's Claverhouse. What objects he put before him, as an historian, may best be judged from his own view of the province of history. It was, indeed, altogether imperfect, in his judgment, unless it was "not only a plan but a picture;" unless it represented "what men thought, what they hated, and what they loved;" unless it pointed the way to that higher region, within which she herself is not permitted to enter;"* and in the details of geographical or military descriptions he took especial pleasure, and himself excelled in them. Still it was in the dramatic faculty on the one hand, and the metaphysical faculty on the other hand, that he felt himself deficient; and it is accordingly in the political rather than the philosophical or biographical department of history,—in giving a combined view of different states or of different periods—in analysing laws, parties, and institutions, that his chief merit consists.

What were his views of Modern History will appear in the mention of his Oxford Professorship. But it was in ancient history that he naturally felt the greatest delight. "I linger round a subject, which nothing could tempt me to quit but the consciousness of treating it too unworthily," were his expressions of regret when he had finished his edition of Thucydides; "the subject of what is miscalled ancient history, the really modern history of the civilisation of Greece and Rome, which has for years interested me so deeply, that it is painful to feel myself, after all, so unable to paint it fully." His earliest labours had been devoted not to Roman, but to Greek history; and there still remains amongst his MSS. a short sketch of the rise of the Greek nation, written between 1820 and 1823, and carried down to the time of the Persian wars. And in later years, his edition of Thucydides,

* History of Rome, vol. i. p. 98; vol. ii. p. 173.

undertaken originally with the design of illustrating that author rather historically than philologically, contains in its notes and appendices, the most systematic remains of his studies in this direction, and at one time promised to embody his thoughts on the most striking periods of Athenian history. Nor, after he had abandoned this design, did he ever lose his interest in the subject; his real sympathies (if one may venture to say so) were always with Athens rather than with Rome; some of the most characteristic points of his mind were Greek rather than Roman; from the vacancy of the early Roman annals he was for ever turning to the contemporary records of the Greek commonwealths, to pay "an involuntary tribute of respect and affection to old associations and immortal names on which we can scarcely dwell too long or too often;" the falsehood and emptiness of the Latin historians were for ever suggesting the contrast of their Grecian rivals; the two opposite poles in which he seemed to realise his ideals of the worst and the best qualities of an historian with feelings of personal antipathy and sympathy towards each, were Livy and Thucydides.

Even these scattered notices of what he had once hoped to have worked out more fully, will often furnish the student of Greek history with the means of entering upon its most remarkable epochs under his guidance. Those who have carefully read his works, or shared his instructions, can still enjoy the light which he has thrown on the rise and progress of the Greek commonwealths, and their analogy with the States of modern Europe; and apply, in their manifold relations, the principles which he has laid down with regard to the peculiar ideas attached in the Greek world to race, to citizenship, and to law. They can still catch the glow of almost passionate enthusiasm, with which he threw himself into the age of Pericles, and the depth of emotion with which he watched, like an eye-witness, the failure of the Syracusan expedition. They can still trace the almost personal sympathy with which he entered into the great crisis of Greek society, when "Socrates, the faithful servant of truth and virtue, fell a victim to the hatred alike of the democratical and aristocratical vulgar;" when, "all that audacity can dare, or subtlety contrive, to make the words of 'good' and 'evil' change their meaning, was tried in the days of Plato, and by his eloquence, and wisdom, and faith unshaken was put to shame." They can well imagine the intense admiration, with which he would have dwelt, in detail, on what he has now left only in faint outline:—Alexander at Babylon impressed him as one of the most solemn scenes in all history; the vision of Alexander's career, even to the lively image which he entertained of his youthful and godlike beauty, rose constantly before him as the most signal instance of the effects of a good education against the temptations of power;—as being, beyond anything recorded in Roman history, the career of "the greatest man of the ancient world;" and even after the period, when Greece ceased to possess any real interest for him, he loved to hang with a melancholy pleasure over the last decay of Greek genius and wisdom—"the worn-out and cast-off skin, from which the living serpent had gone forth to carry his youth and vigour to other lands."

But, deep as was his interest in Grecian history, and though in some respects no other part of ancient literature derived so great a light from his researches, it was to his History of Rome that he looked as the chief monument of his historical fame. Led to it partly by his personal feeling of regard towards Niebuhr and Chevalier Bunsen, and by the sense of their encouragement, there was, moreover, something in the subject itself peculiarly attractive to him, whether in the magnificence of the field which it embraced,—("the History of Rome," he said, "must be in some sort the History of the World,")—or in the congenial element which he naturally found in the character of a people, "whose distinguishing quality was their love of institutions and order, and their reverence for law." Accordingly, after approaching it in various forms, he at last conceived the design of the work, of which the three published volumes are the result, but which he had intended to carry down, in successive periods, to what seemed to him its natural termination in the coronation of Charlemagne. (Pref. vol. i. p. vii.)

The two earlier volumes occupy a place in the History of Rome, and of the ancient world generally, which in England had not and has not been otherwise filled up. Yet in the subjects of which they treat, his peculiar talents had hardly a fair field for their exercise. The want of personal characters and of distinct events, which Niebuhr was to a certain extent able to supply from the richness of his learning and the felicity of his conjectures, was necessarily a disadvantage to an historian whose strength lay in combining what was already known, rather than in deciphering what was unknown, and whose veneration for his predecessor made him distrustful not only of dissenting from his judgment, but even of seeing or discovering, more, than had been by him seen or discovered before. "No man," as he said, "can step gracefully or boldly when he is groping his way in the dark," (Hist. Rome, i. p. 133,) and it is with a melancholy interest that we read his complaint of the obscurity of the subject:—"I can but encourage myself, whilst painfully feeling my way in such thick darkness, with the hope of arriving at last at the light, and enjoying all the freshness and fulness of a detailed contemporary history." (Hist. Rome, ii. p. 447.) But the narrative of the second Punic war, which occupies the third and posthumous volume, both as being comparatively unbroken ground, and as affording so full a scope for his talents in military and geographical descriptions, may well be taken as a measure of his historical powers, and has been pronounced by its editor, Archdeacon Hare, to be the first history which "has given anything like an adequate representation of the wonderful genius and noble character of Hannibal." With this volume the work was broken off: but it is impossible not to dwell for a moment on what it would have been had he lived to complete it.

The outline in his early articles in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, of the later history of the Civil Wars, "a subject so glorious," he writes in 1824, "that I groan beforehand when I think how certainly I shall fail in doing it justice,—provokes of itself the desire to see how he would have gone over the same ground again with his added know-

ledge and experience—how the characters of the time, which even in this rough sketch stand out more clearly than in any other English work on the same period, would have been reproduced—how he would have represented the pure * character and military genius of his favourite hero, Pompey—or expressed his mingled admiration and abhorrence of the intellectual power and moral degradation of Cæsar; —how he would have done justice to the coarseness and cruelty of Marius, "the lowest of democrats"—or amidst all his crimes, to the views of "the most sincere of aristocrats," Sylla. And in advancing to the further times of the Empire, his scattered hints exhibit his strong desire to reach those events, to which all the intervening volumes seemed to him only a prelude. "I would not overstrain my eyes or my faculties," he writes in 1840, "but whilst eyesight and strength are yet undecayed, I want to get through the earlier Roman History, to come down to the Imperial and Christian times, which form a subject of such deep interest." What his general admiration for Niebuhr was as a practical motive in the earlier part of his work, that his deep aversion to Gibbon, as a man, was in the latter part. "My highest ambition," he said, as early as 1826, "and what I hope to do as far as I can, is to make my history the very reverse of Gibbon in this respect,—that whereas the whole spirit of his work, from its low morality, is hostile to religion, without speaking directly against it; so my greatest desire would be, in my History, by its high morals and its general tone, to be of use to the cause without actually bringing it forward."

There would have been the place for his unfolding the rise of the Christian Church, not in a distinct ecclesiastical history, but as he thought it ought to be written in conjunction with the history of the world. "The period from Augustus to Aurelian," he writes, as far back as 1824, "I will not willingly give up to any one, because I have a particular object, namely, to blend the civil and religious history together more than has ever yet been done." There he would, on the one hand, have expressed his view of the external influences, which checked the free growth of the early Church—the gradual revival of Judaic principles under a Christian form—the gradual extinction of individual responsibility, under the system of government, Roman and Gentile in its origin, which, according to his latest opinion, took possession of the Church rulers from the time of Cyprian. There, on the other hand, he would have dwelt on the self-denying zeal and devotion

* It may be necessary (especially since the recent publication of Niebuhr's Lectures, where a very different opinion is advocated), to refer to Dr. Arnold's own estimate of the moral character of Pompey, which, it is believed, he retained unaltered, in the Encyc. Metrop. ii. 252. (Later Roman Commonwealth, vol. i. p. 542.) The following extract from a letter of General Napier may not be without interest in confirmation of an opinion which he had himself formed independently of it. "Tell Dr. Arnold to beware of falling into the error of Pompey being a bad general; he was a very great one, perhaps in a purely military sense greater than Cæsar."—At the same time it should be observed, that his admiration of Cæsar's intellectual greatness was always very strong, and it was almost with an indignant animation that, on the starting of an objection that Cæsar's victories were only gained over inferior enemies, he at once denied the inference, and instantly recounted campaign after campaign in refutation.

to truth, which peculiarly endeared to him the very name of *Martyr*, and on the bond of Christian brotherhood, which he delighted to feel with such men as Athanasius and Augustine, discerning, even in what he thought their weaknesses, a signal testimony to the triumph of Christianity, unaided by other means, than its intrinsic excellence and holiness. Lastly, with that analytical method, which he delighted to pursue in his historical researches, he would have traced to their source, "those evil currents of neglect, of uncharitableness, and of ignorance, whose full streams we now find so pestilent," first, "in the social helplessness and intellectual frivolousness" of the close of the Roman empire; and then, in that event which had attracted his earliest interest, "the nominal conversion of the northern nations to Christianity,—a vast subject, and one of the greatest importance both to the spiritual and temporal advancement of the nations of Europe, (Serm. vol. i. p. 88,) as explaining the more confirmed separation of clergy and laity in later times, and the incomplete influence which Christianity has exercised upon the institutions even of Christian countries." (Serm. vol. iii. Pref. p. xiv.)

2. Strong as was his natural taste for History, it was to Theology that he looked as the highest sphere of his exertions, and as the province which most needed them. The chief object, which he here proposed to himself—in fact, the object which he conceived as the proper end of Theology itself—was the interpretation and application of the Scriptures. From the time of his early studies at Oxford, when he analysed and commented on the Epistles of St. Paul, with Chrysostom's Homilies, down to the last year of his life, when he was endeavouring to set on foot a Rugby edition of them, under his own superintendence, he never lost sight of this design. In the scattered notices of it in his Sermons, published and unpublished, there is enough to enable us to combine his principles into a distinct whole; and to conceive them, not in the polemical form, which in his later years they sometimes presented in their external aspect, but as the declaration of his positive views of the Scriptures themselves, wholly independent of any temporary controversy; and as the most complete reflex, not only of his capacities as an interpreter, but also, on the one hand, of his powers of historical discernment, on the other, of the reality of his religious feelings.

Impossible as it is to enter here into any detailed exposition of his views, it has been felt that the liveliest image of what he was in this department will be given by presenting their main features, as they were impressed on the mind of the same earlier pupil and later friend, whose name has before occurred in these pages, and whose personal recollections of the sphere in which he most admired him, will probably convey a truer and more distinct conception than would be left by a representation of the same facts in general language, or from a more distant point of view.

My dear Stanley,

You ask me to describe Dr. Arnold as an Exegetical Divine: I feel myself altogether unequal to such a task; indeed, I have no

other excuse for writing at all on such a subject, than the fact that I early appreciated his greatness as a Theologian, and for many years had the happiness of discussing frequently with him his general views on scientific Divinity. It was one of my earliest convictions respecting him, that, distinguished as he was in many departments of literature and practical philosophy, he was most distinguished as an interpreter of Scripture; and the lapse of years, and an intimate knowledge of his mind and character, have but confirmed this conviction. As an expounder of the word of God, Arnold always has seemed to be truly and emphatically great. I do not say this on account of the extent and importance of what he actually achieved in this department; for, unfortunately, he never gave himself up fully to it: he never worked at it, as the great business of his literary life. I shall ever deplore his not having done so; and I well remember how sharp was the struggle, when he had to choose between the interpretation of Scripture and the Roman History; and how the choice was determined, not by the consideration of what his peculiar talent was most calculated for performing successfully, but by regard to extrinsic matters,—the prejudice of the clergy against him, the unripeness of England for a free and unfettered discussion of scriptural Exegesis, and the injury which he might be likely to do to his general usefulness. And, as I then did my utmost to determine his labours to the field of Theology, so now I must deeply regret the heavy loss, which I cannot but think that the cause of sound interpretation—and, as founded upon it, of doctrinal theology—has sustained in England. The amount, then, of interpretation which he has published to the world, though not inconsiderable, is still small in respect of what there remained to be done by him; but Arnold has furnished a method—has established principles and rules for interpreting Scripture, which, with God's blessing, will be the guide of many a future labourer, and promise to produce fruit of inestimable value. In his writings the student will find a path opened before him —a manner of handling the word of God—a pointing out of the end to be held in view—and a light thrown on the road that leads to it, that will amply repay the deepest meditation on them, and will (if I may say so without presumption) furnish results full of the richest truth, and destined to exercise a commanding influence on the conduct and determination of religious controversy hereafter.

It must be carefully borne in mind, that there are two methods of reading Scripture, perfectly distinct in their objects and nature: the one is practical, the other scientific; the one aims at the edification of the reader, the other at the enlightenment of his understanding; the one seeks the religious truth of Scripture as bearing on the inquirer's heart and personal feelings, the other the right comprehension of the literary and intellectual portions of the Bible. That Arnold read and meditated on the word of God as a disciple of Christ for his soul's daily edification; that it was to him the word of life, the fountain of his deepest feelings, the rule of his life; that he dwelt in the humblest, most reverential, most prayerful study of its simplest truths, and under the abiding influence of their power, as they were assimilated into his

spiritual being by faith; that Arnold felt and did all this, the whole tenor of his life and every page of your biography amply attest. Those who were most intimate with him, will readily recall the mingled feelings of reverence and devotion with which he would, in his lonelier hours, repeat to himself passages from the Gospels. "Nothing," he said, thus speaking of one of them in his earlier life at Laleham, "is more striking to me than our Lord's own description of the judgment. It is so inexpressibly forcible, coming from His very own lips, as descriptive of what He Himself would do." So also the account of the raising of Lazarus, or the close of the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, "first touching on His greatness, and the incommunicable nature of His union with God; and then directly the words, 'Come unto me,'—as if He must not for a moment depart from the character of the man of sorrows—the Saviour and Mediator." So, too, in his later life at Rugby, it was impossible to forget the deep emotion with which he was agitated, when, on a comparison having been made in his family circle, which seemed to place St. Paul above St. John, the tears rushed to his eyes, and in his own earnest and loving tone, he repeated one of the verses from St. John, and begged that the comparison might never again be made. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of this feeling; but one more will suffice. Finding that one of his children had been greatly shocked and overcome by the first sight of death, he tenderly endeavoured to remove the feeling which had been awakened, and opening a Bible, pointed to the words, "Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." Nothing, he said, to his mind, afforded us such comfort when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death,—the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness,—as the thought that all these had been around our Lord Himself, round him who died, and is now alive for evermore.

But I am here concerned with the other, and strictly intellectual, process; the scientific exposition of the Scriptures as a collection of ancient books, full of the mightiest intellectual truths; as the record of God's dealings with man; and the historical monument of the most wonderful facts in the history of the world. For the office of such an interpreter, Arnold possessed rare and eminent qualifications; learning, piety, judgment, historical tact, sagacity. The excellence of his method may be considered under two heads:—I. He had a very remarkable, I should rather say (if I might) wonderful discernment for the divine, as incorporated in the human element of Scripture; and the recognition of these two separate and most distinct elements,—the careful separation of the two, so that each shall be subject to its own laws, and determined on its own principles,—was the foundation, the grand characteristic principle of his Exegesis. Our Lord's words, that we must "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's," seemed to him to be of universal application, and nowhere more so, than in the interpretation of Scripture. And

his object was not, according to the usual practice, to establish by its means certain religious truths, but to study its contents themselves —to end, in short, instead of beginning with doctrine. Indeed, doctrine, in the strict sense, doctrine as pure religious theory, such as it is exhibited in scientific articles and creeds, never was his object. Doctrine, in its practical and religious side, as bearing on religious feeling and character, not doctrine, in the sense of a direct disclosure of spiritual or material essences, as they are in themselves, was all that he endeavoured to find, and all that he believed could be found, in the teaching of Scripture.

First of all he approached the human side of the Bible in the same real historical spirit, with the same methods, rules, and principles, as he did Thucydides. He recognised in the writers of the Scriptures the use of a human instrument—language; and this he would ascertain and fix, as in any other authors, by the same philological rules. Further too, the Bible presents an assemblage of historical events, it announces an historical religion; and the historical element Arnold judged of historically by the established rules of history, substantiating the general veracity of Scripture even amidst occasional inaccuracies of detail, and proposing to himself, for his special end here, the reproduction, in the language and forms belonging to our own age, and therefore familiar to us, of the exact mode of thinking, feeling, and acting which prevailed in the days gone by.

But was this all? Is the Bible but a common book, recording, indeed, more remarkable occurrences, but in itself possessed of no higher authority than a faithful and trustworthy historian like Thucydides? Nothing could be farther from Dr. Arnold's feeling. In the Bible, he found and acknowledged an oracle of God—a positive and supernatural revelation made to man, an immediate inspiration of the Spirit. No conviction was more deeply seated in his nature; and this conviction placed an impassable gulph between him and all rationalising divines. Only it is very important to observe how this fact, in respect of scientific order, presented itself to his mind. He came upon it historically; he did not start with any preconceived theory of inspiration; but rather, in studying the writings of those who were commissioned by God to preach His Gospel to the world, he met with the fact, that they claimed to be sent from God, to have a message from Him, to be filled with His Spirit. Any accurate, precise, and sharply defined theory of inspiration, to the best of my knowledge, Arnold had not; and, if he had been asked to give one, I think he would have answered that the subject did not admit of one. I think he would have been content to realise the feelings of those who heard the Apostles; he would have been sure, on one side, that there was a voice of God in them; whilst, on the other, he would have believed that probably no one in the apostolic age could have defined the exact limits of that inspiration. And this I am sure I may affirm with certainty, that never did a student feel his positive faith, his sure confidence that the Bible was the word of God, more indestructible, than in Arnold's hands. He was conscious that, whilst Arnold interpreted

Scripture as a scholar, an antiquarian, and an historian, and that in the spirit and with the development of modern science, he had also placed the supernatural inspiration of the sacred writers on an imperishable historical basis, a basis that would be proof against any attack which the most refined modern learning could direct against it. Those only who are fully aware of the importance of harmonising the progress of knowledge with Christianity, or rather, of asserting, amidst every possible form of civilisation, the objective truths of Christianity, and its life-giving power, can duly appreciate the value of the confidence inspired by the firm faith of a man, at once liberal, unprejudiced, and, in the estimation of even the most worldly men, possessed of high historical ability.

II. But I have not yet mentioned the greatest merit of Arnold's Exegesis; it took a still higher range. It was not confined to a mere reproduction of a faithful image of the words and deeds recorded in the Bible, such as they were spoken, done, and understood at the times when they severally occurred. It is a great matter to perceive what Christianity was, such as it was felt and understood to be by the hearers of the Apostles. But the Christian prophet and interpreter had in his eyes a still more exalted office. God's dealings with any particular generation of men are but the application of the eternal truths of His Providence to their particular circumstances, and the form of that application has at different times greatly varied. Here it was that Arnold's most characteristic eminence lay. He seemed to possess the true χάρισμα, the very spiritual gift, of γνῶ ις, having an insight not only into the actual form of the religion of any single age, but into the meaning and substance of God's moral government generally; a vision of the eternal principles by which it is guided; and such a profound understanding of their application, as to be able to set forth God's manifold wisdom, as manifested at divers times, and under circumstances of the most opposite kind; nay, still more, to reconcile with His unchangeable attributes those passages in Holy Writ at which infidels had scoffed, and which pious men had read in reverential silence. Thus, he vindicated God's command to Abraham to sacrifice his son, and to the Jews to exterminate the nations of Canaan, by explaining the principles on which these commands were given, and their reference to the moral state of those to whom they were addressed; thereby educing light out of darkness, unravelling the thread of God's religious education of the human race, from its earliest infancy down to the fulness of times, and holding up God's marvellous counsels to the devout wonder and meditation of the thoughtful believer. As I said at first, Arnold has rather pointed out the path, than followed it to any extent himself; the student will find in his writings the principles of his method rather than its development. They are scattered, more or less, throughout all his writings, more especially in the Appendix to vol. ii. of the Sermons, the Preface to the third, the Notes to the fourth, and the Two Sermons on Prophecy.* These last furnish to the student

* To these may be added the posthumous volume of "Sermons, mostly on Interpretation of Scripture."

a very instructive instance of his method; for whilst he will recognise there the double sense of Prophecy, and much besides that was held by the old commentators, he will also perceive how different an import they assume, as treated by Arnold; and how his wide and elevated view could find in Prophecy a firm foundation for a Christian's hope and faith, without their being coupled with that extravagance with which the study of the Prophecies has been so often united. His Sermons, also, generally exhibit very striking illustrations of his faculty to discern general truth under particular circumstances, and his power to apply it in a very altered, nay, often opposite form to cases of a different nature; thus making God's word an ever-living oracle, furnishing to every age those precise rules, principles, and laws of conduct which its actual circumstances may require.

I must not forget to add, that his principles of interpretation were of slow and matured growth; he arrived at them gradually, and, in some instances, even reluctantly; and one of the most elaborate of his early sermons, which he had intended to have preached before the University, was in defence of what is called the verbal inspiration of Scripture. But, since I became acquainted with him, I have never known him to maintain anything but what I have here tried to set forth. It is very possible that much of what I have here said may appear to many to be exaggerated; but I know not how else to express adequately my firm confidence that the more the principles which guided Arnold's interpretation of Scripture are studied in his writings, the more will their power to throw light on the depths of God's wisdom be appreciated.

Yours, ever,

B. PRICE.

3. Lastly, his letters will have already shown how early he had conceived the idea of the work,* to which he chiefly looked forward, as that of his old age, on Christian Politics, or Church and State. But it is only a wider survey of his general views that will show how completely this was the centre round which were gathered not only all his writings, but all his thoughts and actions on social subjects, and which gave him a distinct position amongst English divines, not only of the present, but of almost all preceding generations. We must remember how the Greek science, πολιτικὴ, of which the English word "politics," or even political science, is so inadequate a translation—society in its connexion with the highest welfare of men—exhibited to him the great problem which every educated man was called upon to solve. We must conceive how lofty were the aspirations which he entertained of what Christianity was intended to effect, and what, if rightly applied, it might yet effect, far beyond anything which has yet been seen, or is ordinarily conceived, for the moral and social restoration of the world. We must enter into the keen sense of the startling

* This work he approached at four different times: 1. in a sketch drawn up in 1827; 2. in two fragments in 1833, 34; 3. in a series of Letters to Chevalier Bunsen, 1839; 4. in an historical fragment, 1838-1841. These have all been since published in the "Fragment on the Church."

difficulty which he felt to be presented by its comparative failure. "The influence of Christianity no doubt has made itself felt in all those countries which have professed it; but ought not its effects," he urged, "to have been far more perceptible than they are, now that nearly eighteen hundred years have elapsed since the kingdom of God was first proclaimed? Is it, in fact, the kingdom of God in which we are now living? Are we at this hour living under the law or under grace?" Everything, in short, which he thought or said on this subject, was in answer to what he used to call "the very question of questions;" the question which occurs in the earliest of all his works, and which he continued to ask of himself and of others as long as he lived. "Why, amongst us in this very country, is the mighty work of raising up God's kingdom stopped; the work of bringing every thought and word and deed to the obedience of Christ?" (Serm. vol. i. p. 115.)

The great cause of this hindrance to the triumph of Christianity, he believed to lie (to adopt his own distinction) in the corruption not of the Religion of Christ, but of the Church of Christ. The former he felt had on the whole done its work—"its truths," he said, "are to be sought in the Scriptures alone, and are the same at all times and in all countries. But "the Church, which is not a revelation concerning the eternal and unchangeable God, but an institution to enable changeable man to apprehend the unchangeable," had, he maintained, been virtually destroyed; and thus, "Christianity being intended to remedy the intensity of the evil of the Fall by its Religion, and the universality of the evil by its Church, has succeeded in the first, because its religion has been retained as God gave it, but has failed in the second, because its Church has been greatly corrupted." (Serm. vol. iv. Pref. p. xliv.)

What he meant by this corruption, and why he thought it fatal to the full development of Christianity, will best appear by explaining his idea of the Church, both with regard to its true end, and its true nature. Its end he maintained to be "the putting down of moral evil." "And if this idea," he asks, "seem strange to any one, let him consider whether he will not find this notion of Christianity everywhere prominent in the Scriptures, and whether the most peculiar ordinances of the Christian Religion are not founded upon it; or again, if it seems natural to him, let him ask himself whether he has well considered the legitimate consequences of such a definition, and whether, in fact, it is not practically forgotten?" Its true nature he believed to be not an institution of the clergy, but a living society of all Christians. "When I hear men talk of the Church," he used to say, "I cannot help recalling how Abbé Sièyes replied to the question, 'What is the Tiers Etat?' by saying 'La nation moins la noblesse et le clergé;' and so I, if I were asked, What are the laity? would answer, the Church minus the Clergy." "This," he said, "is the view taken of the Church in the New Testament; can it be said that it is the view held amongst ourselves, and if not, is not the difference incalculable?" It was as frustrating the union of all Christians, in accomplishing what he believed to be the true end enjoined by their common Master, that he felt so strongly against the desire for uniformity of opinion or worship,

which he used to denounce under the name of sectarianism; it was as annihilating what he believed to be the Apostolical idea of a Church, that he felt so strongly against that principle of separation between the clergy and laity, which he used to denounce under the name of priest-craft. "As far as the principle on which Archbishop Laud and his followers acted went to reactuate the idea of the Church, as a co-ordinate and living power by virtue of Christ's institution and express promise, I go along with them, but I soon discover that by the Church they meant the clergy, the hierarchy exclusively, and there I fly off from them at a tangent. For it is this very interpretation of the Church that, according to my conviction, constituted the first and fundamental apostasy." Such was the motto from Coleridge's Remains which he selected as the full expression of his own views, and it was as realising this idea that he turned eagerly to all institutions, which seemed likely to impress on all Christians the moral, as distinct from the ceremonial, character of their religion, the equal responsibility and power which they possessed, not "as friends or honorary members" of the Church, but as its most essential parts.

Such (to make intelligible, by a few instances, what in general language must be obscure) was his desire to revive the order of deacons, as a link between the clergy and laity,—his defence of the union of laymen with clerical synods, of clergy with the civil legislature,—his belief that an authoritative permission to administer the Eucharist, as well as Baptism, might be beneficially granted to civil or military officers, in congregations where it was impossible to procure the presence of clergy,—his wish for the restoration of Church discipline, "which never can and never ought to be restored, till the Church puts an end to the usurpation of her powers by the clergy; and which, though it must be vain when opposed to public opinion, yet, when it is the expression of that opinion, can achieve anything." (Serm. vol. iv. pp. liii. 416.) Such was his suggestion of the revival of many "good practices, which belong to the true Church no less than to the corrupt Church, and would there be purely beneficial; daily church services, frequent communions, memorials of our Christian calling, presented to our notice in crosses and wayside oratories; commemorations to holy men of all times and countries; the doctrine of the communion of saints practically taught; religious orders, especially of women, of different kinds, and under different rules, delivered only from the snare and sin of perpetual vows." (Serm. vol. iv. Pref. p. lvi.)

A society organised on these principles, and with such or similar institutions, was, in his judgment, the "true sign from heaven" meant to be "the living witness of the reality of Christ's salvation, which should remind us daily of God, and work upon the habits of our life as insensibly as the air we breathe," (Serm. vol. iv. p. 307,) which would not "rest satisfied with the lesser and imperfect good, which strikes thrice and stays," (Ibid. Pref. p. liv.) which would be "something and deeper than satisfied not only the last century, but the last seventeen centuries." (Ibid. Pref. p. liii.)

But it was almost impossible for his speculations to have stopped

short of the most tangible shape which they assumed, viz., his idea not of an alliance or union, but of the absolute identity of the Church with the State. In other words, his belief that the object of the State and the Church was alike the highest welfare of man, and that, as the State could not accomplish this, unless it acted with the wisdom and goodness of the Church, nor the Church, unless it was invested with the sovereign power of the State, the State and the Church in their ideal form were not two societies, but one; and that it is only in proportion as this identity is realised in each particular country, that man's perfection and God's glory can be established on earth. This theory had, indeed, already been sanctioned by some of the greatest names in English theology and philosophy, by Hooker in his Ecclesiastical Polity, and in later times by Burke, and in part by Coleridge. But (if a negative may be universally asserted on such a subject) it had never before, at least in England, been so completely the expression of a man's whole mind, or the basis of a whole system, political as well as religious, positive as well as negative.

The peculiar line of his historical studies—the admiration which he felt for the Greek and Roman commonwealths—his intensely political and national turn of mind—his reverence for the authority of law—his abhorrence of what he used to consider the anarchical spirit of dissent on the one hand, and the sectarianism of a clerical government on the other—all tended to the same result. His detestation, on the one hand, of what he used to call the secular or Jacobinical notion of a State, as providing only for physical ends,—on the other hand, of what he used to call the superstitious or antichristian view of the Church, as claiming to be ruled not by national laws, but by a divinely appointed succession of priests or governors,—both combined to make him look to the nation or commonwealth as the fit sphere for the full realisation of Christianity; to the perfect identification of Christian with political society, as the only mode of harmonising the truths which, in the opposite systems of Archbishop Whately and Mr. Gladstone, he lamented to see "each divorced from its proper mate."

Accordingly, no full development of the Church, no full Christianisation of the State, could in his judgment take place, until the Church should have become not a subordinate, but a sovereign society; not acting indirectly on the world, through inferior instruments, but directly through its own government, the supreme legislature. Then at last all public officers of the State, feeling themselves to be necessarily officers of the Church, would endeavour, "each in his vocation and ministry," to serve its great cause "not with a subject's indifference, but with a citizen's zeal." Then the jealousy, with which the clergy and laity at present regard each other's interference, would, as he hoped, be lost in the sense that their spheres were in fact the same; that nothing was too secular to claim exemption from the enforcement of Christian duty, nothing too spiritual to claim exemption from the control of the government of a Christian State. Then the whole nation, amidst much variety of form, ceremonial, and opinion, would at last feel that the great ends of Christian and national society, now for the first time

realised to their view, were a far stronger bond of union between Christians, and a far deeper division from those who were not Christians, than any subordinate principle either of agreement or separation.

It was thus only, that he figured to himself the perfect consummation of earthly things,—the triumph of what he used emphatically to call the *Kingdom* of God. Other good institutions, indeed, he regarded as so many steps towards this end. The establishment of a parochial clergy, even in its present state, seemed to him one of the highest national blessings,—much more the revival of the Church, as he would have wished to see it revived. Still the work of Christianity itself was not accomplished, so long as political and social institutions were exempt from its influence, so long as the highest power of human society professed to act on other principles than those declared in the Gospel. But, whenever it should come to pass that the strongest earthly bond should be identical with the bond of Christian fellowship, —that the highest earthly power should avowedly minister to the advancement of Christian holiness—that crimes should be regarded as sins—that Christianity should be the acknowledged basis of citizenship,—that the region of political and national questions, war and peace, oaths and punishments, economy and education, so long considered by good and bad alike as worldly and profane, should be looked upon as the very sphere to which Christian principles are most applicable,—then he felt that Christianity would at last have gained a position, where it could cope for the first time, front to front, with the power of evil; that the unfulfilled promises of the older prophecies, so long delayed, would have received their accomplishment; that the kingdoms of this world would have indeed become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ.

No one felt more keenly than himself how impossible it was to apply this view directly to existing circumstances; how the whole framework of society must be reconstructed before it could be brought into action; how far in the remote future its accomplishment must necessarily lie. "So deeply," he said, "is the distinction between the Church and the State seated in our laws, our language, and our very notions, that nothing less than a miraculous interposition of God's Providence seems capable within any definite time of eradicating it."*

Still it was not in his nature to postpone, even in thought, the fulfilment of his desires to a remote Millennium or Utopia, such as in the minds of many men acts rather as a reason for acquiescence in the existing order of the world, than as a motive for rising above it. The wisdom of Hesiod's famous paradox, "He is a fool who does not know how much the half is better than the whole," was often in his mouth; in answer to the frequent allegation that because the complete fulfilment of the theory was impracticable, therefore no part of it could be made available. "I cannot answer all your objections fully," he writes to Archbishop Whately, "because if I could, it were to suppose that the hardest of all human questions contained no great difficulties; but I think on the whole, that the objections to my scheme are less than

* Pref. to Hist. of Rome, vol. i. p. ix.

to any other, and that on the positive side it is in theory perfect: and though it never will be wholly realised, yet if men can be brought to look at it as the true theory, the practical approximations to it may in the course of time be indefinitely great."

'It was still the thought which animated all his exertions in behalf of his country, where he felt that "the means were still in our hands, which it seems far better to use even at the eleventh hour, than desperately to throw them away."* And, convinced as he was, that the founders of our present constitution in Church and State did "truly consider them to be identical, the Christian nation of England to be the Church of England, the head of that nation to be for that very reason the head of the Church," he asked with an indignant sorrow, "whether it were indeed indifference or latitudinarianism, to wish most devoutly that this noble, this divine theory might be fully and for ever realised."† It was still the vision which closed the vista of all his speculations; the ideal whole, which might be incorporated part by part into the existing order of society; the ideal end which each successive age might approach more closely,—its very remoteness only impressing him more deeply with the conviction of the enormous efforts which must be made to bring all social institutions nearer to that perfection which Christianity designed for them, of the enormous mass of evil which lay undisturbed because so few dared to acknowledge the identity of the cause of reform with the cause of Christianity. It was still, in its more practical form, the great idea of which the several parts of his life were so many distinct exemplifications; his sermons—his teaching—his government of the school—his public acts—his own personal character; and to which all his dreams of wider usefulness instinctively turned, from the first faint outline of his hopes in his earliest letters down to the last evening of his life, when the last thought which he bestowed on the future, was of "that great work, if he might be permitted to take part in it."

The general view of Dr. Arnold's life at Rugby must not be closed, without touching, however briefly and imperfectly, on that aspect of it, which naturally gave the truest view of his mind and character, whilst to those at a distance it was comparatively but little known.

Perhaps the scene which, to those who knew him best, would bring together the recollections of his public and private life in the most lively way, was his study at Rugby. There he sat at his work, with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will—ready at once to break off his occupations to answer a question, or to attend to the many interruptions, to which he was liable; and from these interruptions, or from his regular avocations, at the few odd hours or minutes which he could command, would he there return and recommence his writing, as if it had not been broken off. "Instead of feeling my head exhausted," he would

* Serm. vol. ii. Pref. p. vi.

† Church Reform, Postscript, p. 24. Misc. Works, p. 335.

sometimes say after the day's business was over, "it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work." "I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once." "Unhasting, unresting diligence," was the strong impression which a one day's visit at Rugby left on one of the keenest observers amongst English authors—and he was one of a class, who however engaged, whether in business, in writing, or in travelling, was emphatically never in a hurry.

Still he would often wish for something more like leisure and repose. "We sometimes feel," he said, "as if we should like to run our heads into a hole—to be quiet for a little time from the stir of so many human beings which greets us from morning to evening." And it was from amidst this chaos of employments that he turned, with all the delight of which his nature was capable, to what he often dwelt upon as the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness of his domestic life. It is impossible adequately to describe the union of the whole family round him, who was not only the father and guide, but the elder brother and playfellow of his children; the first feelings of enthusiastic love and watchful care, carried through twenty-two years of wedded life,—the gentleness and devotion which marked his whole feeling and manner in the privacy of his domestic intercourse. Those who had known him only in the school, can remember the kind of surprise with which they first witnessed his tenderness and playfulness. Those who had known him only in the bosom of his family, found it difficult to conceive how his pupils or the world at large should have formed to themselves so stern an image of one in himself so loving. Yet both were alike natural to him; the severity and the playfulness expressing each in their turn the earnestness with which he entered into the business of life, and the enjoyment with which he entered into its rest; whilst the common principle, which linked both together, made every closer approach to him in his private life a means for better understanding him in his public relations.

Enough, however, may perhaps be said to recall something at least of its outward aspect. There were his hours of thorough relaxation, when he would throw off all thoughts of the school and of public matters—his quiet walks by the side of his wife's pony, when he would enter into the full enjoyment of air and exercise, and the outward face of nature, observing with distinct pleasure each symptom of the burst of spring or of the richness of summer—"feeling like a horse pawing the ground, impatient to be off,"—"as if the very act of existence was an hourly pleasure to him." There was the cheerful voice that used to go sounding through the house in the early morning, as he went round to call his children; the new spirits which he seemed to gather from the mere glimpses of them in the midst of his occupations—the increased merriment of all in any game in which he joined—the happy walks on which he would take them in the fields and hedges, hunting for flowers—the yearly excursion to look in a neighbouring clay-pit for the earliest coltsfoot, with the mock siege that followed. Nor, again, was the sense of his authority as a father ever lost in his playfulness as a companion. His personal superintendence of their ordinary instruc-

tions was necessarily limited by his other engagements, but it was never wholly laid aside; in the later years of his life it was his custom to read the Psalms and Lessons of the day with his family every morning; and the common reading of a chapter in the Bible every Sunday evening, with repetition of hymns or parts of Scripture by every member of the family—the devotion with which he would himself repeat his favourite poems from the Christian Year, or his favourite passages from the Gospels—the same attitude of deep attention in listening to the questions of his youngest children, the same reverence in answering their difficulties, that he would have shown to the most advanced of his friends or his scholars—form a picture not soon to pass away from the mind of any one who was ever present. But his teaching in his family was naturally not confined to any particular occasions; they looked to him for information and advice at all times; and a word of authority from him was a law not to be questioned for a moment. And with the tenderness which seemed to be alive to all their wants and wishes, there was united that peculiar sense of solemnity, with which in his eyes the very idea of a family life was invested. "I do not wonder," he said, "that it was thought a great misfortune to die childless in old times, when they had not fuller light—it seems so completely wiping a man out of existence." The anniversaries of domestic events—the passing away of successive generations—the entrance of his sons on the several stages of their education,—struck on the deepest chords of his nature, and made him blend with every prospect of the future, the keen sense of the continuance (so to speak) of his own existence in the good and evil fortunes of his children, and to unite the thought of them with the yet more solemn feeling, with which he was at all times wont to regard "the blessing" of "a whole house transplanted entire from earth to heaven, without one failure."

In his own domestic happiness he never lost sight of his early friends. "He was attached to his family," it was truly said of him by Archbishop Whately, "as if he had no friends; to his friends, as if he had no family; and," he adds, "to his country, as if he had no friends or relations." Debarred as he was from frequent intercourse with most of them by his and their occupations, he made it part of the regular business of his life to keep up a correspondence with them. "I never do," he said, "and I trust I never shall excuse myself for not writing to old and dear friends, for it is really a duty which it is mere indolence and thoughtlessness to neglect." The very aspect of their several homes lived as distinct images in his mind, and seemed to have an equal claim on his interest. To men of such variety of opinion and character, that the very names of some of them are identified with measures and views the most opposite that good men can entertain, he retained to the end a strong and almost equal affection. The absence of greater mutual sympathy was to him almost the only shadow thrown over his happy life; no difference of opinion ever destroyed his desire for intercourse with them; and where, in spite of his own efforts to continue it, it was so interrupted, the subject was so painful to him,

that, even with those most intimate with him, he could hardly bear to allude to it.

How lively was his interest in the state of England generally, and especially of the lower orders, will appear elsewhere. But the picture of his ordinary life would be incomplete without mention of his intercourse with the poor. He purposely abstained, as will be seen, from mixing much in the affairs of the town and neighbourhood of Rugby. But he was always ready to assist in matters of local charity or usefulness, giving lectures, for example, before the Mechanics' Institutes at Rugby and Lutterworth, writing tracts on the appearance of the cholera in the vicinity, and, after the establishment of the railway station at half a mile from the town, procuring the sanction of the Bishop for the performance of a short service there on Sundays by himself and the assistant-masters in turn. In preaching to parochial congregations, as he did occasionally at Rugby and at Rydal, he always, he said, found a difficulty from "the consideration,* not only of what was fit for them to hear, but also fit for him to say,"—and accordingly they were usually on "some particular point not of the very deepest character, but yet important and capable of being sufficiently discussed at one time," such as that on "Christian Conviction," preached at Carfax Church in Oxford, or on Wills, at Rydal, or again, on some of the great social questions which concerned the country generally, such as those published at the close of the second volume, preached in 1831. At other times, however, both at Rugby and in Westmorland, and always at the above-mentioned service at the railway station, his addresses were spoken and not written, and rather after the manner of one talking seriously to his neighbours, or explaining parts of Scripture which occurred in the service, than would be commonly called preaching. His style seems to have been too simple to be generally popular amongst the poorer classes; but cases often occurred of its having made a deep impression. A passing traveller, shortly after his death, was struck with the unfeigned regret expressed by the men at the railway station for the loss of his visits to them,—and at Harrow, where he once spent a Sunday with Dr. Longley, there were found amongst the few papers of a poor servant maid, who died some time afterwards, notes of a sermon which he preached there in the parish church, and to which she was known to have recurred frequently afterwards.

The poor of the place, as might be expected, shared largely in that liberality which marked both his public and his private dealings, and which, in fact, from the impression it made on the naturally suspicious senses of boys, ought not to be overlooked. Even in the management of the school his direct intercourse with the poor was, of course, much more limited than it had been in the village of Laleham; yet with some few, chiefly aged persons in the almshouses of the town, he made a point of keeping up a frequent and familiar acquaintance. In this intercourse, sometimes in conversations with them as he met or overtook them alone on the road, usually in such visits as he could pay to them in his spare moments of relaxation, he assumed less of the

* Serm. v. 31.

character of a teacher than most clergymen would have thought right reading to them occasionally, but generally talking to them with the manner of a friend and an equal. This resulted partly from the natural reserve and shyness which made him shrink from entering on sacred subjects with comparative strangers, and which, though he latterly somewhat overcame it, almost disqualified him, in his own judgment, from taking charge of a parish. But it was also the effect of his reluctance to address them in a more authoritative or professional tone than he would have used towards persons of his own rank. Feeling keenly what seemed to him at once the wrong and the mischief done by the too wide separation between the higher and lower orders, he wished to visit them "as neighbours, without always seeming bent on relieving or instructing them;"* and could not bear to use language which to any one in a higher station would have been thought an interference. With the servants of his household, for the same reasons, he was in the habit, whether in travelling or in his own house, of consulting their accommodation and speaking to them familiarly as to so many members of the domestic circle. And in all this, writes one who knew well his manner to the poor, "there was no affectation of condescension, it was a manly address to his fellow-men, as man addressing man." "I never knew such a humble man as the doctor," said the parish clerk at Laleham, after he had revisited it from Rugby; "he comes and shakes us by the hand as if he was one of us." "He used to come into my house," said an old woman near his place in Westmorland, "and talk to me as if I was a lady." Often, no doubt, this was not appreciated by the poor, and might, at times, be embarrassing to himself, and it is said that he was liable to be imposed upon by them, and greatly to overrate their proficiency in moral and religious excellence. But he felt this intercourse to be peculiarly needful for one engaged in occupations such as his; to the remembrance of the good poor, whom he visited at Rugby, he often recurred when absent from them; and nothing can exceed the regret which they testify at his loss, and the grateful affection with which they still speak of him, pointing with delight to the seat which he used to occupy by their firesides: one of them especially, an old almswoman, who died a few months after his own decease, up to the last moment of consciousness never ceasing to think of his visits to her, and of the hope with which she looked forward now to seeing his face once more again.

Closely as he was bound to Rugby by these and similar bonds of social and familiar life, and yet more closely by the charm with which its mere outward aspect and localities were invested by his interest in the school, both as an independent institution and as his own sphere of duty, yet the place in itself never had the same strong hold on his affections as Oxford or Laleham, and his holidays were almost always spent away from Rugby, either in short tours, or in later years at his Westmorland home, Fox How, a small estate between Rydal and Ambleside, which he purchased in 1832, with the view of providing for himself a retreat, in case of his retirement from the school, or for his

* Sermons, vol. ii. p. 411.

family in case of his death. The monotonous character of the midland scenery of Warwickshire was to him, with his strong love of natural beauty and variety, absolutely repulsive; there was something almost touching in the eagerness with which, amidst that "endless succession of fields and hedge-rows," he would make the most of any features of a higher order; in the pleasure with which he would cherish the few places where the current of the Avon was perceptible, or where a glimpse of the horizon could be discerned; in the humorous despair with which he would gaze on the dull expanse of fields eastward from Rugby. "It is no wonder we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains. Conceive what you look over, for you just miss Sweden, and look over Holland, the north of Germany, and the centre of Russia." With this absence of local attraction in the place, and with the conviction that his occupations and official station must make him look for his future home elsewhere, "I feel," he said, "that I love Middlesex and Westmorland, but I care nothing for Warwickshire, and am in it like a plant sunk in the ground in a pot; my roots never strike beyond the pot, and I could be transplanted at any minute without tearing or severing of my fibres. To the pot itself, which is the school, I could cling very lovingly, were it not that the laborious nature of the employment makes me feel that it can be only temporary, and that, if I live to old age, my age could not be spent in my present situation."

Fox How accordingly became more and more the centre of all his local and domestic affections. "It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness," he said, "that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it." When absent from it, it still, he said, "dwelt in his memory as a vision of beauty from one vacation to another," and when present at it he felt that "no hasty or excited admiration of a tourist could be compared with the quiet and hourly delight of having the mountains and streams as familiar objects, connected with all the enjoyments of home, one's family, one's books, and one's friends,"—"associated with our work-day thoughts as well as our gala-day ones."

Then it was that, as he sat working in the midst of his family, "never raising his eyes from the paper to the window without an influx of ever new delights," he found that leisure for writing, which he so much craved at Rugby. Then it was that he enjoyed the entire relaxation, which he so much needed after his school occupations, whether in the journeys of coming and returning, those long journeys, which, before they were shortened by railway travelling, were to him, he used to say, the twelve most restful days of the whole year;—or in the birthday festivities of his children, and the cheerful evenings when all subjects were discussed, from the gravest to the lightest, and when he would read to them his favourite stories from Herodotus, or his favourite English poets. Most of all, perhaps, was to be observed his delight in those long mountain walks, when they would start with their provisions for the day, himself the guide and life of the party, always on the look-

out how best to break the ascent by gentle stages, comforting the little ones in their falls, and helping forward those who were tired, himself always keeping with the laggers, that none might strain their strength by trying to be in front with him—and then, when his assistance was not wanted, the liveliest of all; his step so light, his eye so quick in finding flowers to take home to those who were not of the party.

Year by year bound him with closer ties to his new home; not only Fox How itself with each particular tree, the growth of which he had watched, and each particular spot in the grounds, associated by him with the playful names of his nine children; but also the whole valley in which it lay became consecrated with something of a domestic feeling. Rydal Chapel, with the congregation to which he had so often preached—the new circle of friends and acquaintance with whom he kept up so familiar an intercourse—the gorges and rocky pools which in many instances owed their nomenclature to him, all became part of his habitual thoughts. He delighted to derive his imagery from the hills and lakes of Westmorland, and to trace in them the likenesses of his favourite scenes in poetry and history; even their minutest features were of a kind that were most attractive to him; "the running streams," which were to him "the most beautiful objects in nature;"—the wild flowers on the mountain sides, which were to him, he said, "his music;" and which, whether in their scarcity at Rugby, or their profusion in Westmorland, "loving them," as he used to say, "as a child loves them," he could not bear to see removed from their natural places by the wayside, where others might enjoy them as well as himself. The very peacefulness of all the historical and moral associations of the scenery—free alike from the remains of feudal ages in the past, and suggesting comparatively so little of suffering or of evil in the present,—rendered doubly grateful to him the refreshment which he there found from the rough world in the school, or the sad feelings awakened in his mind by the thoughts of his Church and country. There he hoped, when the time should have come for his retreat from Rugby, to spend his declining years. Other visions, indeed, of a more practical and laborious life, from time to time passed before him, but Fox How was the image, which most constantly presented itself to him in all prospects for the future; there he intended to have lived in peace, maintaining his connexion with the rising generation by receiving pupils from the Universities; there, under the shade of the trees of his own planting, he hoped in his old age to give to the world the fruits of his former experience and labours, by executing those works for which at Rugby he felt himself able only to prepare the way, or lay the first foundations, and never again leave his retirement till (to use his own expression) "his bones should go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha with its deep and silent pools passing by."

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, AUGUST, 1828, TO AUGUST, 1830.

THE two first years of Dr. Arnold's life at Rugby remarkably exhibit the natural sanguineness of his character, whether in the feeling with which he entered on the business of the school, or in the hopefulness with which he regarded public affairs, and which, more or less, pervaded all that he wrote at this time.

The first volume of sermons, and the first volume of his edition of Thucydides, containing, as they did in many respects, the basis of his theological and historical views, were published in February, 1829, and May, 1830; and little need be added to what has already been said of them. To the latter, indeed, an additional interest is imparted from its being the first attempt in English Philology to investigate not merely the phrases and formulæ, but the general principles of the Greek language, and to illustrate, not merely the words, but the history and geography of a Greek historian. And in the Essay on the different periods of national existence appended to this first volume, but, in fact, belonging more to his general views of history and politics than to any particular illustration of Thucydides, is brought out, more forcibly than in any other of his writings, his belief in the progress and inherent excellence of popular principles; in the distinct stages of civilisation through which nations have to pass; and in the philosophical divisions of ancient and modern history, of which he made so much use in treating of either of them. But the work which naturally excited most public attention, was a pamphlet on "the Christian Duty of Conceding the Claims of the Roman Catholics," published in February, 1829. To those who knew him in later life, it may appear strange that he should have treated at length of the question of Ireland, which he was accustomed to shun as a problem of inextricable difficulty, and on which nothing but a sense of justice could ever prevail upon him to enter. But this sense of justice was, at this time, quickened by the deep conviction which, for some years past, he had entertained of the alarming state of the Irish nation. "There is more to be done there," he writes in 1828, from Laleham, "than in any corner of the world. I had, at one time, a notion of going over there and taking Irish pupils, to try what one man could do towards civilising the people, by trying to civilise and Christianise their gentry." And the particular crisis of the Roman Catholic Relief Act was exactly one of those occasions which brought him into direct collision, both with the tone of the Liberal party, who assumed that, as being a political measure, it could not be argued on religious grounds; and of the Tory party, who assumed that, as being a religious question, it was one on which the almost united authority of the English clergy ought to have decisive weight; whereas, his own views of course led him to maintain that, being a great national question of right and wrong, it must, on the one

OLD QUADRANGLE AND ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL-HOUSE HALL, RUGBY.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

hand, be argued on Christian grounds, and yet, on the other hand, that the clergy would not be the best judges of it, because "the origin, rights, and successive revolutions of society were subjects which they avowedly neglected to study." The pamphlet was published at so late a stage of the controversy, that it had not time to reach a second edition before the Act was passed. But the grounds of solemn duty on which his vindication of the Relief Act was based, as the best mode of repairing the sin and mischief, never yet effaced, of the original conquest of Ireland, and as a right, which, as being still a distinct national society, the Irish people justly claimed,—attracted considerable attention. Other parts, such as that in which he denied the competence of the clergy to pronounce upon historical questions, created an impression against him in the great body of his profession, which, perhaps, was never wholly removed. Its intrinsic interest, independent of the particular controversy, consists in its being his first and most emphatic protest against the divorce of religion and politics, and the most complete statement of his abstract views of political science, as his Appendix to Thucydides furnished his statement of their historical development.

I. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Rugby, August 29, 1828.

. . . Here we are actually at Rugby, and the school will open to-morrow. I cannot tell you with what deep regret we left Laleham, where we had been so peaceful and so happy, and left my mother, aunt, and sisters for the first time in my life, except during my school and college absences. It was quite "feror exul in altum," &c., but then we both looked upon Rugby as on our Italy, and entered it, I think, with hope and with thankfulness. . . . But the things which I have had to settle, and the people whom I have had to see on business, have been almost endless; to me, unused as I was to business, it seemed quite a chaos; but, thank God, being in high health and spirits, and gaining daily more knowledge of the state of affairs, I get on tolerably well. Next week, however, will be the grand experiment; and I look to it naturally with great anxiety. I trust, I feel how great and solemn a duty I have to fulfil, and that I shall be enabled to fulfil it by that help which can alone give the "Spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind;" the three great requisites, I imagine, in a schoolmaster.

You need not fear my reforming furiously; there, I think, I can assure you; but, of my success in introducing a religious principle into education, I must be doubtful; it is my most earnest wish, and I pray God that it may be my constant labour and prayer; but to do this would be to succeed beyond all my hopes; it would be a happiness so great, that, I think, the world would yield me nothing comparable to it. To do it, however imperfectly, would far more than repay twenty years of labour and anxiety.

Saturday, August 30th. I have been receiving, this morning, a constant succession of visitors, and now, before I go out to return——. August 31st. I was again interrupted, and now, I think, that I had

better at once finish my letter. I have entered twenty-nine new boys, and have got four more to enter: and I have to-day commenced my business by calling over names and going into chapel, where I was glad to see that the boys behaved very well. I cannot tell you how odd it seems to me, recalling, at once, my school-days more vividly than I could have thought possible.

2. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, September 28, 1828.

It is, indeed, a long time since I wrote to you, and there has been much of intense interest in the period which has elapsed since I did write. But it has been quite an engrossing occupation; and Thucydides and everything else has gone to sleep while I have been attending to it. Now it is becoming more familiar to me, but still the actual employment of time is very great, and the matters for thought which it affords are almost endless. Still I get my daily exercise and bathing very happily, so that I have been, and am, perfectly well, and equal in strength and spirits to the work. . . For myself, I like it hitherto beyond my expectation, but, of course, a month is a very short time to judge from. [After speaking of the details of the school, and expressing his generally favourable impression of it.] I am trying to establish something of a friendly intercourse with the Sixth Form, by asking them in succession, in parties of four, to dinner with us, and I have them each separately up into my room to look over their exercises. . . . I mean to bring in something like "gatherings"* before it is long, for they understand that I have not done with my alterations, nor probably ever shall have; and I am going to have an Examination for every form in the school, at the end of the short half-year, in all the business of the half-year, Divinity, Greek and Latin, Arithmetic, History, Geography, and Chronology, with first and second classes, and prize books for those who do well. I find that my power is perfectly absolute, so that I have no excuse if I do not try to make the school something like my beau ideal—it is sure to fall far enough short in reality. There has been no flogging yet, (and I hope that there will be none,) and surprisingly few irregularities. I chastise, at first, by very gentle impositions, which are raised for a repetition of offences—flogging will be only my ratio ultima—and *talking* I shall try to the utmost. I believe that boys may be governed a great deal by gentle methods and kindness, and appealing to their better feelings, if you show that you are not afraid of them; I have seen great boys, six feet high, shed tears when I have sent for them up into my room and spoken to them quietly, in private, for not knowing their lesson, and I found that this treatment produced its effects afterwards, in making them do better. But, of course, deeds must second words when needful, or words will soon be laughed at.

* A Winchester phrase for exercises in criticism.

3. TO THE SAME. Laleham, Dec. 19, 1828.

. . . I should have greatly enjoyed seeing you again and seeing you with your wife, and at your own home, to say nothing of resuming some of the matters we discussed a little in the summer. The constitutional tone of different minds naturally gives a different complexion to their view of things, even when they may agree in the main; and in discussing matters besides, one, or at least *I*, am apt to dwell on my points of difference with a man rather than on my points of agreement with him, because, in one case, I may get my own opinions modified and modify his—in the other, we only end where we began. I confess that it does pain me when I find my friends *shocked* at the expression of my sentiments, because, if a man had entered on the same particular inquiry himself, although he should have come to a wholly different conclusion at last, still if he gave me credit for sincerity, he ought not to be shocked at my not having as yet come to the same conclusion with himself, and would rather quietly try to bring me there—and if he had not inquired into the subject, then he certainly ought not to be shocked; as giving me credit for the same fundamental principles with himself, he ought not to think that non-inquiry would lead to truth, and inquiry to error. In your case, I know that your mind is entirely candid; and that no man will conduct an inquiry with more perfect fairness; you have, therefore, the less reason for abstaining from inquiry altogether. I can assure you, that I never remember to have held a conversation such as those which we had last summer without deriving benefit in some way or other from the remarks urged in opposition to my own views; very often they have modified my opinions, sometimes entirely changed them—and when they have done neither, they have yet led me to consider myself and my own state of mind; lest even whilst holding the truth, I might have bought the possession of it too dearly (I mean, of course, in lesser matters) by exercising the understanding too much, and the affections too little.

4. TO MRS. EVELYN. (On the death of her husband.)

Rugby, February 22, 1829.

I need not, I trust, say how deeply I was shocked and grieved by the intelligence contained in your letter. I was totally ignorant of your most heavy loss, and it was one of the hopes in which I have often fondly indulged, that I might some time or other again meet one who I believe was my earliest friend, and for whom I had never ceased to retain a strong admiration and regard. I heard of him last winter from a common friend who had been indebted to his kindness, and whom I have also lost within the last few months, Mr. Lawes, of Marlborough; and since that time I had again lost sight of him, till I received from you the account of his death. He must, indeed, be an irreparable loss to all his family; for I well remember the extra-

ordinary promise which he gave as a boy, of mingled nobleness and gentleness of heart, as well as of very great powers of understanding. These were visible to me even at an earlier period of his life than you are perhaps aware of; for it was not at Harrow that I knew him, but at Warminster, when we were both very young, and since the year 1806 I have never seen him; but the impression of his character has remained strongly marked on my memory ever since, for I never knew so bright a promise in any other boy; I never knew any spirit at that age so pure and generous, and so free from the ordinary meannesses, coarsenesses, and littlenesses of boyhood. It will give me great pleasure to comply with your wishes with regard to an inscription to his memory, if you will be kind enough to furnish me with some particulars of his life and character in later years; for mine is but a knowledge of his boyhood, and I am sure that his manhood must have been even still better worth knowing. You will, however, I am sure, allow me to state in perfect sincerity, that I feel very ill qualified to write anything of this nature, and that it requires a peculiar talent which I feel myself wholly to want. I should give you, I fear, but a very bad inscription; but if you really wish me to attempt it, I will do the best I can to express at least my sincere regard and respect for the memory of my earliest friend.*

Let me thank you sincerely for all the particulars which you have been kind enough to give me in your letter.

5. TO THE REV. J. LOWE. Rugby, March 16, 1830.

I have been feeding the press sheet by sheet with a pamphlet or booklet on the Catholic Question. You will say there was no need; but I wanted to show that to do national injustice is a *sin*, and that the clergy, whilst they urge the continuance of this injustice, are making themselves individually guilty of it. And I have written at any rate very peaceably; though you know you used to say that I was "violent on both sides." I saw Milman at Oxford, (where I went not as you may suppose to vote for Sir R. Inglis,) and I was sorry to hear from him rather an indifferent account of you. But from your own

* The following was the inscription which he sent:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

GEORGE EVELYN, ESQ.,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

HIS EARLY YEARS GAVE A BEAUTIFUL PROMISE
OF VIGOUR OF UNDERSTANDING, KINDNESS OF HEART,
AND CHRISTIAN NOBLENESS OF PRINCIPLE:
HIS MANHOOD ABUNDANTLY FULFILLED IT.
LIVING AND DYING IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST,
HE HAS LEFT TO HIS FAMILY A HUMBLE BUT LIVELY HOPE
THAT, AS HE WAS RESPECTED AND LOVED BY MEN,
HE HAS BEEN FORGIVEN AND ACCEPTED BY GOD.

letter since, I am hoping that I may augur more favourably. I do rejoice that you have got Hilton, and that you are thus released from the prospect of pupils. Much as I enjoy the work of education in health, for it is at once ἕξις πρακτικὴ and ἕξις ποιητικὴ, I think it would press heavily upon me if I were not quite well and strong. I should much like to see you in your new quarters, but my difficulty is that, when I can move at all, I like to move so far; and thus, in the summer, if all goes well, I hope to see the Alps, and swim in the Mediterranean once again. Your cousin, little Jackson, is a nice boy, and reminds me much of his poor eldest brother; but I do not and cannot see much individually of the boys in the lower part of the school, although I know pretty nearly how each is going on. Reform is a great and difficult work: I can readily allow of the difficulties, but not of the dishonest spirit which makes when it cannot find them, and exaggerates them when it can. "Where there is a will there is a way," is true I believe politically as well as spiritually, and you know that mine is a commonwealth, or rather one of Aristotle's or Plato's perfect kingdoms, where the king is superior by nature to all his subjects—propter defectum ætatis. But if the king of Prussia was as sincere a lover of liberty as I am, he would give his people a constitution—for my great desire is to teach my boys to govern themselves—a much better thing than to govern them well myself. Only in their case, "propter defectum ætatis," as aforesaid, they never can be quite able to govern themselves, and will need some of my government. You would be amused to see how the gentlemen in this neighbourhood are coming round about the Catholics. The worst part I think of the whole business is the effectual manner in which the clergy generally, and of Oxford especially, have cut their own throats in the judgment of all enlightened public men—an evil more dangerous to their interests than twenty Catholic Emancipation Bills, and which, as in France, may extend to more than their worldly interests, for an ignorant and selfish clergy is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of able and liberal-minded statesmen embracing Christianity thoroughly. They will compliment it generally, but they will not heartily act upon its principles so long as they who are supposed to represent its spirit best, are such unfaithful mirrors of it. I had no conception how much of the worst Puritanism still subsisted, and now stript even of that which once palliated its evils—the loss of civil liberty.

6. TO THE REV. JULIUS HARE. Rugby, March 30, 1829.

. . . I am much obliged to you for sending me your Defence of Niebuhr; and still more for the most kind and gratifying manner in which you have mentioned me in it; there are few things more delightful than to be so spoken of by those whom we entirely respect, and whose good opinion and regard we have wished to gain.

I should not have troubled you with my pamphlet on the Catholic question, had it not involved points beyond the mere question, now at issue, and on which I was desirous to offer you some explanation, as I

think our opinions respecting them are widely different. From what you say in the Guesses at Truth, and again in your Defence of Niebuhr, you appear to me to look upon the past with feelings of reverence, in which I cannot participate. It is not that I think we are better than our fathers in proportion to our lights, or that our powers are at all greater; on the contrary, they deserve more admiration, considering the difficulties they had to struggle with; yet still I cannot but think, that the habit of looking back upon them as models, and more especially in all political institutions, as the surest way to fetter our own progress, and to deprive us of the advantages of our own superior experience, which, it is no boast to say, that we possess, but rather, a most disgraceful reproach, since we use them so little. The error of the last century appears to me to have been this, that they undervalued their ancestors without duly studying antiquity; thus they naturally did not gain the experience which they ought to have done, and were confident even whilst digging from under their feet the ground on which their confidence might have rested justly. Yet still, even in this respect, the 16th and 17th centuries have little cause, I think, to insult the 18th. The great writers of those times read, indeed, enormously, but surely their critical spirit was in no proportion to their reading—and thus the true experience to be gained from the study of antiquity was not gained, because antiquity was not fully understood. It is not, I believe, that I estimate our actual doings more highly than you do; but, I believe, I estimate those of our fathers less highly; and instead of looking upon them as in any degree a standard, I turn instinctively to that picture of entire perfection which the Gospel holds out, and from which I cannot but think that the state of things in times past was further removed even than ours is now, although our *little* may be more inexcusable than their *less* was in them. And, in particular, I confess, that if I were called upon to name what spirit of evil predominantly deserved the name of Antichrist, I should name the spirit of chivalry *—the more detestable for the very guise of the "Archangel ruined," which has made it so seductive to the most generous spirits—but to me so hateful, because it is in direct opposition to the impartial justice of the Gospel, and its comprehensive feeling of equal brotherhood, and because it so fostered a sense of honour rather than a sense of duty.

7. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. May 29, 1829.

[After refusing to reprint the pamphlet on the Roman Catholic claims, and expressing his belief that the school has not and will not sustain an injury from what he has done.] I claim a full right to use

* "Chivalry," or (as he used more frequently to call the element in the middle ages which he thus condemned) "feudality, is especially Keltic and barbarian—incompatible with the highest virtue of which man is capable, and the last at which he arrives—a sense of justice. It sets up the personal allegiance to the chief above allegiance to God and law." And in like manner he maintained that the great excellence of the 18th century was the development of the idea of justice,—even amidst the excesses to which it was carried in some of the notions then prevalent on what was called civil and religious liberty.

my own discretion in writing upon any subject I choose, provided I do not neglect my duties as master in order to find time for it. But those who know me will be aware that, to say nothing of my duty, my interest in the school far exceeds what I feel in any sort of composition of my own; and that neither here nor at Laleham, have I ever allowed my own writings to encroach upon the time, or on the spirits and vigour of mind and body, which I hold that my pupils have a paramount claim upon.

As to the principles in the pamphlet, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment to me, that any man calling himself a Christian, should think them bad, or should not recognise in them the very principles of Christianity itself. If my principles are bad, I only wish that those who think them so would state their own in opposition to them. It is all very well to call certain principles mischievous and democratical; but I believe very few of those, who do so call them, would be able to bear the monstrous nature of their own, if they were obliged fully to develop them. I mean that they would then be seen to involve what in their daily language about things of common life their very holders laugh at as absurdity and mischief. For instance, about continual reforms, or the wisdom of our ancestors—I have heard Tories laugh at the farmers in their parish, for opposing the mending of the roads, because, as they said, what had been good enough for their fathers was good enough for them; and yet these farmers were not an atom more silly than the people who laughed at them, but only more consistent. And as to the arrogance of tone in the pamphlet, I do not consider it to be arrogance to assume that I know more of a particular subject, which I have studied eagerly from a child, than those do who notoriously do not study it at all. The very men who think it hard to be taxed with ignorance of modern history, and of the laws and literature of foreign nations, are men who, till this question came on, never pretended to know anything about them; and, in the case of the Evangelicals, professed to shun such studies as profane. I should consider no man arrogant, who, if I were to talk about some mathematical or scientific question which he had studied habitually, and on which all scientific men were agreed, should tell me that I did not and could not understand the subject, because I had never liked mathematics, and had never pretended to work at them. Those only who have studied history with that fondness that I have done all my life can fully appreciate the pain which it gives me to see the most mischievous principles supported, as they have been on this question, with an ignorance truly audacious. I will only instance Mr. C.'s appeal to English History in proof that God's judgments will visit us if we grant any favour to the Catholics. . . . On the point of Episcopacy, I can only say, that my notions, whether right or wrong, have been drawn solely from the New Testament itself, according to what appears to me its true meaning and spirit. I do not know that I ever read any Low Church or No Church argument in my life. But I should like to develop my notions on this point more fully hereafter. I have some thoughts of publishing a volume of essays on various points connected

with Christian doctrine and practice: I do not mean now—but if I live, and can work out some points, on which I have not yet got far enough to authorise me to address others, yet I think I see my way to some useful truths. Meantime I trust I shall not give just cause of offence to any good and wise man—or of personal offence to any man.

8. TO A PARENT HOLDING UNITARIAN OPINIONS.

Rugby, June 15, 1829.

I had occasion to speak to your son this evening on the subject of the approaching confirmation; and, as I had understood that his friends were not members of the Established Church, my object was not so much to persuade him to be confirmed, as to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me to speak with him generally on the subject of his state as a Christian, and the peculiar temptations to which he was now peculiarly exposed, and the nature of that hope and faith which he would require as his best defence. But, on enquiring to what persuasion his friends belonged, I found that they were Unitarians. I felt myself therefore unable to proceed, because, as nothing would be more repugnant to my notions of fair dealing, than to avail myself indirectly of my opportunities of influencing a boy's mind contrary to the religious belief of his parents, without giving them the fullest notice, so, on the other hand, when the differences of belief are so great and so many, I feel that I could not at all enter into the subject, without enforcing principles wholly contrary to those in which your son has been brought up. This difficulty will increase with every half-year that he remains at the school, as he will be gradually coming more and more under my immediate care; and I can neither suffer any of those boys with whom I am more immediately connected, to be left without religious instruction, nor can I give it in his case, without unavoidably imparting views, wholly different from those entertained by the persons whom he is naturally most disposed to love and honour. Under the circumstances, I think it fair to state to you, what line I shall feel bound to follow, after the knowledge which I have gained of your son's religious belief. In everything I should say to him on the subject, I should use every possible pains and delicacy to avoid hurting his feelings with regard to his relations; but at the same time, I cannot avoid labouring to impress on him, what is my belief on the most valuable truths in Christianity, and which, I fear, must be sadly at variance with the tenets in which he has been brought up. I should not do this controversially, and in the case of any other form of dissent from the Establishment, I would avoid dwelling on the differences between us, because I could teach all that I conceive to be essential in Christianity, without at all touching upon them. But in this instance, it is impossible to avoid interfering with the very points most at issue. I have a very good opinion of your son, both as to his conduct and his abilities, and I should be very sorry to lose him from the school. I think, also, that any one who knows me, would give you ample assurance that I have not the slightest feeling against Dissenters as

such, or any desire, but rather very much the contrary, to make this school exclusive. My difficulty with your son is not one which I feel as a Churchman, but as a Christian; and goes only on this simple principle, that I feel bound to teach the essentials of Christianity to all those committed to my care—and with these the tenets of the Unitarians alone, among all the Dissenters in the kingdom, are in my judgment irreconcileable. I trust that you will forgive me for having troubled you thus at length on this subject.

9. TO THE REV. GEORGE CORNISH. (After the death of his father-in-law.)

Rugby, September 2, 1829.

I, too, had been meditating a letter to you for some time past, when the sight of yours roused me to make a vigorous effort, and here I have regularly begun a sheet of paper to you. You will perhaps have heard already that all our anxiety for Mr. Penrose was speedily and mercifully terminated, by as blessed a death as I suppose ever was witnessed. Although we were naturally anxious about him, because his attacks, though very slight and transient, had rather increased in frequency, yet he was perfectly able to perform all his usual duties, and enjoy his usual comforts in his family, and even his amusements in attending to his garden. On the Thursday before his death he was standing on his ladder, and pruning his vine for some time, and he went to bed perfectly well. The next morning he was seized with a more violent attack, but still without pain, or without affecting his senses, and all he said indicated perfect Christian peace. A second attack the same morning made him speechless, and he soon sank into a lethargic slumber, in which he remained till Sunday night, when he expired in the arms of his children without a struggle. We arrived in time to see him alive, although he was then insensible, and M. followed him to his grave on the Thursday following, with her aunts, brothers and sisters, and John Keble to read the funeral service. . . . When I dwell on the entire happiness that we are tasting day after day and year after year, it really seems startling; and the sense of so much and such continual temporal mercy, is even more than humbling,—it is at times even fearful to me when I look within, and know how little truly grateful I am for it. All the children are well, and all, I trust, improving in character—thanks to their dear mother's care for them, who, under God, has been their constant corrector and guide. As for myself, I think of Wordsworth's lines,

> "Yes! they can make who fail to find
> Brief leisure e'en in busiest days," &c.

and I know how much need I have to make such moments of leisure: for else one goes on still employed, till all makes progress, except our spiritual life, and that, I fear, goes backward. The very dealing, as I do, with beings in the highest state of bodily health and spirits, is apt

to give a corresponding carelessness to my own mind. I must be all alive and vigorous to manage them, and to do my work; very different from the contemplations of sickness and sorrow, which so often present themselves to a man who has the care of a parish. And, indeed, my spirits in themselves are a great blessing, for without them, the work would weigh me down, whereas now I seem to throw it off like the fleas from a dog's back when he shakes himself. May I learn daily and hourly σωφρονεῖν.

I am very much delighted with what you say of my pamphlet [on the Roman Catholic claims]. I know it gave —— pain, and I fear it has ——, and others of my friends. Yet, I know that I did not write it with one atom of unkindness or violence of feeling—nor do I think that the language or tone is violent; and what I said of the clergy, I said in the very simplicity of my heart, no more imagining that it would give offence, than if I had said that they were unacquainted generally with military tactics or fortification. The part which you object to, was not put in unthinkingly—but I wished very much to bring the matter of schism to an issue; and if any respectable man were to notice that part of the pamphlet, I should like to enter more fully into the subject. My own notions upon it have grown up wholly out of the New Testament, and because I never have thought, that what people call the Primitive Church, and much less the Ante-Nicene Creed more generally, was any better *authority* per se, than the Church of Rome, or the Greek Church. But I do not know that what I have said in the pamphlet goes at all beyond the fair conclusions to be drawn from our own Article,* which gives to any national Church an authority to manage its own concerns, where God has not laid down any fixed rule; and, besides, what resemblance is there between the government of the most ancient Episcopal Churches, and that of the Church of England, to those who regard resemblances or differences of government to consist in things more than in names? I think, that what I have said in my pamphlet merely goes so far as to assert, that there is no schism in the Church of England, having nothing to do with the Bishop of Rome, or in the Kirk of Scotland, having nothing to do with any Archbishops and Bishops at all, but that I have not at all treated of the question of different ecclesiastical societies existing in one and the same civil society like our English Dissenters, whatever my own opinions may be about the matter. I find people continually misunderstanding the strong distinction which I draw between individuals and societies, insomuch that Faber charges me with saying, that every individual has a right to govern himself, which I have specially disclaimed in divers places; being, in fact, a firm believer in the duty of absolute passive obedience in all cases between an individual and the government—but not when the individual is acting as a member of the society, and their concurrence with him tells him that obedience is now a misplaced term—because there is no authority in a rebellious government—rebellious against society—to claim obedience. I am sure that my views in this matter

* Article 34.

are neither seditious nor turbulent—and I think I stated them clearly, but it seems they were not clear to everybody.

10. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, October 14, 1829.

. . . I never felt more strongly the desire of keeping up my old friendships, and it often grieves me to think how little I see or hear of many of those for whom I feel the strongest regard. I do not mean that this is their fault rather than mine, or that it is a fault at all; but it is a tendency of middle life and settled occupation, which I think we ought to struggle against, or else it grows with a fearful rapidity. I am very anxious to express my repentance of that passage in my pamphlet, which you allude to—"raving about idolatry," &c. I mean my repentance of its tone and language, for the substance of it I think correct, and that men whose most ignorant, and worse than ignorant, application of English history had, to say the truth, made me angry, are likely to do a great deal of mischief in Ireland. But the expression was unkind, and too sweeping, and I certainly ought not, nor would I, speak of all those as "raving about idolatry," whose opinions as to the guilt of the Romish Church differ from my own. With regard to the apparent inconsistency between the sermons and the pamphlet, you will find the term "practically idolatry" applied to the Roman Catholic system in some countries, even in the pamphlet. I never wish to mince the matter with their practices, but still, in principle, I cannot call the Romish Church an idolatrous Church in that strong sense as to warrant Faber's conclusions, even putting aside the difference of Christian times from Jewish. I should compare their superstitions to the worship of the brazen serpent, which Hezekiah did away with, which appears to have been long in existence, and which, in many of its worshippers, at any rate, was practically idolatry; but I should not have called the Jewish Church idolatrous so long as this worship was encouraged, nor applied to it the language of "Come out of her, my people," &c. . . .

Of the moral state of the boys, for which of course I care infinitely the most, I can judge the least: our advantages in that respect are great, at least in the absence of many temptations to gross vice; but to cultivate a good spirit in the highest sense is a far different thing from shutting out one or two gross evils from want of opportunity.

11. TO REV. J. TUCKER. Rugby, October 26, 1829.

. . . If we are alive fifteen years hence, I think I would go with you gladly to Swan River, if they will make me schoolmaster there, and lay my bones in the land of kangaroos and opossums. I laugh about it; yet if my wife were alive, and able to go, I should think it a very great benefit to the good cause to go out with all my family, and become a Swan River man; and I should try to get others of our friends to go out with us. My notion is, that no missionarysing is half so beneficial, as to try to pour sound and healthy blood into a young

civilised society; to make one colony, if possible, like the ancient colonies, or like New England—a living sucker from the mother-country, bearing the same blossoms and the same fruits, not a reproduction of its vilest excrescences, its ignorance, and its wickedness, while all its good elements are left behind in the process. No words can tell the evil of such colonies as we have hitherto planted, where the best parts of the new society have been men too poor to carry with them or to gain much of the higher branches of knowledge; or else mere official functionaries from England, whose hearts and minds have been always half at home, and who have never identified themselves with the land in which they were working. But if you and your sisters were to go out, with half Southborough after you,—apothecary, lawyers, butchers, bakers, tailors, carpenters, and labourers,—and if we were to join with a similar draught from Rugby and Laleham, I think we should deserve to be ἀναγραπτοι εὐέργεται both here and in Swan River. Such are my notions about it: and I am not clear that I shall not devote my first £1000 that I make here to the purchase of land in Swan River, that I may have my estate and the school buildings got into due order, before I shut up shop at Rugby. Meantime, I hope you will not think I ought to shut up shop forthwith, and adjourn to the next asylum for daft people, because I am thus wildly dreaming about Swan River, instead of talking soberly about Rugby. But Rugby is a very nice place all the same, and I wish you would come and form your own judgment of it, or that some of your sisters would, if you cannot or will not.

12. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Rugby, November 4, 1829.

What a time it is since I wrote to you! And how much has occurred and is continually occurring, on which I should like to write to you. You have heard perhaps of Mr. Penrose's death in September last, when, from the enjoyment of full health and vigour of mind and body, he was called away in three days with no intermediate pain or struggle, but by a gentle lethargic sleep, which lasted uninterrupted to his very last moment. Coupled with his holy and Christian life, which made him require no long time to go and renew his exhausted oil, his end was a most complete εὐθανασία, so rare a blessing, that one dares not hope or pray for a similar mercy in one's own case. . . .

We are going on comfortably, and I trust, thrivingly, with the school. We are above 200, and still looking upwards; but I neither expect, and much less desire, any great addition to our numbers. The school cannot, I think, regularly expect more than 200 or 250; it may ascend higher with a strong flood, but there will be surely a corresponding ebb after it. You may imagine that I ponder over, often enough, the various discussions that I have had with you about education, and verse making, and reading the Poets. I find the natural learning of a schoolmaster is so much to your view of the question, that my reason is more than ever led to think my own notions strongly required in the present state of classical education, if it were only on the principle of the bent

stick. There is something so beautiful in good Latin verses, and in hearing fine poetry well construed, and something so attractive altogether in good scholarship, that I do not wonder at masters directing an undue portion of their attention to a crop so brilliant. I feel it growing in myself daily; and, if I feel it, with prejudices all on the other side, I do not wonder at its being felt generally. But my deliberate conviction is stronger and stronger, that all this system is wholly wrong for the greater number of boys. Those who have talents and natural taste, and fondness for poetry, find the poetry lessons very useful; the mass do not feel one tittle about the matter, and, I speak advisedly, do not, in my belief, benefit from them one grain. I am not sure that other things would answer better, though I have very little doubt of it; but at any rate, the present plan is so entire a failure, that nothing can be risked by changing it. . . . More than half my boys never saw the sea, and never were in London, and it is surprising how the first of these disadvantages interferes with their understanding much of the ancient poetry, while the other keeps the range of their ideas in an exceedingly narrow compass. Brought up myself in the Isle of Wight, amidst the bustle of soldiers and sailors, and familiar from a child with boats and ships, and the flags of half Europe, which gave me an instinctive acquaintance with geography, I quite marvel to find in what a state of ignorance boys are at seventeen or eighteen, who have lived all their days in inland country parishes, or small country towns. . . For your comfort, I think I am succeeding in making them write very fair Latin prose, and to observe and understand some of the differences between the Latin and English idioms. On the other hand, what our boys want in one way they get in another; from the very circumstance of their being the sons of quieter parents, they have far less ὕβρις, and more εὐήθεια, than the boys of any other school I ever knew. Thus, to say the least, they have less of a most odious and unchristian quality, and are thus more open to instruction, and have less repugnance to be good, because their master wishes them to be so. . . . I have almost filled my paper, and can only add that Thucydides is getting on slowly, but I think that it will be a much less defective book than it was likely to have been had I remained at Laleham; for though I have still an enormous deal to learn, yet my scholarship has mended considerably within the last year at Rugby. I suppose you will think at any rate that it will be better to publish Thucydides, however imperfectly, than to write another pamphlet. Poor dear pamphlet! I seem to feel the greater tenderness for it, because it has excited so much odium; and now I hear that it is reported at Oxford that I wish to suppress it; which is wholly untrue. I would not print a second edition, because the question was settled, and controversy about it was become absurd: but I never have repented of it in any degree, or wished it unwritten, "pace tuâ dixerim," and I only regret that I did not print a larger impression.

13. TO REV. H. JENKYNS. Rugby, November 11, 1829.

I thank you heartily for two very kind letters, and am very anxious to be favoured with some more of your friend's comments [on Thucydides]. . . . I hope I am not too old or too lazy or too obstinate to be taught better. . . . I do thank you very much for your kindness in taking so much trouble in my behalf; and I earnestly beg of you to send me more. . . . And can you tell me, or, if not, will you ask Amicus Doct.,—where is to be found a summary of the opinions of English scholars about ὅπως and ὅπως μὴ, and the moods which they require: and further, do you or he hold their doctrine good for anything? Dawes, and all men who endeavour to establish general rules, are of great use in directing one's attention to points, which one might otherwise have neglected; and labour and acuteness often discover a rule, where indolence and carelessness fancied it was all haphazard. But larger induction and sounder judgment (which I think exist in Hermann in an infinite degree beyond any of our English scholars) teach us to distinguish again between a principle and an usage; the latter may be general, but if it be merely usage, grounded on no intelligible principle, it seems to me foolish to insist on its being universal, and to alter texts right and left, to make them all conformable to the Canon. Equidem,—both in Greek and in other matters,—think liberty a far better thing than uniformity of form merely, where no principle is concerned. Voilà the cloven foot.

14. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. (In allusion to a libel in the *John Bull*.)

Rugby, May 11, 1830.

I thank you for another very kind letter. In a matter of this sort, I willingly resign my own opinion to that of a man like yourself, at once my friend and legal adviser. I think, too, that I am almost bound to attend to the opinion of the Bishop of London; for his judgment of the inexpediency of prosecuting must rest on the scandal which he thinks it will bring upon religion and the Church, and of this he is a far better judge than I am; nor, to say the truth, should I much like to act in a doubtful manner in opposition to the decided advice of a Bishop in a case that concerned the Church. I say this in sober earnest, in spite of what you call my Whiggery and Radicalism. . . .

15. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, May 12, 1830.

. . . The authorities which are arrayed against proceeding are quite decisive, and I heartily agree with you that clergymen must not go to law, when lawyers say they should not. Still, as I had no thought of gain or of vengeance, but simply of procuring a public justification of my character—not my opinions—I feel that it would have been no lack of charity to proceed, though I am heartily glad to be spared the necessity of doing so by so many and such powerful representations. But I trust that you and all my friends will give me

credit for being perfectly tolerant of all attacks upon my writings or general abuse of my opinions. . . . Believe me, I am heartily glad of the final result of this discussion, for I had no wish to go to law; but I thought that my known, or rather my misrepresented opinions on politics, ought to make me particularly anxious to deny any charge respecting religious matters. But I am perfectly willing to take the judgment of my friends and of impartial persons in what rests wholly on opinion, and besides, if the attack or loss to my own character were ever so great, I should quite agree with you that it was better to bear it, than to bring sacred things into discussion in places, and through disputants wholly unfitted for them. But this I at first did not contemplate as the likely result.

16. TO F. HARTWELL, ESQ. Rugby, June 28, 1830.

. . . I have just published one volume of Thucydides; when the others will follow, it is hard to say, for the work here is more and more engrossing continually; but I like it better and better; it has all the interest of a great game of chess, with living creatures for pawns and pieces, and your adversary, in plain English, the Devil: truly he plays a very tough game, and is very hard to beat, if I ever do beat him. It is quite surprising to see the wickedness of young boys; or would be surprising, if I had not had my own school experience and a good deal since to enlighten me.

[The following letters, which have been inserted as exhibiting the earlier stages of his views of ancient history, were occasioned by his revision of the "Outlines of General History," and the first numbers of "The History of Rome," for the Useful Knowledge Society.]

17. TO T. F. ELLIS, ESQ. June 26, 1830.

. . . In the Roman History, I have been inclined to doubt Niebuhr's notion of the Alpine origin of the Tuscans. Do not all existing accounts concur in stating that the *Metropolis* of the race in Italy was *south*, not *north*, of the Apennines? and does not the Tuscan notion of the Gods dwelling to the north, on the Alps, and from thence looking down on the world, rather imply that the Alps were to the Tuscans in Italy the barrier of their world, the limit of their knowledge, rather than the earliest home of their nation. But this is happily not of any great consequence. Further, I believe that the great falsehood of the Roman history begins with the Commonwealth; the reigns of the kings I cannot but think contain more truth than Niebuhr allows. The story of the elder Tarquin in particular seems to me thoroughly probable, and to be confirmed by the authority of the Emperor Claudius, in his speech preserved on the brass plate at Lyons; and Claudius was well acquainted with the Tuscan historians.

Again, the great crisis in the foreign powers of Rome seems to me to have been her war with the Samnites, Gauls, Tuscans, and Umbrians, in the fifth century of Rome. Why did the Romans triumph over this coalition? And was it by the superior population of Latium,

which we know was exceedingly dense? I have always wanted this period to be brought out into stronger light, though I do not know whether it is practicable. I am delighted that you have given Vico his due. I have mentioned him also in the Appendix to the first volume of my Thucydides, which is just published. In the account of the origin of the Roman tribes, I do not see clearly whom you suppose the Rhames to have been—were they the mixed Casco-Pelasgian people, and the Luceres the pure Pelasgian? But then how came the Traditions of the inferior tribe to prevail so entirely? I am still inclined to think that the Luceres were connected with Tuscany.

18. TO THE SAME. Rugby, July 2, 1830.

I ought to have written to you sooner about chapter xiv., but I have had very much to do immediately before the holidays. The following remarks have occurred to me, which I will put down in order.

Sect. 1.—Is not some brief explanation required of the causes of the Roman successes by sea, immediately after the first creation of their navy? And is not the principle of general usefulness, that any superiority acquired only by one nation getting the start of another, and so having studied the subject longer, is always liable to be overthrown, when the rival nation fairly enters into the race?

[After some remarks on the Jus Italicum.] The Jus Cæritum appears to have been a mere communication of the private rights of citizenship, made at a time when the citizenship of Cære was as valuable to a Roman as that of Rome to a Cæritan. I have long had a suspicion that the term "socii navales," habitually applied to the Roman seamen, was derived from a time when all the navy of Rome was furnished by her allies, probably by this very Cære or Agylla.

Sect. 5.—The Little St. Bernard is not at the source of the Isere, but some miles below it. If Cramer's statement fail anywhere, I have always imagined that it was here, and that the army might possibly have followed the Isere higher up than he imagines, and descended into a valley which would take them more directly down upon Turin. The passes between the Little St. Bernard and Mount Cenis are almost the only points which I believe have not been examined.

Might not the wisdom and firmness of the Romans in maintaining the struggle in Spain, and thus depriving Hannibal of his great nursery of soldiers, be noticed as contributing mainly to the success of the war? Had Hasdrubal followed him immediately, instead of nine years afterwards, the fate of Rome was inevitable.

I have noticed all that struck me as worth noticing as to the expediency of any alteration. I am very much pleased to have had an opportunity of reading these chapters attentively, and I am sure they must have cost you no little trouble, and will be exceedingly useful. I like much your summary of the second Punic war, and your remarks at the close of it. The great art seems to be to make certain salient points, in an abridged history, in the way of remarks or recapitulation

—otherwise it is like travelling through the plains of Lombardy; one is interested with each successive scene, but gains no general notion of the whole country, and the bearings of one place with another.

19. TO THE SAME. Rugby, September 12, 1830.

. . . About the Pelasgian element in the Athenian people, I am not quite satisfied. There is a clever pamphlet by a Dr. Edwards, a friend of Thierry's, in which he maintains that the original inhabitants of all countries, such as the Celts in Britain, have been much less lost by subsequent conquests than is commonly supposed, and that their physical type shows itself unchanged after the lapse of centuries. If so, the predominant element at Athens would have been Pelasgian—and was it then the Pelasgian rather than the Hellenic people whose intellectual nature was so wonderful? Certainly there appears very little of the same superiority amongst the Dorians of Peloponnesus, who were pure Hellenes, or amongst the Æolic Bœotians. But this question of race requires still a much larger induction, I think, before we can argue solidly about it.

20. TO THE SAME. Rugby, October 3, 1830.

I have kept the two volumes which were sent to me longer than I ought, but my time has been sadly occupied, and I find it impossible to do either of them justice. The Rome, I think, promises exceedingly well; and I have ventured to add a sort of sketch of the scenery from my recollection of it, chiefly, I believe, because it is a delight to me to recall to my mind images of such beauty. But if the description be clear, of which I cannot judge, I think it will not be misplaced; at least I have a great fondness for such topographical details myself.

I cannot yet be quite so sceptical about the kings; nor can I see so clearly the poetical character of the early Roman History. Perhaps, however, it would be better to say that I do not trace the fictitious character of it so strongly; for the traditions may well have come down in verse, but it makes all the difference whether they were merely real events described in the style and form most fitted to make them relished and remembered, or whether they were wild inventions, like Ariosto's tale of the siege of Paris by the Saracens. Is not one of the most correct accounts of William the Conqueror's Expedition to be found in an old poem, Le Roman du Rou?

. . . What you say of the Achæans is I suppose quite just: Achaia was less Doricised than the rest of the Peloponnesus, but, from its obscurity during the brilliant times of Greece, very little seems to be known about it. The system of federation existed everywhere in the early state of society, and Achaia was ripe for its renewal at a later period, because no one town had so outgrown the others as to aspire to become the capital of the whole country.

[Some of these opinions, especially those on mythical history, were afterwards much modified. See the early chapters of his "History of Rome," and the Preface to the third volume of his Edition of Thucydides.]

21. TO THE REV. GEORGE CORNISH. Rugby, August 24, 1830.

Your letter was a most welcome sight to me the first morning of my arrival at home, amidst the host of strange handwritings and letters of business which now greet me every morning. It rejoices me to think that we are going to have a cousin of yours at Rugby, and I suppose we shall see him here on Saturday, when the great coach starts. You know that it is licensed to carry not exceeding 260 passengers, besides the foundationers. I agreed with the Pythagoreans that τὸ ἀόριστον was one of the number of κάκα, and so I applied to the Trustees, and got the limit set. We are not near it yet, being not quite 260, including foundationers, and perhaps may never reach it; but that I shall not at all regret, and all I wanted was never to go beyond it. We have got a Cambridge man, a Fellow of Trinity, who was most highly recommended to me as a new master; and I hope we shall pull hard and all together during the next half-year: there is plenty to be done, I can assure you; but thank God, I continue to enjoy the work, and am now in excellent condition for setting to it. You may see M——'s name and mine amongst the subscribers for the sufferers at Paris. It seems to me a most blessed revolution, spotless beyond all example in history, and the most glorious instance of a royal rebellion against society, promptly and energetically repressed, that the world has yet seen. It magnificently vindicates the cause of knowledge and liberty, showing how humanising to all classes of society are the spread of thought and information, and improved political institutions; and it lays the crimes of the last revolution just in the right place, the wicked aristocracy, that had so brutalised the people by its long iniquities, that they were like slaves broken loose when they first bestirred themselves.

Before all these events took place, on my way out through France, I was reading Guizot's History of the Progress of Civilisation in France from the earliest times. You know he is now Minister of the Interior, and one of the ablest writers in France. In his book he gives a history of the Pelagian controversy, a most marvellous contrast with the Liberals of a former day, or with our Westminster Reviewers now. Guizot sides with St. Augustine; but the whole chapter is most worthy of notice; the freedom of the will, so far as to leave a consciousness of guilt when we have not done our duty,—the corruption of our nature, which never lets us in fact come up to what we know we ought to do, and the help derived from prayers to God,—are stated as incontrovertible philosophical facts, of which every man's experience may convince him; and Guizot blames Pelagius for so exaggerating the notion of human freedom as to lose sight of our need of external assistance. And there is another chapter on the unity of the Church no less remarkable. Now Guizot is Professor of History in the University of Paris, and a most eminent Liberal; and it seems to me worthy of all notice to observe his language with regard to religion. And I saw Niebuhr at Bonn, on my way home, and talked with him for three hours; and I am satisfied from my own ears, if I had had any doubts

before, of the grossness of the slander which called him an unbeliever. I was every way delighted with him, and liked very much what I saw of his wife and children. Trevenen and his wife enjoyed the journey exceedingly, and are all the better for it. Amongst other things, I visited the Grand Chartreuse, which is certainly enough to make a man romantic, and the Church of Madonna del Monte; from whence, or rather from a mountain above it, I counted twelve mountain outlines between me and the horizon—the last, the ridge of the highest Alps—upon a sky so glowing with the sunset, that instead of looking white from their snow, they were like the teeth of a saw upon a plate of red-hot iron, all deep and black. I was delighted also with Venice; most of all delighted to see the secret prisons of the old aristocracy converted into lumber rooms, and to see German soldiers exercising authority in that place, which was once the very focus of the moral degradation of the Italian race, the seat of falsehood and ignorance and cruelty. They talk of building a bridge to Venice over the Lagune; if so, I am glad that I have seen it first. I liked Padua also, more than I thought I could have liked the birthplace of Titus Livius. The influence of the clergy must be great there, and most beneficially exercised; for a large institution for the poor of Padua, providing for those who are out of work, as well as for the old and infirm, derives its main support from legacies; the clergy never failing to urge every man who can at all afford it to leave something at his death for this object. We came home through the Tyrol, and through Wurtemberg and Baden, countries apparently as peaceful and prosperous and simple-mannered as I ever saw; it is quite economical travelling here. And now, when shall I travel to Kenwyn? I hope one of these days; but whether in the next winter or not, is hard to say; I only know that there are few things which I should enjoy better. I was so sorry to miss old Tucker, who came here for one day when I was abroad; he was at Leamington with his sister, to consult our great oracle, Jephson. Charles, I suppose, is only coming home upon leave, and will go out again; I should be very glad to see him, and to show him his marks on my Hederic's Lexicon when he was at Wyatt's. I wish I may be able to do anything for you as to a curate, but I am very much out of the world in those matters, and I have no regular correspondence with Oxford. I am afraid I am sadly in disgrace with all parties, between my Pamphlet and Sermons, and I am afraid that Thucydides will not mend the matter. As for the Pamphlet, that is all natural enough, but I really did not think there was any cloven foot in the Sermons, nor did I wish to show any; not, I hope, from time-serving, but because, what you said about the schism question, I wished to do with that and divers other points,—*i.e.* reserve them for a separate volume, which I hope I may be able to publish before I die. There are some points on which I feel almost as if I had a testimony to deliver, which I ought not to withhold. And Milman's History of the Jews made me more and more eager to deliver myself of my conceptions. But how to do it without interfering with other and even more pressing duties, I cannot tell. Last half-year, I preached every Sunday in Lent, and for the last five Sundays of the

half-year also, besides other times; and I had to write new sermons for all these, for I cannot bear to preach to the boys anything but what is quite fresh, and suggested by their particular condition. I never like preaching anywhere else so well; for one's boys are even more than a parish, inasmuch as one knows more of them all individually, than can easily be the case in a parish, and has a double authority over them, temporal as well as spiritual. . . . Though, to speak seriously, it is quite awful to watch the strength of evil in such young minds, and how powerless is every effort against it. It would give the vainest man alive a very fair notion of his own insufficiency, to see how little he can do, and how his most earnest addresses are as a cannon ball on a bolster; thorough careless unimpressibleness beats one all to pieces. And so it is, and so it will be; and, as far as I am concerned, I can quite say that it is much better that it should be so; for it would be too kindling, could one perceive these young minds really led from evil by one's own efforts; one would be sorely tempted to bow down to one's own net. As it is, the net is so palpably ragged, that one sees perforce how sorry an idol it would make. But I must go to bed, and spare your eyes and your patience.

22. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, November, 1830.

I am always glad to write to you, but I have now two especial causes for doing so; one to thank you for your Visitation sermon, and another to explain to you why I do not think it right to comply with your wishes touching the tricolour work-bag. For your sermon, I thank you for it; I believe I agree with it almost entirely, waiving some expressions, which I hold one never should cavil about, where one agrees in substance. But have you ever clearly defined to yourself what you mean by "one society," as applied to the whole Christian Church upon earth? It seems to me that most of what I consider the errors about "the Church," turn upon an imperfect understanding of this point. In one sense, and that a very important one, all Christians belong to one society; but then it is more like Cicero's sense of "societas," than what we mean by a society. There is a "societas generis humani," and a "societas hominum Christianorum;" but there is not one "respublica" or "civitas" of either, but a great many. The Roman Catholics say there is but one "respublica," and therefore, with perfect consistency, they say that there must be one central government: our Article, if I mistake not its sense, says, and with great truth, that the Christian Respublica depends on the political Respublica; that is, that there may be at least as many Christian societies as there are political societies, and that there may be, and in our own kingdom are, even more. If there be one Christian society, in the common sense of the word, there must be one government; whereas, in point of fact, the Scotch Church, the English Church, and the French Church, have all separate and perfectly independent governments; and consequently can only be in an unusual and peculiar sense "one society;"

* See Appendix II. (d) to Fragment on the Church.

that is, spiritually one, as having the same objects and the same principles, and the same supports, and the same enemies. You therefore seem to me right, in saying that a Roman Catholic should be addressed in England as a Dissenter; but all this appears to me to lead necessarily to this conclusion,—that the constitution and government of every Church is a political institution, and that conformity and nonconformity are so far matters of civil laws, that, where nonconformity, as in England, is strictly legal, there it is no offence, except in so far as it may be accompanied with heretical opinions, which is merely κατὰ συμβεβηκὸς. For the State says that there may be any given number of religious societies within its jurisdiction—societies, that is, in the common sense of the term, as bodies governing themselves; and it is clear that the State may lawfully say this, for, if the Church were one society, in this sense, by Christ's institution, then the Romanist doctrine would be true, and I do not say the Pope, but certainly a General Council would possess an authority paramount in ecclesiastical matters, payment of tithes, &c., to any local and human authority of Kings or Parliaments of this or that political division of the human race. I have thought not a little upon all this matter in my time, and I fancy that I see my own way straight; whether other people will think so, is a different question.

[After explaining a false report about a tricolored cockade and work-bag.] It is worse than obnoxious to apply this to English politics, and if any man seriously considers me to wish for a revolution here, with my seven children and good house to lose, (to put it on no other ground,) why he must even continue to think so. But I do admire the Revolution in France—admire it as heartily and entirely, as any event recorded in history; and I think that it becomes every individual, still more every clergyman, and most of all, every clergyman in a public situation, to express this opinion publicly and decidedly. I have not forgotten the twenty years' war, into which the English aristocracy and clergy drove Mr. Pitt in 1793, and which the Quarterly Review and other such writers are now seeking to repeat. I hold it to be of incalculable importance, that, while the conduct of France has been beyond all example pure and heroic, there should be so manifest a display of sympathy on the part of England, as to lead to a real mutual confidence and friendship between the two countries. Our government, I believe, is heartily disposed to do this, and I will not, for one, shrink from avowing a noble cause and a noble nation, because a party in England, joined through timidity by a number of men who have really no sympathy with it, choose to try to excommunicate all who will not join them. I have myself heard them expressing hearty approbation of the French Revolution, and yet shrink from avowing it, lest they should appear to join the Radicals. And thus they leave the Radicals in exclusive possession of sentiments, which they themselves join in, just as they would leave the Useful Knowledge Society to the Benthamites. I quarrel with no man for disapproving of the revolution, except he does it in such a manner as to excite national animosities, and so tend to provoke a war; but in a case so flagrant—a case of as

clear right, as the abolition of the slave trade—it is clearly not for the friends of France to suppress or conceal their sentiments. About Belgium the case is wholly different: there, the merits of the quarrel are far more doubtful, and the conduct of the popular party far less pure; and there I have no sympathy with the Belgians. But France, if it were only for the contrast to the first revolution, deserves, I think, the warmest admiration, and the most cordial expression of it. I have written now more upon this subject than I have either written or spoken upon it before to any one; for indeed I have very little time, and no inclination for disputes on such matters. But, if I am questioned about my opinions, and required to conceal them, as if I were ashamed of them, I think it right then to avow them plainly, and to explain my reasons for them. There is not a man in England who is less a party man than I am, for in fact no party would own me; and, when I was at ——'s in the summer, he looked upon me to be quite illiberal. But those who hold their own opinions in a string, will suppose that their neighbours do the same.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, SEPTEMBER, 1830, TO DECEMBER, 1832.

PERHAPS no more striking instance of his deep interest in the state of the country could be found, than in the gloom, with which his correspondence is suddenly overcast in the autumn of 1830. The alarming aspect of English society brought to view in the rural disturbances in the winter of 1830, and additionally darkened in 1831–32, by the visitation of the Cholera, and the political agitations of the Reform Bill, little as it came within his own experience, gave a colour to his whole mind. Of his state of feeling at this time, no better example can be given than the five sermons appended to the opening course of his practical school sermons, in his second volume, especially the last of them, which was preached in the chapel on the Sunday when the news of the arrival of the Cholera in England first reached Rugby. There are those amongst his pupils who can never forget the moment when, on that dark November afternoon, after the simple preface, stating in what sense worldly thoughts were or were not to be brought into that place, he at once began with that solemnity which marked his voice and manner when speaking of what deeply moved him:—"I need not tell you that this is a marked time—a time such as neither we, nor our fathers for many generations before us, have experienced; and to those who know what the past has been, it is no doubt awful to think of the change which we are now about to encounter." (Serm: vol. ii. p. 413). But in him the sight of evil, and the endeavour to remove it, were hardly ever disjointed; and whilst everything which he felt partook of the despondency with which that sermon opens, everything which he did

partakes of that cheerful activity with which the same sermon closes in urging the example of the Apostle's "wise and manly conduct amidst the dangers of storm and shipwreck."

The alarm which he felt was shared by many of the most opposite opinions to his own; but there could have been few, whom it touched at once on so many points. The disturbances of the time were to him the very evils which he had anticipated even as far back as 1819; they struck on some of the most sensitive of his natural feelings—his sense of justice, and his impatience of the sight of suffering: they seemed to him symptoms of a deep-seated disease in all the relations of English society—the results of a long series of evils from the neglect of the eighteenth century—of the lawlessness of the feudal system—of the oppressions of the Norman conquest—of the dissoluteness of the Roman empire—of the growth of those social and national sins which the Hebrew Prophets had denounced, and which Christianity in its full practical development was designed to check.*

Hence arose his anxiety to see the clergy take it up, as he had himself endeavoured to do in the sermons already noticed.

"I almost despair," he said, "of anything that any private or local efforts can do. I think that the clergy as a body might do much, if they were steadily to observe the evils of the times, and preach fearlessly against them. I cannot understand what is the good of a national Church if it be not to Christianise the nation, and introduce the principles of Christianity into men's social and civil relations, and expose the wickedness of that spirit which maintains the game laws, and in agriculture and trade seems to think that there is no such sin as covetousness, and that if a man is not dishonest, he has nothing to do but to make all the profit of his capital that he can."

Hence, again, his anxiety to impart or see imparted to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, then in the first burst of their reputation, and promising to exercise a really extensive influence on the country at large, something of the religious spirit, in which they seemed to him to be deficient.

"I am not wishing to see the Society's tracts turned into sermons,—far less to see them intermeddle in what are strictly theological controversies;—but I am sure that, with the exception of the Unitarians, all Christians have a common ground in all that is essential in Christianity, and beyond that I never wish to go;—and it does seem to me as forced and unnatural in us now to dismiss the principles of the Gospel and its great motives from our consideration,—as is done habitually, for example, in Miss Edgeworth's books—as it is to fill our pages with Hebraisms, and to write and speak in the words and style of the Bible. The slightest touches of Christian principle and Christian hope in the Society's biographical and historical articles would be a sort of living salt to the whole;—and would exhibit that union which I never will consent to think unattainable, between goodness and wisdom;—between everythng that is manly, sensible, and free, and everything that is pure and self-denying, and humble, and heavenly."

* See Miscell. Works, pp. 176, 192, 276; Hist. of Rome, vol. i. p. 266.

His communications with the Society, made, however, from the nature of the case, rather through individuals than officially, were at one time frequent; and though, from the different view which it took of its proper province, he was finally induced to discontinue them, he felt great reluctance in abandoning his hope of being able to co-operate with a body which he "believed might, with God's blessing, do more good of all kinds, political, intellectual, and spiritual, than any other society in existence."

"There was a show of reason," he said, "in excluding Christianity from the plan of the Society's works, so long as they avowedly confined themselves to science or to intellectual instruction: but in a paper intended to improve its readers *morally*, to make men better and happier, as well as better informed, surely neutrality with regard to Christianity is, virtually, hostility." "For myself," he adds, "I am well aware of my own insignificance, but if there were no other objection to the Penny Magazine assuming a decidedly Christian tone, than mere difficulties of execution, I would most readily offer my best services, such as they are, to the Society, and would endeavour to furnish them regularly with articles of the kind that I desire. My occupations here are so engrossing, that it would be personally very inconvenient to me to do so; and I am not so absurd as to think my offer of any value, except in the single case of a practical difficulty existing as to finding a writer, should the principle itself be approved of. I am fully convinced that if the Penny Magazine were decidedly and avowedly Christian, many of the clergy throughout the kingdom would be most delighted to assist its circulation by every means in their power. For myself, I should think that I could not do too much to contribute to the support of what would then be so great a national blessing; and I should beg to be allowed to offer £50 annually towards it, so long as my remaining in my present situation enabled me to gratify my inclinations to that extent."

The most practical attempt at the realisation of these views, was his own endeavour to set up a weekly newspaper, the Englishman's Register, which he undertook in 1831, "more to relieve his own conscience than with any sanguine hope of doing good," but "earnestly desiring to speak to the people the words of truth and soberness—to tell them plainly the evils that exist, and lead them, if I can, to their causes and their remedies." He was the proprietor, though not the sole editor, and he contributed the chief articles in it (signed A.), consisting chiefly of explanations of Scripture, and of comments on the political events of the day. It died a natural death in a few weeks, partly from his want of leisure to control it properly, and from the great expenses which it entailed upon him—partly from the want of cordial sympathy in any of the existing parties of the country. Finding, however, that some of his articles had been copied into the Sheffield Courant by its editor, Mr. Platt, he opened a communication with him in July, 1831, which he maintained ever afterwards, and commenced writing a series of Letters in that paper, which, to the number of thirteen, were afterwards published separately, and constitute the best

exposition of his views, on the main causes of social distress in England.

It was now that, with "the thirst for a lodge in some vast wilderness, which in these times of excitement," he writes to a friend, "is almost irresistible," he began to turn his thoughts to what ultimately became his home in Westmorland. It was now, also, that as he came more into contact with public affairs, he began to feel the want of sympathy and the opposition which he subsequently experienced on a larger scale. "I have no man like-minded with me," he writes to Archbishop Whately,—"none with whom I can cordially sympathise; there are many good men to be found, and many clever men, some too, who are both good and clever; but yet there is a want of some greatness of mind, or singleness of purpose, or delicacy of feeling, which makes them grate against the edge of one's inner man." This was the period when he felt most keenly his differences with the so-called Evangelical party, to which, on the one hand, he naturally looked for co-operation, as the body which at that time was placed at the head of the religious convictions of the country, but from which, on the other hand, he was constantly repelled by his strong sense of the obstacles which (as he thought) their narrow views and technical phraseology, were for ever opposing to the real and practical application of the Old and New Testament, as the remedy for the great wants of the age, social, moral, and intellectual.*

It was his own conviction of these wants which now more than ever awakened his desire for a commentary on the Scriptures, which should explain their true reference to the present state of England and of the world, as well as remove some of the intellectual difficulties, especially in the Old Testament, to which men's minds seemed to be growing more and more awake. And this, for the time, he endeavoured to accomplish by the statement of some of his general principles of interpretation in the Essay on that subject, which he affixed to his second volume of sermons published in December, 1831. The objections which this Essay excited at the time in various quarters were very great, and according to his own belief it exposed him to more misunderstanding than any other of his writings. But he never wavered in the conviction that its publication had been an imperative duty—it was written, as he said, "professionally, from his having had so much to do with young men, and from knowing what they wanted;" even in the last year of his life, he said that he looked upon it as the most important thing he had ever written. "I thought it likely," he writes at the time to a friend, "with God's blessing, to be so beneficial, that

* In illustration of this view as represented in the present chapter it may be well to refer to Introd. to Serm. vol. iv. p. xxv., and to give the following extract from a MS. Preface to a volume of Sermons in 1829. "Their peculiarities as a party seem to me to arise simply from these causes—a good Christian, with a low understanding, a bad education, and ignorance of the world, becomes an Evangelical,—whilst, on the other hand, if you were to enlarge the understanding of an Evangelical, if you could remedy the defects of his education, and supply him with abundant knowledge of men and things, he would then become a most complete specimen of a true Christian."

I published it at the end of this volume, rather than wait for another opportunity, because under that sense of the great uncertainty of human life which the present state of things brings especially home to my mind, I should be sorry to die without having circulated what I believe will be to many most useful and most satisfactory." "I am sure," he writes, in answer to the objections of another friend, "that the more the subject is considered, men will find that they have been afraid of a groundless danger, and the further I follow up my own views, the more they appear to me to harmonise with the whole system of God's revelations, and not only absolutely to do away with all the difficulties of the Scriptures, but to turn many of them into valuable instructions." *

23. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Rugby, November 1, 1830.

It is quite high time that I should write to you, for weeks and months go by, and it is quite startling to think how little communication I hold with many of those whom I love most dearly. And yet these are times, when I am least of all disposed to loosen the links which bind me to my oldest and dearest friends, for I imagine we shall all want the union of all the good men we can get together; and the want of sympathy which I cannot but feel towards so many of those whom I meet with, makes me think how delightful it would be to have daily intercourse with those with whom I ever feel it thoroughly. What men do in middle life, without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people, such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and our minds are set, and they will not, in mature age, grow into each other. But with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathise with, and with some old friends, to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight. You must not think me bilious or low-spirited;—I never felt better or more inclined to work;—but one gets pathetic with thinking of the present and the past, and of the days and the people that you and I have seen together, and of the progress which we have all made towards eternity; for I, who am nearly the youngest of our old set, have completed half my threescore and ten years. Besides, the aspect of the times is really to my mind awful:—on one side a party profaning the holiest names by the lowest principles, and the grossest selfishness and ignorance,—on the other, a party who seem likely κακὸν κακῷ ἰᾶσθαι, who disclaim and renounce even the very name of that, whose spirit their adversaries have long renounced equally. If I had two necks, I should think that I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides, as I think I shall now by whichever gets the better, if it really does come to a fight. I read now, with the deepest sympathy, those magnificent lines of your

* Some of the points touched upon in this Essay are enlarged upon in his Sermons—that on "the Lord's day," in the third volume, and those on "Phinehas," "Jael," and "the Disobedient Prophet," in the sixth.

Uncle's, on the departed year, and am myself, in fact, experiencing some portion of the abuse which he met with from the same party; while, like him, I feel utterly unable to shelter myself in the opposite party, whose hopes and principles are such as I shrink from with abhorrence. So what Thucydides says of τὰ μέσα τῶν πολίτων often rises upon my mind as a promising augury of my future exaltation, ἤ που πρὸ Νεαπόλης αἰωρηθέντος, ἢ ἐμοῦγε πρὸ Ρουγβείας.

November 3rd.—I wrote these two sides in school on Monday, and I hope to finish the rest of my letter this evening, while my boys are translating into Latin from my English that magnificent part in the De Oratore, about the death of Crassus. I see I have given you enough of discourse on things in general—I will only add one thing more; that I know there are reports in Oxford of my teaching the boys my politics, and setting revolutionary themes. If you hear these reports, will you contradict them flatly? I never disguise or suppress my opinions, but I have been and am most religiously careful not to influence my boys with them; and I have just now made them begin Russell's Modern Europe again, because we were come to the period of the French Revolution, and I did not choose to enter upon that subject with them. As to the revolutionary themes, I cannot even imagine the origin of so absurd a falsehood, except it be that one of my subjects last half-year was "the particular evils which civilised society is exposed to, as opposed to savage life," which I gave for the purpose of clearing their notions about luxury, and the old declamations about Scythian simplicity, &c.; but I suppose that I am thought to have a longing for the woods, and an impatience of the restraint of breeches. It is really too great a folly to be talked of as a revolutionist, with a family of seven young children, and a house and income that I should be rather puzzled to match in America, if I were obliged to change my quarters. My quarrel with the anti-liberal party is, that they are going the way to force my children to America, and to deprive me and every one else of property, station, and all the inestimable benefits of society in England. There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress; and the cause of all the evils of the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

24. TO HIS SISTER SUSANNAH ARNOLD.

Rugby, November, 1830.

The paramount interest of public affairs outweighs with me even the school itself; and I think not unreasonably, for school and all would go to the dogs, if the convulsion which I dread really comes to pass. I must write a pamphlet in the holidays, or I shall burst.

No one seems to me to understand our dangers, or at least to speak

them out manfully. One good man, who sent a letter to the Times the other day, recommends that the clergy should preach subordination and obedience. I seriously say, God forbid they should; for, if any earthly thing could ruin Christianity in England, it would be this. If they read Isaiah and Jeremiah and Amos and Habakkuk, they will find that the Prophets, in a similar state of society in Judea, did not preach subordination only or chiefly, but they denounced oppression, and amassing overgrown properties, and grinding the labourers to the smallest possible pittance; and they denounced the Jewish high-church party for countenancing all these iniquities, and prophesying smooth things to please the aristocracy. If the clergy would come forward as one man from Cumberland to Cornwall, exhorting peaceableness on the one side, and justice on the other, denouncing the high rents and the game laws, and the carelessness which keeps the poor ignorant, and then wonders that they are brutal, I verily believe they might yet save themselves and the state. But the truth is that we are living amongst a population whom we treat with all the haughtiness and indifference that we could treat slaves, whom we allow to be slaves in ignorance, without having them chained and watched to prevent them from hurting us. I only wish you could read Arthur Young's Travels in France in 1789 and 1790, and see what he says of the general outbreak then of the peasantry, when they burnt the chateaux all over France, and ill-used the families of the proprietors, and then compare the orderliness of the French populace now. It speaks volumes for small subdivided properties, general intelligence, and an absence of aristocratical manners and distinctions. We know that, in the first revolution, to be seen in decent clothes was at one time a sure road to the guillotine; so bitter was the hatred engendered in a brute population against those who had gone in luxury and refinement, leaving their poorer neighbours to remain in the ignorance and wretchedness of savages, and therefore with the ferocity of savages also. The dissolution of the ministry may do something; but the evil exists in every parish in England; and there should be a reform in the ways and manners of every parish to cure it. We have got up a dispensary here, and I am thinking of circulating small tracts à la Cobbett, in *point of style*, to show the people the real state of things and their causes. Half the truth might be of little use, but ignorance of all the truth is something fearful, and a knowledge of the whole truth would, I am convinced, do nothing but pacify, because the fault of the rich has been a sin of ignorance and thoughtlessness; they have only done what the poor would have done in their places, because few men's morality rises higher than to take care of themselves, abstaining from actual wrong to others. So you have got a long sermon. —— showed me a copy of the Record newspaper, a true specimen of the party, with their infinitely little minds, disputing about anise and cummin, when heaven and earth are coming together around them; with much of Christian harmlessness, I do not deny, but with nothing of Christian wisdom; and these are times when the dove can ill spare the addition of the serpent. The state of affairs, therefore, keeps me doubtful about

going from home in the holidays, because, if there is likely to be any opening for organising any attempts at general reform, I should not like to be away from my post. But the interest is too intense, and makes me live ten lives in one every day. However, I am very well, and perfectly comfortable as far as regards family and school.

25. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. Rugby, November 12, 1830.

Your account of the MSS. is very tempting:—the one which I wanted is that marked "Hudsoni Codex Clarendonius," but I find from you that there is another, and I know that it can never have been collated, so that I am exceedingly desirous, if it be possible, to get *the two.* But would it not be better that I should give the security in my own name, rather than entail that trouble upon you? And if the bond required be for a considerable sum, perhaps it ought to be in my name, to prevent difficulties with my executors in the case of my death; a contingency which I think every man should bear in mind in all money transactions. The Birmingham coach I think goes through Dunchurch, within three miles of us, and if so, any parcel sent by it to me would be left there, if so directed, and would be forwarded to me immediately. I cannot close this letter without thanking you most warmly for the invaluable man you procured me in Lee. He is, indeed, far too good for any subordinate situation, yet having once had such a man here, it will be a bitter loss to be obliged to part with him. I trust, however, that we may keep him for a few years at least.

26. TO REV. AUGUSTUS HARE. December 24, 1830.

. . . I have longed very much to see you, over and above my general wish that we could meet oftener, ever since this fearful state of our poor has announced itself even to the blindest. My dread is, that when the special Commissions shall have done their work, (necessary and just I most cordially agree with you that it is,) the richer classes will again relapse into their old callousness, and the seeds be sown of a far more deadly and irremediable quarrel hereafter. If you can get Arthur Young's Travels in France, I think you will be greatly struck with their applicability to our own times and country. He shows how deadly was the hatred of the peasantry towards the lords, and how in 1789 the chateaux were destroyed, and the families of the gentry insulted, from a common feeling of hatred to all who had made themselves and the poor *two orders*, and who were now to pay the penalty of having put asunder what God had joined. At this moment Carlile tells the poor that they and the rich are enemies, and that to destroy the property of an enemy, whether by fire or otherwise, is always lawful in war—a Devil's doctrine, certainly, and devilishly applied; but unquestionably our aristocratical manners and habits have made us and the poor two distinct and unsympathising bodies; and from want of sympathy, I fear the transition to enmity is but too easy when distress embitters the feelings, and the sight of others in luxury makes

that distress still more intolerable. This is the plague spot to my mind in our whole state of society, which must be removed or the whole must perish. And under God it is for the clergy to come forward boldly and begin to combat it. If you read Isaiah, chap. v. iii. xxxii.; Jeremiah, chap. v. xxii. xxx.; Amos, iv.; Habakkuk, ii.; and the Epistle of St. James, written to the same people a little before the second destruction of Jerusalem, you will be struck, I think, with the close resemblance of our own state to that of the Jews; while the state of the Greek Churches to whom St. Paul wrote is wholly different, because from their thin population and better political circumstances, poverty among them is hardly noticed, and our duties to the poor are consequently much less prominently brought forward. And unluckily our Evangelicals read St. Paul more than any other part of the Scriptures, and think very little of consulting most those parts of Scripture which are addressed to persons circumstanced most like ourselves. I want to get up a real Poor Man's Magazine, which should not bolster up abuses and veil iniquities, nor prose to the poor as to children; but should address them in the *style* of Cobbett, plainly, boldly, and in sincerity, excusing nothing—concealing nothing—and misrepresenting nothing —but speaking the very whole truth in love —Cobbett-like in style—but Christian in spirit. Now you are the man I think to join with me in such a work, and most earnestly do I wish that you would think of it. . . . I should be for putting my name to whatever I wrote of this nature, for I think it is of great importance that our addresses should be those of substantive and tangible persons, not of anonymous shadows.

27. TO REV. H. MASSINGBERD. Rugby, February, 1831.

. . . This is my constant defence of a liberal government. The high wisdom and purity of their principles are overwhelming to their human infirmity, and amidst such a mass of external obstacles: but what do we gain by getting in exchange men who cannot fall short of their principles only because their principles are zero? As to the budget, I liked it in its first state, although the Fæx Romull, *i.e.* the fundholders, made such an outcry about it. What between the landed aristocracy and the moneyed aristocracy, the interests of the productive classes are generally sure to go to the wall; and this goes on for a time, till at last the squeeze gets intolerable, and then productive classes put up their backs, and push in their turn so vigorously, that rank and property get squeezed in their turn against the wall opposite. O utinam! that they would leave each other their fair share of the road; for I honour aristocracy in its proper place, and in France should try to raise it with all my might, for there it is now too low, simply because it was once too high. Dii omen averant, and may the Tories who are hoping to defeat the Ministers on the Reform question, remember how bitterly the French aristocracy had cause to repent their triumph over Turgot. "Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo," is the cry of Reform when, long repulsed and scorned, she is on the point of changing

her visage to that of Revolution. What you say about the progress of a people towards liberty, and their unfitness for it at an earlier stage, I fully agree in. If ever my Thucydides falls in your way, you will find in the Appendix, No. 1, a full dissertation on this matter.

28. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, March 7, 1831.

I am most truly obliged to you for all your advice and collected opinions about the Register. Now, certainly, I never should embark in such a scheme for my own amusement. I have enough to do in all reason. I am not so craving after the honour of appearing in print, as to wish to turn newspaper writer on that account. I should most wish that the thing were not needed at all; next, that it might be done by somebody else, without my taking part in it. But all seem to agree that it is needed, grievously needed, and will anybody else undertake it? That is to my mind the real question. For if not, I think there is a great call for much to be risked, and much to be braved, and the thing done imperfectly is better than not done at all. So much for the principle. . . . The aid of liberal Tories I should be most thankful for, and I earnestly crave it; but never will I join with the High Church party. . . . It would be exposing myself to the fate of Amphiareus with a vengeance, for such co-operation would sink anything into the earth, or else render it such, that it had better be sunk. . . . Most earnestly would I be Conservative; but defend me from the Conservative party—*i.e.* from those who call themselves so par excellence. Above all, I cannot understand why a failure should be injurious to future efforts. A bad history of any one particular period may doubtless hinder sensible men from writing upon the same period; but I cannot see how a foolish newspaper, dying in 1831, should affect a wise one in 1832; and if the thing is impracticable rei naturâ, then, neither mine, nor any other with the same views, will ever answer. Certainly our failure is very conceivable—very probable if you will; but something must be risked, and I think the experimentum will be made "in corpore vili;" for all the damage will be the expense which it will cost me, and that of course I shall not stand beyond a certain point. Ergo, I shall try a first number. . . . In the opinions I have already received, I have been enough reminded of Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's son, and a little jackass, &c., but I have learned this good from it, *i.e.* to follow my own judgment, adopting from the opinions of others just what I approve of, and no more. One thing you may depend on, that nothing shall ever interfere with my attention to the school. Thucydides, Register and all, should soon go to the dogs if they were likely to do that. I have got a gallows at last, and am quite happy; it is like getting a new twenty horse power in my capacities for work. I could laugh like Democritus himself at the notion of my being thought a dangerous person, when I hang happily on my gallows, or make it serve as a target to spear at.

29. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, March 20, 1831.

. . . I was reminded of you when I heard of the great loss that all Europe has sustained in the sudden death of Niebuhr. I knew your personal admiration and regard for him, and that you would feel his loss privately as well as publicly. Besides all this, the exceedingly anxious state of public affairs has naturally made me think of you, whose views on those matters I had found to be so entirely in agreement with my own. Our accounts of Italy are very imperfect, but there have been reports of disturbances in Rome itself, which made me wish that you and your family were in a more tranquil country, or at least in one, where, if there were any commotions, you might be able to be of more service than you could be amongst foreigners and Italians.

I was again in Italy this last summer. . . . We were at Venice during the Revolution at Paris, and the first intelligence I heard of it was from the postmaster at the little town of Bludenz in the Vorarlberg. The circumstances under which I first heard of it, will never, I think, depart from my memory. We had been enjoying the most delightful summer weather throughout our tour, and particularly in all the early part of that day; when, just as we arrived at Bludenz, about four or five in the afternoon, the whole sky was suddenly overcast, the wind arose violently, and everything announced the approach of a complete Alpine storm. We were in the very act of putting up the head of the carriage and preparing for the coming rain, when the postmaster, in answer to an observation of mine about the weather when I had passed through France a few weeks before, seemed to relieve himself by telling me of all the troubles that were then raging. His expression was, "Alles ist übel in Frankreich," the mere tumult and violence of political quarrels seeming to the inhabitant of a Tyrolese valley, as something shocking, because it was so unpeaceful. Hearing only indistinct accounts of what was going on, we resolved not to enter France immediately, but to go round by the Rhine through Wirtemberg and Baden; a plan which I shall now ever think of with pleasure, as otherwise, I never should have seen Niebuhr. I was very glad, too, to see something more of Germany, only it was rather vexatious to be obliged to pass on so quickly, for I could not wait at Heidelberg long enough to see Creuzer, and my stay even at Bonn was only one afternoon. I had the happiness of sitting three hours with Niebuhr, and he introduced me to his poor wife and children. His conversation completely verified the impression which you had given me of his character, and has left me with no recollections but such as are satisfactory to think of *now*. Then news * of the Duke of Orleans' accession to the French throne reached Bonn while I was with Niebuhr, and I was struck with the enthusiastic joy which he displayed on hearing it. I fully expected that the Revolution in France would lead to one in Belgium; and indeed, we passed through Brussels scarcely ten days before the insurrection broke out. You are so well acquainted

* See Extracts from Journals, in 1830, in the Appendix.

THE CHAPEL, RUGBY, LOOKING WEST,

AS IT WAS IN DR. ARNOLD'S TIME (SINCE REBUILT ALTOGETHER).

From a drawing by C. W. Radclyffe.

with English politics, that you will take a deep interest in the fate of the Reform Bill, now before Parliament. I believe that, if it passes now, "Felix sæclorum nascitur ordo;" that the aristocracy still retain a strong hold on the respect and regard of England, and if their excessive influence is curtailed, they will be driven to try to gain a more legitimate influence, to be obtained by the exercise of those great and good qualities which so many of them possess. At present this may be done; but five years hence the democratical spirit may have gained such a height, that the utmost virtue on the part of the aristocracy will be unable to save it. And I think nearly the same with regard to the Church. Reform would now, I fully believe, prevent destruction; but every year of delayed reform strengthens those who wish not to amend, but to destroy. Meanwhile, the moral state of France is to me most awful; I sympathized fully with the Revolution in July, but, if this detestable warlike spirit gets head amongst the French people, I hope, and earnestly believe, that we shall see another and more effectual coalition of 1815 to put it down. Nothing can be more opposite than Liberalism and Bonapartism; and, I fear, the mass of the French people are more thirsting to renew the old career of spoliation and conquest than to establish or promote true liberty; "for who loves that, must first be wise and good." My hope is that, whatever domestic abuses may exist, Germany will never forget the glorious struggle of 1813, and will know that the tread of a Frenchman on the right bank of the Rhine is the worst of all pollutions to her soil. And I trust and think, that the general feeling in England is strong on this point, and that the whole power of the nation would be heartily put forth to strangle in the birth the first symptoms of Napoleonism. I was at a party at —— in the summer, at Geneva, where I met Thierry, the historian of "Les Gaulois," and the warlike spirit which I perceived, even then, in the French liberals, made a deep impression on me.

30. TO JOHN WARD, ESQ. (Co-Editor with him of the Englishman's Register.)

Rugby, April 27, 1831.

Your own articles I have carefully read over; and, in style, they more than answer all my expectations. Still, as we are beginning a work which must take its character chiefly from us two, I will fairly say that, considering for whom we are principally writing, I think the spirit too polemical. When I speak of the aristocracy of England bearing hard upon the poor, I always mean the whole class of gentlemen, and not the nobility or great landed and commercial proprietors. I cannot think that you or I suffer from any aristocracy above us, but we ourselves belong to a part of society which has not done its duty to the poor, although, with no intention to the contrary, but much the reverse. Again, I regard the Ministerial Reform Bill as a safe and a necessary measure, and I should, above all things, dread its rejection, but I cannot be so sanguine as you are about its good effects; because I think that the people are quite as likely to choose men who will

commit blunders and injustice as the boroughmongers are, though not exactly of the same sort. Above all, in writing to the lower people, my object is much more to improve them morally than politically; and I would, therefore, carefully avoid exciting political violence in them. . . . Now so far as the Register is concerned, I care comparatively little about the Reform Bill, but I should wish to explain, as you have done most excellently, the baseness of corruption on one hand, and as I think you might do, the mischief of party and popular excitement on the other. I should urge the duty of trying to learn the merits of the case, and that an ignorant vote is little better than a corrupt one, where the ignorance could in any degree be helped. But in such an address I would not assume that the Reform Bill would do all sorts of good, and that every honest man must be in favour of it: because such assertions, addressed to ignorant men, are doing the very thing I deprecate, *i.e.* trying rather to get their vote, than to make that vote, whether it be given for us or against us, really independent and respectable. Again, with the debt. It is surely a matter of importance to show that the greatest part of our burthens is owing to this, and not to present extravagance. It affords a memorable lesson against foolish and unjust wars, and the selfish carelessness with which they were waged. This you have put very well, and have properly put down the nonsense of the "Debt being no harm." Urge all this as strongly as you will, to prevent any repetition of the loan system for the time to come. But the fundholders are not to blame for the Debt; they lent their money: and if the money was wasted, that was no fault of theirs. Pay the debt off, if you will and can, or make a fair adjustment of the advantages and disadvantages of different sorts of property, with a view of putting them all on equal terms; but surely the fundholder's dividends are as much his lawful property as a landholder's estate, or a merchant's or manufacturer's capital, liable justly, like all other property, to the claims of severe national distress; but only together with other property, and by no means as if it were more just in the nation to lay hands on the fundholder's dividends than on the profits of your law or of my school. Nor can the fundholders be fairly said to be living in idleness at the expense of the nation in any invidious sense, any more than your clients who borrowed my money could say it of me, if they had borrowed £10,000 of me instead of £300, and then choose to go and fool it away in fireworks and illuminations. If they had spent the principal, no doubt they would find it a nuisance to pay the interest, but still, am I to be the loser, or can I fairly be said, if I get my interest duly paid, to be living at their expense? Besides, as a mere matter of policy, we should be ejected at once from most of the quarters where we might otherwise circulate, if we are thought to countenance in any degree the notion of a "sponge."*

The "tea monopoly," as you call it, involves the whole question of the Indian charter, and in fact of the Indian empire. The "timber monopoly" involves far more questions than I can answer, about

* The proposal alluded to was the taxation of the funds distinctly from other property, as in the plan proposed by Lord Althorp's first budget.

Canada, and the shipping interest, and whether the economical principle of buying where you can buy cheapest, is always to be acted upon by a nation, merely because it is economically expedient. Even about the Corn Laws, there are difficulties connected with the question, that are not to be despised, and I would rather not cut the knot so abruptly. . . . I wish to distinguish the Register from all other papers by two things: that politics should hold in it just that place which they should do in a well-regulated mind; that is, as one field of duty, but by no means the most important one; and that with respect to this field, our duty should rather be to soothe than to excite, rather to furnish facts, and to point out the difficulties of political questions, than to press forward our own conclusions. There are publications enough to excite the people to political reform; my object is moral and intellectual reform, which will be sure enough to work out political reform in the best way, and my writing on politics would have for its end, not the forwarding any political measure, but the so purifying, enlightening, sobering, and, in one word, *Christianising* men's notions and feelings on political matters, that from the improved tree may come hereafter a better fruit. With any lower views, or for the sake of furthering any political measures, or advocating a political party, I should think it wrong to engage in the Register at all, and certainly would not risk my money in the attempt to set it afloat. . . .

31. TO HIS SISTER SUSANNAH ARNOLD. Rugby, April, 1831.

. . . I should like you to see ——'s letter to me about the Register; the letter of a really good man and a thinking one, and a really liberal one. I wrote to him to thank him, and got the kindest of answers in return, in which he concludes by saying that he cannot help taking in the Register after all when it does make its appearance. Those are the men whom I would do everything in my power to conciliate, because I honour and esteem them; but for the common Church and King Tories, I never would go one hair's breadth to please them; for their notions, principles they are not, require at all times and at all places to be denounced as founded on ignorance and selfishness, and as having been invariably opposed to truth and goodness from the days of the Jewish aristocracy downwards. It is therefore nothing but what I should most wish, that such opinions and mine should be diametrically opposite. . . . Not that I anticipate with much confidence any great benefits to result from the Reform Bill; but the truth is, that we are arrived at one of those periods in the progress of society when the constitution naturally undergoes a change, just as it did two centuries ago. It was impossible then for the king to keep down the higher part of the middle classes; it is impossible now to keep down the middle and lower parts of them. All that resistance to these natural changes can effect is to derange their operation, and make them act violently and mischievously, instead of healthfully or at least harmlessly. The old state of things is gone past recall, and all the efforts of all the Tories cannot save it, but they may by their folly, as

they did in France, get us a wild democracy, or a military despotism in the room of it, instead of letting it change quietly into what is merely a new modification of the old state. One would think that people who talk against change were literally as well as metaphorically blind, and really did not see that everything in themselves and around them is changing every hour by the necessary laws of its being.

32. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, May 2, 1831.

. . . Every selfish motive would deter me from the Register; it will be a pecuniary loss, it will bring me no credit, but much trouble and probably some abuse, and some of my dearest friends look on it not only coldly, but with aversion. But I *do* think it a most solemn duty to make the attempt. I feel our weakness, and that what I can hope to do is very little, and perhaps will be nothing; but if I can but excite others to follow the same plan, I shall rejoice to be superseded by them if they will do the thing more effectually. I have this morning been over to Coventry to make the required affidavit of Proprietorship, and to sign the bond for the payment of the advertisement duty. And No. 1 will really appear on Saturday with an opening Article of mine, and a religious one. The difficulty of the undertaking is indeed most serious; all the Tories turn from me as a Liberal, whilst the strong Reformers think me timid and half corrupt, because I will not go along with them or turn the Register in a new "Examiner" or "Ballot." So that I dare say my fate will be that of τὰ μέσα τῶν πολιτῶν from the days of Thucydides downwards.

I wrote to Parker immediately on the receipt of your letter, proposing to him either to give up [Thucydides] altogether except the Appendices, putting all my materials of every sort into his hands freely to dispose of, or else to share with him all the expenses of the next volume, and to refund at once what I have already received for the first. I have told him often before, and now have told him again, that I cannot do it quickly; and that I never meant or would consent to devote to it every spare moment of my time, so as to leave myself no liberty for any other writing. I have written nothing for two years but Thucydides and Sermons for the boys; but though I will readily give up writing merely for my own amusement, or fame, or profit, I cannot abandon what I think is a positive duty, such as the attempting at least the Register. Parker wrote immediately a very kind letter, begging me to continue the Editorship as at present, and stating in express words "that though advantage might arise from the early completion of the book, no injury whatever has been sustained by him, or is likely to be sustained."

I am proprietor of the Register, and will be answerable for it up to a certain point; but I cannot pretend to say that I shall see everything that is inserted in it, or that I should expunge everything with which I did not agree, although I certainly should, if the disagreement were great, or the opinions so differing seemed to me likely to be mischievous.

I have no wish to conceal anything about it, and if I cannot control it to my mind, or find the thing to be a failure, I will instantly withdraw it. Sed Dii meliora piis.

33. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, June 11, 1831.

I confess that your last letter a good deal grieved me, not at all personally, but as it seemed to me to give the death blow to my hopes of finding co-operators for the Register. That very article upon the Tories has been objected to as being too favourable to them, so what is a man to do? You will see by No. 5, that I do not think the Bill perfect, but still I like it as far as it goes, and especially in its disfranchisement clauses. But my great object in the Register was to enlighten the poor generally in the best sense of the term; as it is, no one joins me, and of course my nephew and I cannot do it alone. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," is true from the days of the Peloponnesian confederacy downwards. Unless a great change in our prospects takes place, Register will therefore undergo transmigration when the holidays begin; whether into a set of penny papers, or into a monthly magazine I cannot tell. But I cannot sit still without trying to do something for a state of things which often and often, far oftener I believe than any one knows of, comes with a real pang of sorrow to trouble my own private happiness. I know it is good to have these sobering reminders, and it may be my impatience, that I do not take them merely as awakeners and reminders to myself. Still ought we not to fight against evil, and is not moral ignorance, such as now so sadly prevails, one of the worst kinds of evil?

34. TO W. TOOKE, ESQ. Rugby, June 18, 1831.

I must take the earliest opportunity of thanking you most heartily for your active kindness towards me, to which I am indebted for the most gratifying offer * announced to me in your letter of yesterday. I feel doubly obliged to you both for your good opinion of me, and for your kind recollection of me. . . . I trust that you will not think me the less grateful to you, because I felt that I ought not to avail myself of the Chancellor's offer. Engaged as I am here, I could not reside upon a living, and I would not be satisfied to hold one without residence. I have always strenuously maintained that the clergy engaged in education should have nothing to do with church benefices, and I should be very unwilling to let my own practice contradict what I really believe to be a very wholesome doctrine. But I am sure that I value the offer quite as much, and feel as heartily obliged both to the Chancellor and you for it, as if I had accepted it.

. . . In this day's number of the Register there is a letter on the "Cottage Evenings," condemning very decidedly their unchristian tone. It is not written by me, but I confess that I heartily agree with it. You

* Viz., of a stall in Bristol Cathedral, with a living attached to it—offered to him by Lord Brougham.

know of old how earnestly I have wished to join your Useful Knowledge Society; and how heartily on many points I sympathise with them. This very work, the "Cottage Evenings," might be made everything that I wish, if it were but decidedly Christian. I delight in its plain and sensible tone, and it might be made the channel of all sorts of information, useful and entertaining; but, as it is, so far from co-operating with it, I must feel utterly adverse to it. To enter into the deeper matters of conduct and principle, to talk of our main hopes and fears, and yet not to speak of Christ, is absolutely, to my mind, to circulate poison. In such points as this, "He that is not with us is against us."

It has occurred to me that the circumstance of some of the principal members of the Useful Knowledge Society being now in the government, is in itself a strong reason why the Society should take a more decided tone on matters of religion. Undoubtedly their support of that Society, as it now stands, is a matter of deep grief and disapprobation to a large proportion of the best men in this kingdom, while it encourages the hopes of some of the very worst. And it would be, I do verily think, one of the greatest possible public blessings, if, as they are honest, fearless, and enlightened against political corruption, and, as I hope they will prove, against ecclesiastical abuses also, so they would be no less honest and fearless and truly wise in labouring to Christianise the people, in spite of the sneers and opposition of those who understand full well that, if men do * not worship God, they at once by that very omission worship most surely the power of evil.

You will smile at my earnestness or simplicity; but it does strongly excite me to see so great an engine as your Society, and one whose efforts I would so gladly co-operate with, and which could effect so easily what I alone am vainly struggling at, to see this engine at the very least neutralising its power of doing good, and, I fear, doing in some respects absolute evil. On the other side, the Tories would not have my assistance in religious matters, because they so disapprove of my politics; and in the mean time the people, in this hour of their utmost need, get either the cold deism of the Cottage Evenings, or the folly of the Cottage Monthly Visitor. Would the Committee accept my assistance for those "Cottage Evenings?" I would give a larger sum than I should be thought sane to mention, if I might but once see this great point effected.†

* "There is something to me almost awful," he used to say, speaking of Lord Byron's Cain, "in meeting suddenly in the works of such a man, so great and solemn a truth as is expressed in that speech of Lucifer, 'He who bows not to God hath bowed to me.'"

† From a later letter to the same.—"I cannot tell you how much I was delighted by the conclusion of the article on Mirabeau, in the Penny Magazine of May 12. That article is exactly a specimen of what I wished to see, but done far better than I could do it. I never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects written with a decidedly Christian tone. History and Biography are far better vehicles of good, I think, than any direct comments on Scripture, or Essays on Evidences." [The article in question was by Mr. Charles Knight.]

35. TO MRS. FLETCHER. (After the death of her Son.)

Rugby, August, 1831.

". . . I know that you are rich in friends, and it seems like presumption in me to say it; but I entreat you earnestly to remember that M—— and myself regard you and yours with such cordial respect and affection, that it would give us real pleasure, if either now or hereafter we can be of any use whatever in any arrangements to be made for your grandchildren. I feel that it would be a delight to me to be of any service to fatherless children, contemplating, as I often do, the possibility of myself or their dear mother being taken away from our own little ones. And I feel it the more, because I confess that I think evil days are threatening, insomuch that, whenever I hear of the death of any one that is dear to me, there mixes with my sense of my own loss a sort of joy that he is safe from the evil to come. Still more strong is my desire that all Christ's servants who are left should draw nearer every day to him, and to one another, in every feeling and every work of love.

36. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Skipton, July 11, 1831.

. . . The Register is now dead, to revive however in another shape; but I could not afford at once to pay all, and to write all, and my nephew's own business hindered him from attending to it sufficiently, and it thus devolved on the mere publisher, who put in things of which I utterly disapproved. But the thing has excited attention in some quarters, just as I wished; all the articles on the labourers were copied at length into one of the Sheffield papers, and, when the Register died, the Sheffield proprietor wrote up to our editor, wishing to engage the writer of those articles to continue them for his own paper. By a strange coincidence I happened to walk into the office of this very paper, at Sheffield, to look at the division on the Reform Bill, knowing nothing of the application made to our editor in town. I saw the long quotation from the Register, and as the proprietor of the paper happened to be in the shop, I talked to him about it, and finally told him who I was, and what were my objects in the Register. He spoke of those articles on the labourers being read with great interest by the mechanics and people of that class, and I have promised to send him a letter or two in continuation.

37. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. August 12, 1831.

. . . Touching the Magazine, I think it δεύτερον πλοῦν in comparison with a weekly paper; but πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος. I will join in it gladly, and, if required, try to undertake even the editorship, only let something be done. I found all the articles about the labourers in my Register had been copied into the Sheffield Courant, and the proprietor told me that they had excited some interest. Thus even a little seed may be scattered about, and produce more effect than we might calculate on; by all means let us sow while we can.

What do Mayo and you say to the Cholera? Have you read the accounts of the great fifty years' pestilence of the 6th century, or of that of the 14th, both of which seem gradually to have travelled like the cholera? How much we have to learn about the state of the atmosphere and the causes that affect it. It seems to me that there must be a "morbus cœli," which at particular periods favours the spread of disorders, and thus, although the cholera is contagious, yet it also originates in certain constitutions under a certain state of atmosphere, and then is communicated by contagion to many who would not have originated it in themselves; while many again are so antipathetic to it, that neither contagion nor infection will give it them. Agathias says that the old Persian and Egyptian philosophers held that there were certain periodical revolutions of time, fraught with evil to the human race, and others, during which they were exempt from the worst sort of visitations. This is mysticism; yet, from Thucydides downwards, men have remarked that these visitations do not come single; and, although the connexion between plague and famine is obvious, yet that between plague and volcanic phenomena is not so; and yet these have been coincident in the most famous instances of long travelling pestilences hitherto on record. Nor is there much natural connexion between the ravages of epidemic disease, and a moral and political crisis in men's minds, such as we now seem to be witnessing.

38. TO THE REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. (In answer to a question about Irvingism at Port Glasgow.)

Rugby, Oct. 25, 1831.

. . . If the thing be real I should take it merely as a sign of the coming of the day of the Lord,—the only use, as far as I can make out, that ever was derived from the gift of tongues. I do not see that it was ever made a vehicle of instruction, or ever superseded the study of tongues, but that it was merely a sign of the power of God, a man being for the time transformed into a mere instrument to utter sounds which he himself understood not. . . . However, whether this be a real sign or no, I believe that "the day of the Lord" is coming, *i.e.* the termination of one of the great ἀιῶνες of the human race; whether the final one of all or not, that I believe no created being knows or can know. The termination of the Jewish ἀιὼν in the first century, and of the Roman ἀιὼν in the fifth and sixth, were each marked by the same concurrence of calamities, wars, tumults, pestilences, earthquakes, &c., all marking the time of one of God's peculiar seasons of visitation.* And society in Europe seems going on fast for a similar revolution, out of which Christ's Church will emerge in a new position, purified, I trust, and strengthened by the destruction of various earthly and evil mixtures that have corrupted it. But I have not the slightest expecta-

* For the same belief in the connexion of physical with moral convulsions, see Niebuhr, Lebens-nachrichten, ii. p. 167. It may be as well to add, that the view above expressed of the apostolical gift of tongues, was founded on a deliberate study of the passages which relate to it, especially 1 Cor. xiv. 14. 13. 28. 21.

tion of what is commonly meant by the Millennium, and I wonder more and more that any one can so understand Scripture as to look for it. As for the signs of the times in England, I look nowhere with confidence: politically speaking, I respect and admire the present government. The ministry, I sincerely believe, would preserve all our institutions by reforming them; but still I cannot pretend to say that they would do this on the highest principles, or that they keep their eye on the true polar star, how skilfully soever they may observe their charts, and work their vessel. But even in this I think them far better than the Tories. . . . We talk, as much as we dare talk of anything two months distant, of going to the Lakes in the winter, that I may get on in peace with Thucydides, and enjoy the mountains besides.

39. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, October 26, 1831.

. . . I spear daily, as the Lydians used to play in the famine, that I may at least steal some portion of the day from thought. My family, the school, and, thank God, the town also, are all full of restful and delightful thoughts and images. All there is but the scene of wholesome and happy labour, and as much to refresh the inward man, with as little to disturb him as this earth, since Paradise, could, I believe, ever present to any one individual. But my sense of the evils of the times, and to what prospects I am bringing up my children, is overwhelmingly bitter. All in the moral and physical world appears so exactly to announce the coming of the "great day of the Lord," *i.e.* a period of fearful visitation to terminate the existing state of things, whether to terminate the whole existence of the human race, neither man nor angel knows,—that no entireness of private happiness can possibly close my mind against the sense of it. Meantime it makes me very anxious to do what work I can, more especially as I think the prospect of the cholera makes life even more than ordinarily uncertain; and I am inclined to think, from my own peculiar constitution, that I should be very likely to be attacked by it. . . .

I believe I told you that I am preparing for the press a new volume of Sermons, and I wish a small book on the Evidences* to accompany them; not a book to get up like Paley, but taking the real way in which the difficulties present themselves, half moral, half intellectual, to the mind of an intelligent and well-educated young man; a book which, by God's blessing, may be a real stay in that state of mind when neither an address to the intellect alone, nor one to the moral feelings, is alone most likely to answer. And I wish to make the main point not the truth of Christianity per se, as a theorem to be proved, but the wisdom of our abiding by it, and whether there is anything else for it but the life of beast or of devil. I should like to do this if I could before I die; for I think that times are coming when the Devil will fight his best in good earnest. I must not write any more, for work rises on every side open-mouthed upon me.

* This he partially accomplished in the 17th Sermon in the second volume, and the 11th and 19th in the third. The work itself was begun, but never finished.

40. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. Nov. 9, 1831.

(After thanking him for the first number of the Philological Museum, and wishing him success.) For myself, I am afraid Thucydides will have shown you that I am a very poor philologist, and my knowledge too superficial on almost every point to enable me to produce anything worth your having; and to say the truth, every moment of spare time I wish to devote to writing on Religion or πολιτική. I use the Greek word, because "politics" is commonly taken in a much baser sense. I know I can do but little, perhaps nothing, but the "Liberavi animam meam" is a consolation; and I would fain not see everything good and beautiful sink in ruin, without making a single effort to lessen the mischief. Since the death of the Register, I am writing constantly in one of the Sheffield papers, the proprietor of which I earnestly believe sincerely wishes to do good.

I heartily sympathise with the feeling of your concluding paragraph —in your note I mean—but who dare look forward now to anything?

41. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, November 8, 1831.

You must not go to Ireland without a few lines from me. I cannot yet be reconciled to your being on the other side of St. George's Channel, or to thinking of Oxford as being without you. I do not know where to look for the Mezentius who should "succedat pugnæ," when Turnus is gone away. My great ignorance about Ireland is also very inconvenient to me in thinking about future operations, as I do not know what most wants mending there, or what is likely to be the disposition to mend it in those with whom you will be surrounded. But you must not go out with words of evil omen; and, indeed, I do anticipate much happiness for you, seeing that happiness consists, according to our dear old friend, ἐν ἐνεργείᾳ, and of that you are likely to have enough. . . .

I am a coward about schools, and yet I have not the satisfaction of being a coward κατὰ προαίρεσιν; for I am inclined to think that the trials of a school are useful to a boy's after character, and thus I dread not to expose my boys to it; while, on the other hand, the immediate effect of it is so ugly, that, like washing one's hands with earth, one shrinks from dirting them so grievously in the first stage of the process. . . . I cannot get over my sense of the fearful state of public affairs:—is it clean hopeless that the Church will come forward and crave to be allowed to reform itself? . . . I can have no confidence in what would be in men like ——, but a deathbed repentance. It can only be done effectually by those who have not, through many a year of fair weather, turned a deaf ear to the voice of reform, and will now be thought only to obey it, because they cannot help it. If I were indeed a Radical, and hated the Church, and longed for a democracy, I should be jolly enough, and think that all was plain sailing; but as it is I verily think that neither my spirits nor my occupation, nor even spearing itself, will enable me to be cheerful under such an awful prospect of public evils.

42. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Knutsford, December 16, 1831.

. . . I want to write an Essay on the true use of Scripture; *i.e.* that it is a direct guide so far forth as we are circumstanced exactly like the persons to whom it was originally addressed; that where the differences are great, there it is a guide by analogy; *i.e.* if so and so was the duty of men so circumstanced, ergo, so and so is the duty of men circumstanced thus otherwise; and that thus we shall keep the spirit of God's revelation even whilst utterly disregarding the letter, when the circumstances are totally different. *E.g.* the second commandment is in the letter utterly done away with by the fact of the Incarnation. To refuse then the benefit which we might derive from the frequent use of the crucifix under pretence of the Second Commandment is a folly, because God has sanctioned one conceivable similitude of himself when He declared Himself in the person of Christ. The spirit of the commandment not to think unworthily of the Divine nature, nor to lower it after our own devices, is violated by all unscriptural notions of God's attributes and dealings with men, such as we see and hear broached daily, and, though in a less important degree, by those representations of God the Father which one sees in Catholic pictures, and by what Whately calls *peristerolatry*, the foolish way in which people allow themselves to talk about God the Holy Ghost, as of a dove. The applications of this principle are very numerous, and embrace, I think, all the principal errors both of the High Church and of the Evangelical party.

43. TO REV G. CORNISH.' RYDAL!!! December 23, 1831.

We are actually here, and going up Nabb's Scar presently, if the morning holds clear: the said Nabb's Scar being the mountain at whose foot our house stands; but you must not suppose that we are at Rydal Hall; it is only a house by the roadside, just at the corner of the lane that leads up to Wordsworth's house, with the road on one side of the garden, and the Rotha on the other, which goes brawling away under our windows with its perpetual music. The higher mountains that bound our view are all snow-capped, but it is all snug, and warm and green in the valley,—nowhere on earth have I ever seen a spot of more perfect and enjoyable beauty, with not a single object out of tune with it, look which way I will. In another cottage, about twenty yards from us, Capt. Hamilton, the author of Cyril Thornton, has taken up his abode for the winter; close above us are the Wordsworths; and we are in our own house a party of fifteen souls, so that we are in no danger of being dull. And I think it would be hard to say which of us all enjoys our quarters the most. We arrived here on Monday, and hope to stay here about a month from the present time.

It is indeed a long time since I have written to you, and these are times to furnish ample matter to write or to talk about. How earnestly do I wish that I could see you; it is the only ungratified wish as to

earthly happiness of my most happy life, that I am so parted from so many of my dearest friends. . . . [After speaking of objections which he had heard made to the appointment of Dr. Whately to the Archbishopric of Dublin.] Now I am sure that in point of real essential holiness, so far as man can judge of man, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately; and it does grieve me most deeply to hear people speak of him as of a dangerous and latitudinarian character, because in him the intellectual part of his nature keeps pace with the spiritual—instead of being left, as the Evangelicals leave it, a fallow field for all unsightly creeds to flourish in. He is a truly great man—in the highest sense of the word,—and if the safety and welfare of the Protestant Church in Ireland depend in any degree on human instruments, none could be found, I verily believe, in the whole empire, so likely to maintain it. . . . I am again publishing Sermons, with an essay at the tail, on the Interpretation of Scripture, embodying things that I have been thinking over for the last six or seven years; and which I hope will be useful to a class whose spiritual wants I am apt to think are sadly provided for—young men bringing up for other professions than the church, who share deeply in the intellectual activity of the day, and require better satisfaction to the working of their minds than I think is commonly given them.

44. TO THE SAME. Rugby, February 15, 1832.

A letter from Tucker has this morning informed me of the heavy trial which has fallen upon you. I write because I should wish to hear from you under similar circumstances, and because it is unnatural not to assure you at such a moment how dearly your friends at Rugby love you and your dear wife, and how truly they sympathise with your sorrow. Tucker's letter leaves us anxious both for your wife and for little Robert—especially for the latter; it would be a great comfort to hear favourable accounts of them, if you could give them. I will not add one word more. May God strengthen and support you, my dear friend, and bless all His dispensations towards us both, through Jesus Christ.

45. TO THE LADY FRANCIS EGERTON. (On the subject of the conversion of a person with atheistical opinions.)

Rugby, February 15, 1832.

The subject of the letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you has so high a claim upon the best exertions of every Christian, that I can only regret my inability to do it justice. But in cases of moral or intellectual disorder, no less than of bodily, it is difficult to prescribe at a distance; so much must always depend on the particular constitution of the individual, and the peculiarly weak points in his character. Nor am I quite sure whether the case you mention is one of absolute Atheism, or of Epicurism; that is to say, whether it be a denial of God's existence altogether, or only of his moral government,

the latter doctrine being, I believe, a favourite resource with those who cannot evade the force of the evidences of design in the works of Creation, and yet cannot bear to entertain that strong and constant sense of personal responsibility, which follows from the notion of God as a moral governor. At any rate, the great thing to ascertain is, what led to his present state of opinions; for the actual arguments, by which he would now justify them, are of much less consequence. The proofs of an intelligent and benevolent Creator are given in my opinion more clearly in Paley's Natural Theology, than in any other book that I know, and the necessity of *faith* arising from the absurdity of scepticism on the one hand, and of dogmatism on the other, is shown with great power and eloquence in the first article of the second part of Pascal's "Pensées," a book, of which there is an English translation by no means difficult to meet with. In many cases the real origin of a man's religion is, I believe, political. He dislikes the actual state of society, hates the Church as connected with it and, in his notions, supporting its abuses, and then hates Christianity because it is taught by the Church. Another case is, when a man's *religious* practice has degenerated, when he has been less watchful of himself and less constant and earnest in his devotions. The consequence is, that his impression of God's real existence, which is kept up by practical experience, becomes fainter and fainter; and in this state of things it is merely an accident that he remains nominally a Christian; if he happens to fall in with an antichristian book, he will have nothing in his own experience to set against the difficulties there presented to him, and so he will be apt to yield to them. For it must be always understood that there *are* difficulties in the way of all religion,—such, for instance, as the existence of evil—which can never be fairly solved by human powers; all that can be done *intellectually* is to point out the *equal* or greater difficulties of Atheism or scepticism; and this is enough to justify a good man's understanding in being a believer. But the real proof is the practical one; that is, let a man live on the hypothesis of its falsehood, the practical result will be bad; that is, a man's besetting sin and constitutional faults will not be checked; and some of his noblest feelings will be unexercised, so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth; which seems the most monstrous conclusion, which the human mind can possibly arrive at. It follows from this, that if I were talking with an Atheist, I should lay a great deal of stress on *faith* as a necessary condition of our nature, and as a gift of God to be earnestly sought for in the way which God has appointed, that is, by striving to *do his will*. For faith does no violence to our understanding; but the intellectual difficulties being balanced, and it being necessary to act on the one side or the other, faith determines a man to embrace that side which leads to moral and practical perfection; and unbelief leads him to embrace the opposite, or, what I may call the Devil's religion, which is, after all, quite as much beset with intellectual difficulties as God's religion is, and morally is nothing but one mass of difficulties and monstrosities. You may say

that the individual in question is a moral man, and you think not unwilling to be convinced of his errors; that is, he sees the moral truth of Christianity, but cannot be persuaded of it intellectually. I should say that such a state of mind is one of very painful trial, and should be treated as such; that it is a state of mental disease, which like many others is aggravated by talking about it, and that he is in great danger of losing his perception of moral truth as well as of intellectual, of wishing Christianity to be false as well as of being unable to be convinced that it is true. There are thousands of Christians who see the difficulties which he sees quite as clearly as he does, and who long as eagerly as he can do for that time when they shall know, even as they are known. But then they see clearly the difficulties of unbelief, and know that even intellectually they are far greater. And in the meanwhile they are contented to live by faith, and find that in so doing, their course is practically one of perfect light; the moral result of the experiment is so abundantly satisfactory, that they are sure that they have truth on their side.

I have written a sermon rather than a letter, and perhaps hardly made myself intelligible after all. But the main point is, that we cannot, and do not pretend to remove all the intellectual difficulties of religion; we only contend that even intellectually unbelief is the more unreasonable of the two, and that practically unbelief is folly, and faith is wisdom.

If I can be of any further assistance to you in your charitable labour, I shall be most happy to do my best.

46. TO THE SAME. Rugby, March 7, 1832.

I thank you for your last letter, and beg to assure you very sincerely, that I shall have great pleasure in placing myself under your directions with regard to this unhappy man; and as he would probably regard me with suspicion, on account of my profession, I think that you would act with the best judgment in alluding to me only in general terms, as you propose to do, without mentioning my name. But I say this merely with a view to the man's own feelings towards the clergy, and not from the slightest wish to have my name kept back from him, if you think that it would be better for him to be made acquainted with it. With respect to your concluding question, I confess that I believe conscientious atheism not to exist. *Weakness of faith* is partly constitutional, and partly the result of education and other circumstances; and this may go intellectually almost as far as scepticism; that is to say, a man may be perfectly unable to acquire a firm and undoubting belief of the great truths of religion, whether natural or revealed. He may be perplexed with doubts all his days; nay, his fears lest the Gospel should not be true, may be stronger than his hopes that it will. And this is a state of great pain, and of most severe trial, to be pitied heartily, but not to be condemned. I am satisfied that a good man can never get further than this; for his goodness will save him from unbelief, though not from the misery of scanty faith. I call it unbelief,

when a man deliberately renounces his obedience to God, and his sense of responsibility to Him: and this never can be without something of an evil heart rebelling against a yoke, which it does not like to bear. The man you have been trying to convert, stands in this predicament:—he says that he cannot find out God, and that he does not believe in Him; therefore he renounces His service, and chooses to make a God of himself. Now, the idea of God being no other than a combination of all the highest excellences that we can conceive, it is so delightful to a good and sound mind, that it is misery to part with it; and such a mind, if it cannot discern God clearly, concludes that the fault is in itself—that it cannot yet reach to God, not that God does not exist. You see there must be an assumption in either case, for the thing does not admit of demonstration, and the assumption that God is, or is not, depends on the degree of moral pain, which a man feels in relinquishing the idea of God. And here, I think, is the moral fault of unbelief:—that a man can bear to make so great a moral sacrifice, as is implied in renouncing God. He makes the greatest moral sacrifice to obtain partial satisfaction to his intellect: a believer ensures the greatest moral perfection, with partial satisfaction to his intellect also; entire satisfaction to the intellect is, and can be, attained by neither. Thus, then, I believe, generally, that he who has rejected God, must be morally faulty, and therefore justly liable to punishment. But of course, no man can dare to apply this to any particular case, because our moral faults themselves are so lessened or aggravated by circumstances to be known only by Him who sees the heart, that the judgment of those who see the outward conduct only, must ever be given in ignorance.

47. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Rugby, April 5, 1832.

. . . I could still rave about Rydal—it was a period of five weeks of almost awful happiness, absolutely without a cloud; and we all enjoyed it I think equally—mother, father, and fry. Our intercourse with the Wordsworths was one of the brightest spots of all; nothing could exceed their friendliness—and my almost daily walks with him were things not to be forgotten. Once, and once only, we had a good fight about the Reform Bill during a walk up Greenhead Ghyll to see "the unfinished sheepfold" recorded in "Michael." But I am sure that our political disagreement did not at all interfere with our enjoyment of each other's society: for I think that in the great principles of things we agreed very entirely—and only differed as to the τὰ καθ' ἕκαστα. We are thinking of buying or renting a place at Grasmere or Rydal, to spend our holidays at constantly; for not only are the Wordsworths and the scenery a very great attraction, but as I had the chapel at Rydal all the time of our last visit, I got acquainted with the poorer people besides, and you cannot tell what a home-like feeling all of us entertain towards the valley of the Rotha. I found that the newspapers so disturbed me, that we have given them up, and only take one once a week; it only vexes me to read, especially when I

cannot do anything in the way of writing. But I cannot understand how you, appreciating so fully the dangers of the times, can blame me for doing the little which I can to counteract the evil. No one feels more than I do the little fruit which I am likely to produce; still I know that the letters have been read and liked by some of the class of men whom I most wish to influence; and, besides, what do I sacrifice, or what do I risk? If things go as we fear, it will make very little difference whether I wrote in the Sheffield Courant or no, whereas, if God yet saves us, I may be abused, as I have been long since, by a certain party; but it is a mistake to suppose that either I or the school suffer by that. . . . I quite think that a great deal will depend on the next three or four years, as to the permanent success of Rugby; we are still living on credit, but of course credit will not last for ever, unless there is something to warrant it. Our general style of composition is still bad, and where the fault is, I cannot say; some of our boys, however, do beautifully; and one copy of Greek verses (Iambics) on Clitumnus, which was sent into me about a month ago, was one of the most beautiful school copies I ever saw. I should like to show it to you, or even to your brother Edward; for I do not think any of his pupils could write better—*τοῦτο δὲ, ὡς εἰκος, σπάνιον.*

48. TO REV. G. CORNISH. Rugby, June 9, 1832.

. . . We are again, I believe, going to the lakes in the holidays: to a great house near the head of Winandermere, Brathay Hall; because our dear old house at Rydal is let for a twelvemonth. We all look with delight to our migration, though the half-year has gone on very happily as far as the school is concerned, and I am myself perfectly well; but in these times of excitement the thirst for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," is almost irresistible. We are going to have a dinner here for all the town on passing the Reform Bill:—the thing was to be, and I have been labouring to alter its name, and to divest it of everything political, in order that everybody might join in it; but of all difficult offices, that of a peacemaker seems to me to be one of the hardest. What a delightful man we have in Grenfell—so lively and so warm-hearted. I thought of you and of Bagley Wood, and old times, when I walked with him the other day in the rain to a wood about four miles from here, dug up orchis roots, and then bathed on our way home, hanging our clothes on a stick under a tree, to save them from being wet in the interval. . . . I do not wonder at what you say about the civility and compliance of the people with your instructions, as Rural Dean. I think it is so still,—and the game is yet in our hands if we would play it; but I suppose we shall not play it, and five or ten years hence it will be no longer ours to play. 120,000 copies of the Penny Magazine circulate weekly! We join in kindest love and regards to you all. Would that we might ever meet, before perhaps we meet in America or at sea after the Revolution.

49. TO REV. J. E. TYLER. Rugby, June 10, 1832.

Your letter interested me exceedingly. I have had some correspondence with the Useful Knowledge people about their Penny Magazine, and have sent them some things which I am waiting to see whether they will publish. I want to give their Magazine a decidedly Christian character, and then I think it would suit my notions better than any other; but of course what I have been doing, or may do for them, does not hinder me from doing what I can for you. I only suspect I should wish to liberalise your Magazine, as I wish to Christianise theirs; and probably your Committee would recalcitrate against any such operation, as theirs may do. The Christian Knowledge Society has a bad name for the dulness of its publications; and their contributions to the cause of general knowledge, and enlightening the people in earnest, may seem a little tardy and reluctant. This, however, touches you, as an individual member of the Society, no more than it does myself; only the name of the Society is not in good odour. As for the thing itself, it is one on which I am half wild, and am not sure, that I shall not start one at my own expense down here, and call it the Warwickshire Magazine; and I believe that it would answer in the long-run, if there were funds to keep it up for a time; but "experto crede," it is an expensive work to push an infant journal up hill. The objection to a magazine is its desultoriness and vagueness—it is all scraps; whereas a newspaper has a regular subject, and follows it up continuously. I would try to do this as much as I could in a magazine. I would have in every number one portion of the paper for miscellanies, but I think that in another portion there should be some subjects followed up regularly: *e.g.* the history of our present state of society traced backwards: the history of agriculture, including that of inclosures; the statistics of different countries, &c., &c. I suppose the object is to instruct those who have few books and little education; but all instruction must be systematic, and it is this which the people want: they want to have ἀρχαὶ before them, and comprehensive outlines of what follows from those ἀρχαὶ; not a parcel of detached stories about natural history, or this place, or that man,—all entertaining enough, but not instructive to minds wholly destitute of anything like a frame, in which to arrange miscellaneous information. And I believe, if done spiritedly, that systematic information would be even more attractive than the present hodge-podge of odds and ends. Above all, be afraid of teaching nothing; it is vain now to say that questions of religion and politics are above the understanding of the poorer classes—so they may be, but they are not above their *misunderstanding*, and they will think and talk about them, so that they had best be taught to think and talk rightly. It is worth while to look at Owen's paper, "The Crisis," or at the "Midland Representative," the great paper of the Birmingham operatives. The most abstract points are discussed in them, and the very foundations of all things are daily being probed, as much as by the sophists, whom it was the labour of Socrates' life to combat. Phrases which did well enough formerly,

now only excite a sneer; it does not do to talk to the operatives about our "pure and apostolical church," and "our glorious constitution;" they have no respect for either; but one must take higher ground, and show that our object is not to preserve particular institutions, so much as to uphold eternal principles, which are in great danger of falling into disrepute, because of the vices of the institutions which profess to exemplify them. The Church, as it now stands, no human power can save; my fear is, that, if we do not mind, we shall come to the American fashion, and have no provision made for the teaching Christianity at all. But it is late, and I must go to bed; and I have prosed to you enough; but I am as bad about these things as Don Quixote with his knight-errantry, and when once I begin, I do not readily stop.

50. TO HIS NEPHEW, J. WARD, ESQ., ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Brathay Hall, July 7, 1832.

. . . A man's life in London, while he is single, may be very stirring, and very intellectual, but I imagine that it must have a hardening effect, and that this effect will be more felt every year as the counter tendencies of youth become less powerful. The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin, and sweeteners of his blood, are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor. It is very hard, I imagine, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God without one or both of these aids to foster it. Romantic and fantastic indolence was the fault of other times and other countries; here I crave more and more every day to find men unfevered by the constant excitement of the world, whether literary, political, commercial, or fashionable; men who, while they are alive to all that is around them, feel also who is above them. I would give more than I can say, if your Useful Knowledge Society Committee had this last feeling, as strongly as they have the other purely and beneficently. . . . I care not for one party or the other, but I do care for the country, and for interests even more precious than that of the country, which the present disordered state of the human mind seems threatening. But this mixes strangely with your present prospects, and I hope we may both manage to live in peace with our families in the land of our fathers, without crossing the Atlantic.

51. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Brathay Hall, July 8, 1832.

This place is complete rest, such as I wish you could enjoy after your far more anxious occupations. . . . As to the state of the country, I find my great concern about it comes by accesses, sometimes weighing upon me heavily, and then again laid aside as if it were nothing. . . . I wish that your old notion of editing a family Bible could be revived. I do not know anything which more needs to be done, and it would be a very delightful thing if it could be accompanied with

really good maps and engravings, which might be done if a large sale could be reckoned upon. It might be published in penny numbers, not beginning with Genesis, but with some of the most important parts of the New Testament, *e.g.* St. John's Gospel or the Epistle to the Romans. Some of the historical books of the Old Testament, I should be inclined to publish last of all, as being the least important, whilst the Psalms and some of the Prophets should appear very early. I am even grand enough to aspire after a new, or rather a corrected translation, for I would only alter manifest faults or obscurities, and even then preserving as closely as possible the style of the old translation. Many could do this for the New Testament, but where is the man, in England at least, who could do it for the Old? . . . . But alas! for your being at Dublin instead of at Canterbury.

52. TO REV. J. E. TYLER. Manchester, July 28, 1832.

I am on my way to Laleham from the Lakes, to see my poor sister, whose long illness seems now at last on the point of being happily ended. And whilst waiting here for a coach, I have just bought four of the numbers of the Saturday Magazine, and think this a good opportunity to answer your last kind letter. The difficulty which occurs to me in your Sermon project, is, how to make the work sufficiently systematic, or sufficiently particular. I mean this, a real sermon has very often no sort of connexion with its last week's predecessor, or next week's successor; but then it is appropriate either to something in the service of the day, or else to something in the circumstances of the hearers, which makes it fitting for that especial season. And if it be nothing of any of these, but a mere sermon which might as well be preached on any other day, and in any other place as when and where it is actually preached, then I hold it to be, with rare exceptions, a very dull thing, and a very useless one. Now in a monthly *publication* of Sermons, you lose all the advantages of local and personal applicability; —you have only the applicability of time or of matter; that is, your month's sermons may be written on the lessons for the month, or the part of Scripture then read, or on the season of the year, whether natural or ecclesiastical; or else they may form successive parts of one great whole, to be completed in any given time, and to be announced in the first of the series. But if you publish a mere collection of miscellaneous sermons, I think that you will be wasting your labour.

Now then practically to the point. Fix on your plan, whether your arrangement be of time or of matter, or of both; and let me know what part you would like me to take: *e.g.* whether sermons or any given book of Scripture, or on the Lessons for the Sundays in Advent, or in Lent, or at any other given period; or Sermons for Spring or Winter, etc., adapted either to an agricultural or manufacturing population; or, if you like the arrangement of matter, give me any subject that you choose, whether of evidence, history, or exhortation upon doctrine, and I will do my best for you: but I cannot write sermons in the abstract. I like to have my own portion of any work to be kept to myself, and

you would not thank me for copying for you some of my old sermons out of my paper case.

I am sorry for what you say about my not writing anything *startling;* because it shows how long we have been absent from one another, and that you are beginning to judge me in part upon the reports of others. There are some people whom I must *startle*, if I am to do any good: and so you think too, I am sure. But to startle the majority of good and sensible men, or to startle so as to disgust at once a majority of any sort, are things which I most earnestly should wish to avoid. At the same time, I do strongly object on principle, to the use of that glozing, unnatural, and silly language, (for so it is in us now,) which men use one after another, till it becomes as worn as one of the old shillings. . . .

I wish your Saturday Magazine all success; I do not quite like the introductory article,—but I think it improves as it goes along. The print of the departure of the Israelites was a good notion, and well executed; and I like some of your poetry. I could only do you good by sending you something very radical; for you will have enough of what is right and proper. But seriously, if I can persuade the Penny Magazine to receive things more in your tone, I think I shall do more good than by writing for you—if, as I fear, I cannot do both. In fact, I have for some time past done neither, and I know not how or when I can mend.

53. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, September 6, 1832.

. . . Have you heard that the Useful Knowledge Society have resolved to publish a Bible, and asked —— to be editor? Hâc tamen lege, that, where doctrine is introduced, the opinions of the different sects of Christians should be fairly stated. Now Evans's Dictionary of all Religions is a useful book, but I do not want exactly to see it made a rider upon the Scriptures. We want something better than this plan. . . . I told —— that I must write to you before I gave him any promise of assistance. O! for your Bible plan, or, at least, for the sanction of your name: I think I see the possibility of a true comprehensive Christian Commentary, keeping back none of the counsel of God, lowering no truth, chilling no lofty or spiritual sentiment, yet neither silly, fanatical, nor sectarian. Your book on Romanism shows how this may be done, and it applies to all sects alike. They are not all error, nor we all truth; *e.g.* the Quakers reject the communion of the Lord's Supper, thereby losing a great means of grace; but are they not tempted to do so by the superstitions which other Christians have heaped upon the institution, and is there not some taint of these in the exhortation even in our own Communion Service? And with regard to the greatest truths of all, you know how Pelagianism and Calvinism have encouraged each other, and how the Athanasian Creed, at this day, confirms and aggravates the evils of Unitarianism. I heard some time since, as a matter of fact, that, in the United States, where the Episcopal Church has expelled this creed, the character of Unitarianism

is very different from what it is in England, and is returning towards high Arianism, just as here it has gone a downward course to the very verge of utter unbelief. I know how much you have on your hands and on your mind; I, too, have my hobbies, but I know of nothing more urgent than to circulate such an edition of the Scriptures, as might labour, with God's help, to give their very express image without human addition or omission, striving to state clearly what is God's will with regard to us now; for this seems to me to be one great use of a commentary, to make people understand where God spoke to their fathers, and where he speaks to them; or rather,—since in all he speaks to them, though not after the same manner,—to teach them to distinguish where they are to follow the letter, and where the spirit.

I have promised to send Tyler some sermons for his Magazine, though the abstract idea of a sermon is rather a puzzle to my faculties, accustomed as they are to cling to things in the concrete. But I am vexed to find how much of hopeless bigotry lingers in minds, οἷς χῆκίστα ἔχρη. I am sure old —— is personally cooled towards me, by the Essay attached to the Sermons, and the Sheffield Courant Letters. And another very old and dear friend wrote to me about my grievous errors and yours, praying "that I may be delivered from such false doctrines, and restrained from promulgating them." These men have the advantage over us, λέγω κατ' ἄνθρωπον, which the Catholics had over the Protestants: they taxed them with damnable heresy, and pronounced their salvation impossible; the Protestants in return only charged them with error and superstition, till some of the hotter sort, impatient of such an unequal rejoinder, bethought themselves of retorting with the charge of damnable idolatry. But still I think that we have the best of it, in not letting what we firmly believe to be error and ignorance shake our sense of that mightier bond of union, which exists between all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; perhaps I should say, in not letting our sense of the magnitude of the error lead us to question the sincerity of the love.

I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed sister.* I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child,—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless, enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory. God bless you all.

* Susannah Arnold died at Laleham, August 20, 1832, after a complaint in the spine of twenty years' duration.

54. TO J. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. Rugby, September 17, 1832.

. . . Much has happened since April, but nothing to me of so much interest as the death of my dear sister Susannah, after twenty-one years of suffering. We were called up hastily to Laleham in June, hardly expecting then to find her alive; but she rallied again and we went down with all our family to the Lakes for the holidays, intending to return to Laleham for a short time before the end of the vacation. But the accounts became worse, and we went up to her, leaving the children at the Lakes, towards the end of July. We spent more than a fortnight at Laleham, and returned to Rugby on the 18th of August, expecting, or at least not despairing of seeing her again in the winter. On the 23rd, we heard from Mrs. Buckland, to say that all was over; she had died on the night of the 21st, so suddenly that the Bucklands could not be called from the next house in time. The last months, I may say indeed the last twenty years of her life, had been a constant preparation, and she was only spared the nervous fear which none probably can wholly overcome, of expecting the approach of death within a definite time. I never saw nor ever heard of a more complete triumph over selfishness, a more glorious daily renewing of soul and spirit amidst the decays and sufferings of the body, than was displayed throughout her twenty years' martyrdom. My poor aunt, well comparatively speaking in body, but decayed sadly in her mind, still lives in the same house, close to the Bucklands; the only remaining survivor of what I call the family of my childhood. I attach a very peculiar value to the common articles of furniture, the mere pictures, and china, and books, and candlesticks, &c., which I have seen grouped together in my infancy, and whilst my aunt still keeps them, it seems to me as if my father's house were not quite broken up.

You may have heard, perhaps, that great as is the loss of this dear sister, I was threatened with one still heavier in May last. My wife was seized with a most virulent sore throat, which brought on a premature confinement, and for some time my distress was greater than it has been since her dangerous illness in 1821. But she was mercifully recovered, not however without the loss of our little baby, a beautiful little girl, who just lived for seven days, and then drooped away and died of no other disorder than her premature birth. We had nothing but illness in our house during the whole spring: wife, children, servants, all were laid up one after the other, and for some time I never got up in the morning without hearing of some new case, either amongst my own family or amongst the boys. Then came the cholera at Newbold; and I thought that, beat as we were by such a succession of illnesses, we were in no condition to encounter this new trouble; and therefore, with the advice of our medical men, I hastily dispersed the school. We went down bodily to the Lakes, and took possession of Brathay Hall, a large house and large domain, just on the head of Winandermere. It was like Tinian to Anson's crew, never was there such a renewal of strength and spirits as our children experienced from their six weeks' sojourn in this Paradise. And for their mamma and

papa, the month that we spent there was not less delightful. Our intimacy with the Wordsworths was cemented, and scenery and society together made the time a period of enjoyment, which it seemed almost wholesome for us not to have longer continued, *μὴ νουτοῖο λαθώμεθα.*

And now we are all at work again, the school very full, very healthy, and I think in a most beautiful temper; the sixth form working *μάλιστα κατ' ἐυχὴν*, and all things at present promising. I am quite well, and enjoying my work exceedingly. May I only remember that, after all, the true work is to have a daily living faith in Him whom God sent. Send me a letter to tell me fully about you and yours; it is sad that we can never meet, but we must write oftener. Business ought not so to master us as not to leave time for a better business, and one which I trust will last longer, for I love to think that Christian friendships may be part of the business of eternity. God ever bless you.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, JANUARY, 1833, TO SEPTEMBER, 1835.

HIS alarm about the state of the poor naturally subsided with the tranquillisation of the disturbances amongst the rural population, but was succeeded by an alarm almost as great, lest the political agitation which, in 1832, took the form of the cry for Church Reform, should end in destroying what, with all its defects, seemed to him the greatest instrument of social and moral good existing in the country. It was this strong conviction, which, in 1833, originated his pamphlet on "the Principles of Church Reform." "I hung back," he said, "as long as I could, till the want was so urgent that I sat down to write, because I could not help it." But with him preservation was only another word for reform; and here the reform proposed was great in proportion as he thought the stake at issue was dear, and the danger formidable. "Most earnestly do I wish to see the Establishment reformed," was the closing sentence of his Postscript, "at once, for the sake of its greater security, and its greater perfection: but, whether reformed or not, may God in his mercy save us from the calamity of seeing it destroyed!" As much of the misunderstanding of his character arose from a partial knowledge of this pamphlet, and of his object in writing it, it may be as well to give, in his own words, the answer which he made to a friend, in 1840, to a general charge of indiscretion brought against him.

"It seems to me that the charge of 'Indiscretion,' apart of course from the truth or error of the opinions expressed, belongs only to my Church Reform pamphlet. Now, I am quite ready to allow, that to publish such a pamphlet in 1840, or indeed at any period since 1834, would have been the height of indiscretion. But I wrote that pamphlet

in 1833, when most men—myself among the number—had an exaggerated impression of the strength of the movement party, and of the changes which it was likely to effect. My pamphlet was written on the supposition—not implied, but expressed repeatedly—that the Church Establishment was in extreme danger; and therefore I proposed remedies, which, although I do still sincerely believe them to be in themselves right and good, yet would be manifestly chimerical, and to advise them might well be called indiscreet, had not the danger and alarm, as I supposed, been imminent. I mistook, undoubtedly, both the strength and intenseness of the movement, and the weakness of the party opposed to it; but I do not think that I was singular in my error—many persisted in it; Lord Stanley, for example, even in 1834 and the subsequent years—many even hold it still, when experience has proved its fallacy. But the startling nature of my proposals, which I suppose constitutes what is called their indiscretion, is to be judged by the state of things in 1832-3, and not by that of times present. Jephson finds that his patients will adopt a very strict diet, when they believe themselves to be in danger; but he would be very indiscreet if he prescribed it to a man who felt no symptoms of indisposition, for the man would certainly laugh at him, although perhaps the diet would do him great good, if he could be induced to adopt it."

The plan of the pamphlet itself is threefold; a defence of the national Establishment, a statement of the extreme danger to which it was exposed, and a proposal of what seemed to him the only means of averting this danger:—first, by a design for comprehending the Dissenters within the pale of the Establishment, without compromise of principle on either side; secondly, by various details intended to increase its actual efficiency. The sensation created by the appearance of this pamphlet was considerable. Within six months of its publication it passed through four editions. It was quoted with approbation and condemnation by men of the most opposite parties, though with far more of condemnation than of approbation. Dissenters objected to its attacks on what he conceived to be their sectarian narrowness,—the Clergy of the Establishment to its supposed latitudinarianism:—its advocacy of large reforms repelled the sympathy of many Conservatives—its advocacy of the importance of religious institutions repelled the sympathy of many Liberals.

Yet still it was impossible not to see, that it stood apart from all the rest of the publications for and against Church Reform, then issuing in such numbers from the press. There were many, both at the time and since, who, whilst they objected to its details, yet believed its statement of general principles to be true, and only to be deprecated because the time was not yet come for their application. There were many again, who, whilst they objected to its general principles, yet admired the beauty of particular passages, or the wisdom of some of the details. Such were the statement of the advantages of a national and of a Christian Establishment,—his defence of the Bishops' seats in Parliament, and of the high duties of the Legislature. Such, again, were the suggestion of a multiplication of Bishoprics, the creation of suffragan

or subordinate Bishops—the revival of an inferior order of ministers or deacons in the Establishment—the use of churches on week-days—the want of greater variety in our forms of worship than is afforded by the ordinary course of morning and evening prayer—all of them points which, being then proposed nearly for the first time, have since received the sanction of a large part of public opinion, if not of public practice.

One point of detail, so little connected with his general views as not to be worth mentioning on its own account, yet deserves to be recorded, as a curious instance of the disportionate attention, which may sometimes be attracted to one unimportant passage; namely, the suggestion that if Dissenters were comprehended within the Establishment, the use of different forms of worship at different hours of the Sunday in the parish church, might tend to unite the worshippers more closely to the Church of their fathers and to one another. This suggestion, torn from the context and represented in language which it is not necessary here to specify, is the one sole idea, which many have conceived of the whole pamphlet, which many also have conceived of his whole theological teaching, which not a few have conceived even of his whole character. Yet this suggestion is a mere detail, only recommended conditionally, a detail occupying two pages in a pamphlet of eighty-eight; a detail, indeed, which in other countries has been adopted without difficulty amongst Protestants, Greeks, and Roman Catholics, and which, in principle at least, has since been sanctioned, in the alternate use in one instance of the Prussian and English Liturgies, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London;—but a detail, on which he himself laid no stress either then or afterwards, of which no mention occurs again in any one of his writings, and of which, in common with all the other details in the pamphlet, he expressly declared that he was far from proposing anything with "equal confidence to that with which he maintained the principles themselves;" and that "he was not anxious about any particular measure which he may have ventured to recommend, if anything could be suggested by others, which would effect the same great object of comprehension more completely." (Preface to Principles of Church Reform, p. iv.)

But, independently of the actual matter of the pamphlet, its publication was the signal for the general explosion of the large amount of apprehension or suspicion, which had been in so many minds contracted against him since he became known to the public—amongst ordinary men, from his pamphlet on the Roman Catholic claims—amongst more thinking men, from his Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture—amongst men in general, from the union of undefined fear and dislike, which is almost sure to be inspired by the unwelcome presence of a man who has resolution to propose, earnestness to attempt, and energy to effect, any great change either in public opinion or in existing institutions. The storm, which had thus been gathering for some time past, now burst upon him,—beginning in theological and political opposition, but gradually including within its sweep every topic, personal or professional, which could expose him to

obloquy,—and continued to rage for the next four years of his life. The neighbouring county paper maintained an almost weekly attack upon him; the more extreme of the London Conservative newspapers echoed these attacks with additions of their own; the official dinner which usually accompanied the Easter speeches at Rugby was, on one occcasion, turned into a scene of uproar by the endeavour to introduce into it political toasts; in the University pulpit at Oxford, he was denounced almost by name; every incautious act or word in the management of the school, almost every sickness amongst the boys, was eagerly used as a handle against him. Charges which, in ordinary cases, would have passed by unnoticed, fell with double force on a man already marked out for public odium; persons, who naturally would have been the last to suspect him, took up and repeated almost involuntarily the invectives which they heard reverberated around them in all directions; the opponents of any new system of education were ready to assail every change which he had introduced; the opponents of the old discipline of public schools were ready to assail every support which he gave to it; the general sale of his Sermons was almost stopped; even his personal acquaintance began to look upon him with alarm, some dropped their intercourse with him altogether, hardly any were able fully to sympathise with him, and almost all remonstrated.

He was himself startled, but not moved by this continued outcry. It was indeed "nearly the worst pain which he had ever felt, to see the impression which either his writings, or his supposed opinions, produced on those whom he most dearly valued;" it was "a trying thing to one who held his own opinions as strongly as he did, to be taxed continually with indifference to truth;" and at times even his vigorous health and spirits seemed to fail under the sense of the estrangement of friends, or yet more, under his aversion to the approbation of some who were induced by the clamour against him to claim him as their own ally. But the public attacks upon himself he treated with indifference. Those which related to the school he was in one or two instances at their outset induced to notice; but he soon formed a determination, which he maintained till they died away altogether, never to offer any reply, or even explanation, except to his own personal friends. "My resolution is fixed," he said, "to let them alone, and on no account to condescend to answer them in the newspapers. All that is wanted is to inspire firmness into the minds of those engaged in the conduct of the school, lest their own confidence should be impaired by a succession of attacks, which I suppose is unparalleled in the experience of schools." Nor was he turned in the slightest degree from his principles. Knowing, from the example of those who presided over other schools, that, had he been on the opposite side of the questions at issue, he might have taken a far more active part in public matters without provoking any censure, and conscious that his exertions in the school were as efficient as ever, he felt it due alike to himself, his principles, and his position, never to concede that he had acted inconsistently with the duties of his situation; and therefore in the critical election of the winter of 1834, when the outcry against him was at its height, he did not shrink

from coming up from Westmorland to Warwickshire to vote for the Liberal candidate, foreseeing, as he must have done, the burst of indignation which followed.

And, whilst the clamour against his pamphlet may have increased his original diffidence in the practicability of its details, it only drove him to a more determinate examination and development of its principles, which from this time forward assumed that coherent form which was the basis of all his future writings. What he now conceived and expressed in a systematic shape, had indeed always floated before him in a ruder and more practical form, and in his later life it received various enlargements and modifications. But in substance, his opinions, which up to this time had been forming, were, after it, formed; he had now reached that period of life after which any change of view is proverbially difficult; he had now arrived at that stage in the progress of his mind, to which all his previous inquiries had contributed, and from which all his subsequent inquiries naturally resulted. His views of national education became fixed in the principles, which he expressed in his favourite watch-words at this time, "Christianity without Sectarianism," and "Comprehension without Compromise;" and which he developed at some length in an (unpublished) "Letter on the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities," written in 1834. His long-cherished views of the identity of Church and State, he now first unfolded in his Postscript to the pamphlet on "Church Reform," and in the first of his fragments on that subject, written in 1834-35. Against what he conceived to be the profane and secular view of the State, he protested in the Preface to his third volume of Thucydides, and, against the practical measure of admitting Jews to a share in the supreme legislature, he was at this time more than once on the point of petitioning, in his own sole name. Against what he conceived to be the ceremonial view of the Church, and the technical and formal view of Christian Theology, he protested in the Preface and First Appendix to his third volume of Sermons; whilst against the then incipient school of Oxford Divinity, he was anxious to circulate tracts vindicating the King's Supremacy, and tracing in its opinions the Judaising principles which prevailed in the apostolical age. And he still "dreamt of something like a Magazine for the poor; feeling sure from the abuse lavished upon him, that a man of no party, as he has no chance of being listened to by the half-informed, is the very person who is wanted to speak to the honest uninformed."

From the fermentation against him, of which the Midland counties were the focus, he turned with a new and increasing delight to his place in Westmorland, now doubly endeared to him as his natural home, by its contrast with the atmosphere of excitement, with which he was surrounded in the neighbourhood of Rugby. His more strictly professional pursuits also went on undisturbed; the last and best volume of his edition of Thucydides appeared in 1835, and in 1833 he resumed his Roman History, which he had long laid aside. It might seem strange that he should undertake a work of such magnitude, at a time when his chief interest was more than ever fixed on the great questions

of political and theological philosophy. His love for ancient history was doubtless in itself a great inducement to continue his connexion with it after his completion of the edition of Thucydides. But besides, and perhaps even more than this, was the strong impression that on those subjects, which he himself had most at heart, it was impossible for him to bear up against the tide of misunderstanding and prejudice with which he was met, and that all hope, for the present, of direct influence over his countrymen was cut off. His only choice therefore, lay in devoting himself to some work, which, whilst it was more or less connected with his professional pursuits, would afford him in the past a refuge from the excitement and confusion of the present. What Fox How was to Rugby, that the Roman History was to the painful and conflicting thoughts roused by his writings on political and theological subjects.

But besides the refreshment of Westmorland scenery and of ancient greatness, he must have derived a yet deeper comfort from his increasing influence on the school. Greater as it probably was at a later period over the school generally, yet over individual boys it never was so great as at the period when the clamour, to which he was exposed from without, had reached its highest pitch. Then, when the institution seemed most likely to suffer from the unexampled vehemence with which it was assailed through him, began a series of the greatest successes at both Universities which it had ever known; then, when he was most accused of misgovernment of the place, he laid that firm hold on the esteem and affections of the elder boys, which he never afterwards lost. Then, more than at any other time, when his old friends and acquaintances were falling back from him in alarm, he saw those growing up under his charge of whom it may be truly said, that they would have been willing to die for his sake.

Here, again, the course of his sermons in the third volume gives us a faithful transcript of his feelings; whilst his increased confidence in the school appears throughout in the increased affection of their tone, the general subjects which he then chose for publication, indicate no less the points forced upon him by the controversy of the last two years, —the evils of sectarianism,—the necessity of asserting the authority of "Law, which Jacobinism and Fanaticism are alike combining to destroy" —Christianity, as being the sovereign science of life in all its branches, and especially in its aspect of presenting emphatically the Revelation of God in Christ. And in other parts, it is impossible to mistake the deep personal experience, with which he spoke of the pain of severance from sympathy and of the evil of party spirit; of "the reproach and suspicion of cold friendship and zealous enmity," which is the portion of those who strive to follow no party but Christ's—of the prospect that if "we oppose any prevailing opinion or habit of the day, the fruits of a life's labour, as far as earth is concerned, are presently sacrificed," and "we are reviled instead of respected," and "every word and action of our lives misrepresented and condemned,"—of the manner in which "the blessed Apostle, St. Paul, whose name is now loved and reverenced from one end of the Church of Christ to the other, was

treated by his fellow-Christians at Rome, as no better than a latitudinarian and a heretic." *

55. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. Rydal, January 1, 1833.

. . . New Year's day is in this part of the country regarded as a great festival, and we have had prayers this morning, even in our village chapel at Rydal. May God bless us in all our doings in the year that is now begun, and make us increase more and more in the knowledge and love of Himself and of His Son; that it may be blessed to us, whether we live to see the end of it on earth or no.

I owe you very much for the great kindness of your letters, and thank you earnestly for your prayers. Mine is a busy life, so busy that I have great need of not losing my intervals of sacred rest; so taken up in teaching others, that I have need of especial prayer and labour, lest I live with my own spirit untaught in the wisdom of God. . . . It grieves me more than I can say, to find so much intolerance; by which I mean over-estimating our points of difference, and under-estimating our points of agreement. I am by no means indifferent to truth and error, and hold my own opinions as decidedly as any man; which of course implies a conviction that the opposite opinions are erroneous. In many cases, I think them not only erroneous, but mischievous; still they exist in men, whom I know to be thoroughly in earnest, fearing God and loving Christ, and it seems to me to be a waste of time, which we can ill afford, and a sort of quarrel "by the way," which our Christian vow of enmity against moral evil makes utterly unseasonable, when Christians suspend their great business and loosen the bond of their union with each other by venting fruitless regrets and complaints against one another's errors, instead of labouring to lessen one another's sins. For coldness of spirit, and negligence of our duty, and growing worldliness, are things which we should thank our friends for warning us against; but when they quarrel with our opinions, which we conscientiously hold, it merely provokes us to justify ourselves, and to insist that we are right and they wrong.

We arrived here on Saturday, and on Sunday night there fell a deep snow, which is now however melting; otherwise it would do more than anything else to spoil this unspoilable country. We are living in a little nook under one of the mountains, as snug and sheltered as can be, and I have got plenty of work to do within doors, let the snow last as long as it will.

56. TO W. K. HAMILTON, ESQ. Rydal, January 15, 1833.

[After speaking of his going to Rome.] It stirs up many thoughts to fancy you at Rome. I never saw any place which so interested me, and next to it, but, longissimo intervallo, Venice—then of the towns of Italy, Genoa—and then Pisa and Verona. I cannot care

* Sermons, vol. iii. pp. 263, 363, 350.

for Florence or for Milan or for Turin. . . . For me this country contains all that I wish or want, and no travelling, even in Italy, could give me the delight of thus living amidst the mountains, and seeing and loving them in all their moods and in all mine. I have been writing on Church Reform, and urging an union with the Dissenters as the only thing that can procure to us the blessing of an established Christianity; for the Dissenters are strong enough to turn the scale either for an establishment or against one; and at present they are leagued with the antichristian party against one, and will destroy it utterly if they are not taken into the camp in the defence of it. And if we sacrifice that phantom Uniformity, which has been our curse ever since the Reformation, I am fully persuaded that an union might be effected without difficulty. But God knows what will come to pass, and none besides, for we all seem groping about in the dark together. I trust, however, that we shall be spared the worst evil of all, war.

57. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rydal, January 17, 1833.

. . . As my pamphlet will probably reach you next week, I wished you to hear something from me on the subject beforehand. My reasons for writing it were chiefly because the reform proposed by Lord Henley and others seemed to me not only insufficient, but of a wrong kind; and because I have heard the American doctrine of every man paying his minister as he would his lawyer, advanced and supported in high quarters, where it sounded alarming. I was also struck by the great vehemence displayed by the Dissenters at the late elections, and by the refusal to pay Church-rates at Birmingham. Nothing, as it seems to me, can save the Church, but an union with the Dissenters; now they are leagued with the antichristian party, and no merely internal reforms in the administration of the actual system will, I think, or can satisfy them. Further, Lord Henley's notion about a convocation, and Bishops not sitting in Parliament, and laymen not meddling with Church doctrine, seemed to me so dangerous a compound of the worst errors of Popery and Evangelicalism combined, and one so unsuited to the interest of the Devil and his numerous party, that I was very desirous of protesting against it. However, the pamphlet will tell its own story, and I think it can do no harm, even if it does no good.

58. TO THE SAME. February 1, 1833.

. . . As for my coming down into Westmorland, I may almost say that it is to satisfy a physical want in my nature which craves after the enjoyment of nature, and for nine months in the year can find nothing to satisfy it. I agree with old Keble,* that one does not need mountains and lakes for this; the Thames at Laleham—Bagley Wood, and Shotover at Oxford were quite enough for it. I only know of five counties in England, which cannot supply it; and I am unluckily

* Christian Year, First Sunday after Epiphany.

perched down in one of them. These five are Warwick, Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Bedford. I should add, perhaps, Rutland, and you cannot name a seventh; for Suffolk, which is otherwise just as bad, has its bit of sea coast. But Halesworth, so far as I remember it, would be just as bad as Rugby. We have no hills—no plains—not a single wood, and but one single copse: no heath—no down—no rock—no river—no clear stream—scarcely any flowers, for the lias is particularly poor in them—nothing but one endless monotony of inclosed fields and hedge-row trees. This is to me a daily privation; it robs me of what is naturally my anti-attrition; and, as I grow older, I begin to feel it. My constitution is sound, but not strong; and I feel any little pressure or annoyance more than I used to do; and the positive dulness of the country about Rugby makes it to me a mere working place; I cannot expatiate there even in my walks. So, in the holidays, I have an absolute craving for the enjoyment of nature, and this country suits me better than anything else, because we can be all together, because we can enjoy the society, and because I can do something in the way of work besides. . . .

Two things press upon me unabatedly—my wish for a Bible, such as I have spoken of before; and my wish for something systematic for the instruction of the poor. In my particular case, undoubtedly, the stamp duties are an evil; for I still think, that a newspaper alone can help to cure the evil which newspapers have done and are doing; the events of the day are a definite subject, to which instruction can be attached in the best possible manner; the Penny and Saturday Magazines are all ramble-scramble. I think often of a Warwickshire Magazine, to appear monthly, and so escape the Stamp Duties, whilst events at a month's end are still fresh enough to interest. We ought to have, in Birmingham and Coventry, good and able men enough, and with sufficient variety of knowledge for such a work. But between the want of will and the want of power, the ten who were vainly sought to save Sodom, will be as vainly sought for now.

59. TO THE REV. J. TUCKER. (On his leaving England for India, as a Missionary.)

February, 1833.

[After speaking of the differences of tastes and habits which had interfered with their having common subjects of interest.] . . . It is my joy to think that there will be a day when these things will all vanish in the intense consciousness of what we both have in common. I owe you much more than I can well pay, indeed, for your influence on my mind and character in early life. The freshness of our Oxford life is continually present with me, and especially of the latter part of it. How well I recollect when you and Cornish did duty for your first time at Begbrooke and Yarnton, and when we had one of our last *skirmishes* together in a walk to Garsington in March, 1819. All that period was working for me constant good, and how delightful it is to have our University recollections so free from the fever of intellectual competition

or parties or jealousies of any kind whatever. I love also to think of our happy meeting in later life, when Cornish and I, with our wives and children, were with you at Malling, in 1823.

. . . Meantime, even in a temporal point of view, you are going from what bids fair, I fear, to deserve the name of a City of Destruction. The state of Europe is indeed fearful; and that of England, I verily think, worst of all. What is coming, none can foresee, but every symptom is alarming; above all, the extraordinary dearth of men professing to act in the fear of God, and not being fanatics; as parties, the High Churchmen, the Evangelicals, and the Dissenters seem to me almost equally bad, and how many good men can be found who do not belong to one of them?

Your godson is now turned of ten years old, and I think of keeping him at home for some time to familiarise him with home feelings. . . . I am sure that we shall have your prayers for his bringing forth fruit unto life eternal. . . . And now farewell, my dear friend; may God be with you always through Jesus Christ, and may He bless all your works to His glory and your own salvation. You will carry with you, as long as you live, my most affectionate and grateful remembrances, and my earnest wishes for all good to you, temporal and spiritual.

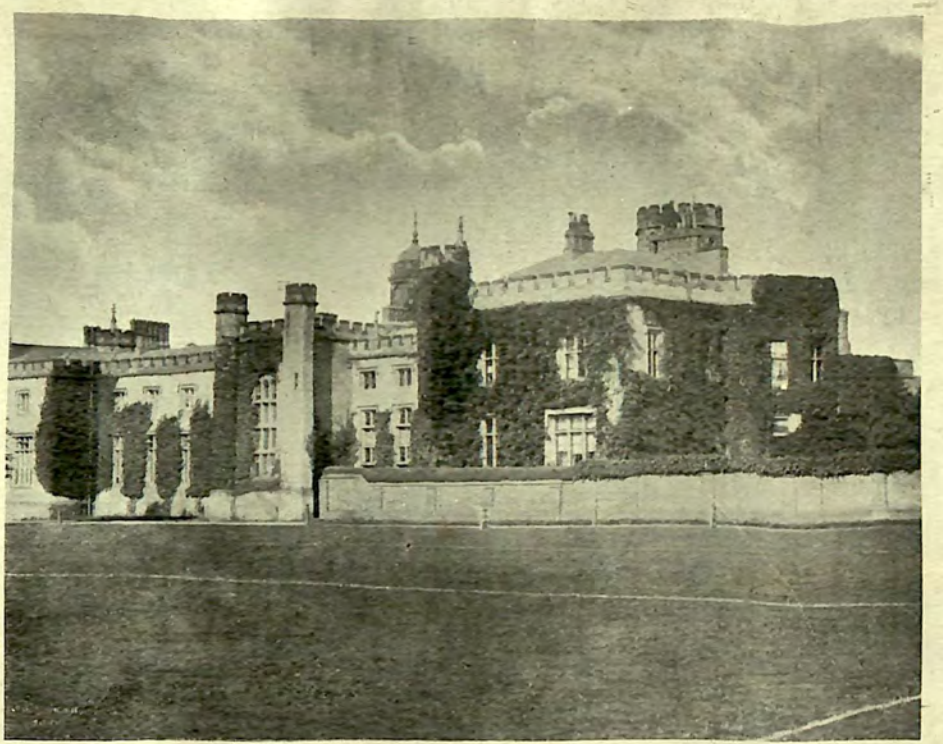
60. TO AN OLD PUPIL AT OXFORD.* (A.) February 25, 1833.

It always grieves me to hear that a man does not like Oxford. I was so happy there myself, and above all so happy in my friends, that its associations to my mind are purely delightful. But, of course, in this respect, everything depends upon the society you fall into. If this be uncongenial, the place can have no other attractions than those of a town full of good libraries.

. . . The more we are destitute of opportunities for indulging our feelings, as is the case when we live in uncongenial society, the more we are apt to crisp and harden our outward manner to save our real feelings from exposure. Thus I believe that some of the most delicate-minded men get to appear actually coarse from their unsuccessful efforts to mask their real nature. And I have known men disagreeably forward from sheer shyness. But I doubt whether a man does not suffer from a habit of self-constraint, and whether his feelings do not become really, as well as apparently, chilled. It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.

I shall really be very glad to hear from you at any time, and I will write to the best of my power on any subject on which you want to know my opinion. As for anything more, I believe that the one great lesson for us all is, that we should daily pray for an "increase of faith."

* The letters of the alphabet thus affixed are intended to distinguish between the different pupils so addressed.



RUGBY SCHOOL, FROM THE CLOSE.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

There is enough of iniquity abounding to make our love in danger of waxing cold; it is well said, therefore, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in *Me*." By which I understand that it is not so much general notions of Providence which are our best support, but a sense of the personal interest, if I may so speak, taken in our welfare by Him who died for us and rose again. May His Spirit strengthen us to do His will, and to bear it, in power, in love, and in wisdom. God bless you.

61. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, March 5, 1833.

[After speaking of a parcel sent to him.] I will not conceal, however, that my motive in writing to you immediately is to notice what you say of my pamphlet on Church Reform. I did not send it you for two reasons; first, because I feared that you would not like it; secondly, because a pamphlet in general is not worth the carriage. And I should be ashamed of myself if I were annoyed by your expressing your total disagreement with its principles or with its conclusions. But I do protest most strongly against your charge of writing "with haste and without consideration;" of writing "on subjects which I have not studied and do not understand," and "which are not within my proper province." You cannot possibly know that I wrote in haste, or that I have not studied the question; and I think, however much I might differ from any opinion of yours, I should scarcely venture to say that you had written on what you did not understand. I regret exceedingly the use of this kind of language in Oxford, (for —— wrote to me exactly in the same strain,) because it seems to me to indicate a temper, not the best suited either to the state of knowledge or of feeling in other parts of the kingdom. It so happens that the subject of conformity, of communion, of the relations of Church and State, of Church Government, &c., is one which I have studied more than any other which I could name. I have read very largely about it, and thought about it habitually for several years, and I must say, that, sixteen or seventeen years ago, I had read enough of what were called orthodox books upon such matters, to be satisfied of their shallowness and confusion. I do not quarrel with you for coming to a different conclusion, but I do utterly deny that you are entitled to tax me with not being just as qualified as yourself to form a conclusion. I do not know that it gives me much pain, when my friends write what I do not like; for so long as I believe them to be honest, I do not think that they will be the worse for it; but assuredly my convictions of the utter falsehood and mischievous tendency of their opinions are quite as strong as theirs can be of mine; though I do not expect to convert them to my own views for many reasons. As to the pamphlet, I am now writing a Postscript for the fourth edition of it, with some quotations in justification of some of my positions. [After mentioning a pamphlet by a person of junior standing to himself.] If any respectable man of my own age chooses to attack my principles, I am perfectly ready to meet him, and he shall see at any rate whether I have studied the question

or no. I wish that I knew as much about Thucydides, which you think that I do understand.

I hope that I have expressed myself clearly. I complain merely of the charge of writing hastily on a subject which I have not studied. As a matter of fact, it is most opposite to the truth. But if you say that you think I have studied it to very bad purpose, and am all wrong about it, I have only to say, that I think differently; but I should not in the least complain of your giving me your own opinion in the plainest terms that you choose.

62. TO THE SAME. Rugby, March 10, 1833.

I thank you entirely for your last letter; it is at once kind and manly, and I much value your notice of particular points in the Pamphlet which you think wrong. It is very true that it was *written* hastily, *i.e.* penned, for the time was short; but it is no less true that the matter of it, as far as its general principles are concerned, had been thought over in my mind again and again. In fact, my difficulty was how to write sufficiently briefly, for I have matter enough to fill a volume; and some of the propositions, which I have heard objected to, as thrown out at random, are to my own mind the results of a very full consideration of the case; although I have contented myself with putting down the conclusion, and omitting the premises. [After answering a question of history.] I fear, indeed, that our differences of opinion on many points of which I have written must be exceedingly wide. I am conscious that I have a great deal to learn; and, if I live ten years more, I hope I shall be wiser than I am now. Still I am not a boy, nor do I believe that any one of my friends has arrived at his opinions with more deliberation and deeper thoughts than I have at mine. And you should remember, that if many of my notions indicate in your judgment an imperfect acquaintance with the subject, this is exactly the impression which the opposite notions leave on my mind; and, as I know it to be quite possible that a conclusion, which seems to me mere folly and ignorance, may really rest on some proof, of which I am wholly ignorant, and which to the writer's mind may have been so familiar from long habit as to seem quite superfluous to be stated—so it is equally possible, that what appears folly or ignorance to you, may also be justified by a view of the question which has escaped your notice, and which I may happen to have hit upon.

Undoubtedly I should think it wrong to write on any subject, and much more such a subject as the Church, without having considered it. It can hardly be an *honest* opinion, if it be expressed confidently, without a consciousness of having sufficient reason for it. And though on subjects within the reach of our faculties, *sufficient* consideration, in the strict sense, must preclude error, (for all error must arise either from some premises being unknown, or from some faulty conclusion being derived from those which we do know,) yet of course for our moral justification, it is sufficient that we have considered it as well as we could, and so, that we seem to have a competent understanding of

it compared with other men—to be able to communicate some truth to others, while we receive truths from them in return.

But my main object in writing was to thank you for your letter, and to assure you that my feeling of anger is quite subsided, if anger it could be called. Yet I think I had a right to complain of the tone of decided condemnation which ran through your first letter, assuming that I had written without reflection and without study, because my notions were different from yours; and I think that, had I applied similar expressions to any work of yours, you would have been annoyed as much as I was, and have thought that I had judged you rather unfairly. But enough of this; and I will only hope that my next work, if ever I live to write another, may please you better.

63. TO WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ., FORMERLY M.P. FOR NORWICH. (In answer to a letter on the subject of his pamphlet, particularly objecting to his making it essential to those included in his scheme of comprehension, that they should address Christ as an object of worship.)

Rugby, March 9, 1833.

I trust you will not ascribe it to neglect, that I have not returned an earlier answer to your letter. My time has been very much occupied, and I did not wish to write, till I could command leisure to write as fully as the purport and tone of your letter required.

I cannot be mistaken, I think, in concluding that I have the honour of addressing Mr. Smith, who was so long the Member for Norwich, and whose name must be perfectly familiar to any one who has been accustomed to follow the proceedings of Parliament.

The passage in my Pamphlet to which you allude is expressly limited to the case of "the Unitarians preserving exactly their present character;" that is, as appears by a comparison with what follows, (p. 36,) their including many who "call themselves Unitarians, because the name of unbeliever is not yet thought creditable." And these persons are expressly distinguished from those other Unitarians whom I speak of "as really Christians." In giving or withholding the title of Christian, I was much more influenced by the spirit and temper of the parties alluded to than by their doctrinal opinions. For instance, my dislike to the works of the late Mr. Belsham arises more from what appears to me their totally unchristian tone, meaning particularly their want of that devotion, reverence, love of holiness, and dread of sin, which breathes through the Apostolical writings, than from the mere opinions contained in them, utterly erroneous as I believe them to be. And this was my reason for laying particular stress on the worship of Christ; because it appears to me that the feelings with which we regard Him are of much greater importance, than such metaphysical questions as those between Homoousians and Homoiousians, or even than the questions of His humanity or proper divinity.

My great objection to Unitarianism in its present form in England, where it is professed sincerely, is that it makes Christ virtually dead,

Our relation to Him is past instead of present; and the result is notorious, that instead of doing everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, the language of Unitarians loses this peculiarly Christian character, and assimilates to that of mere Deists; "Providence," the "Supreme Being," and other such expressions taking the place of "God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," "the Lord," &c., which other Christians, like the Apostles, have found at once most natural to them, and most delightful. For my own part, considering one great object of God's revealing Himself in the Person of Christ to be the furnishing us with an object of worship which we could at once love and understand; or, in other words, the supplying safely and wholesomely that want in human nature, which has shown itself in false religions, in "making gods after our own devices," it does seem to me to be forfeiting the peculiar benefits thus offered, if we persist in attempting to approach to God in His own incomprehensible essence, which as no man hath seen or can see, so no man can conceive it. And, while I am most ready to allow the provoking and most ill-judged language in which the truth, as I hold it to be, respecting God has been expressed by Trinitarians, so, on the other hand, I am inclined to think that Unitarians have deceived themselves by fancying that they could understand the notion of one God any better than that of God in Christ: whereas, it seems to me, that it is only of God in Christ that I can in my present state of being conceive anything at all. To know God the Father, that is, God as He is in Himself, in His to us incomprehensible essence, seems the great and most blessed promise reserved for us when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

You will forgive me for writing in this language; but I could not otherwise well express what it was, which I consider such a departure from the spirit of Christianity in modern Unitarianism. Will you forgive me also for expressing my belief and fervent hope, that if we could get rid of the Athanasian Creed, and of some other instances of what I would call the technical language of Trinitarianism, many good Unitarians would have a stumbling-block removed out of their path, and would join their fellow-Christians in bowing the knee to Him who is Lord both of the dead and the living.

But whatever they may think of His nature, I never meant to deny the name of Christian to those who truly love and fear Him, and though I think it is the tendency of Unitarianism to lessen this love and fear, yet I doubt not that many Unitarians feel it notwithstanding, and then *He* is their Saviour, and they are *His* people.

64. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, May 6, 1833.

I thank you most heartily for two most delightful letters. They both make me feel more ardently the wish that I could see you once again, and talk over instead of write the many important subjects which interest us both, and not us only, but all the world. . . .

First, as to our politics. I detest as cordially as you can do the party of the "Movement," both in France and England. I detest

Jacobinism in its root and in its branches, with all that godless Utilitarianism, which is its favourite aspect at this moment in England. Nothing within my knowledge is more utterly wicked than the party of . . . men who, fairly and literally, as I fear, blaspheme not the Son of Man, but the Spirit of God ; they hate Christ, because He is of heaven and they are of evil.

For the more vulgar form of our popular party, the total ignorance of, and indifference to, all principle ; the mere money-getting and money-saving selfishness which cries aloud for *cheap* government, making, as it were, αὐτὸ τ' αγαθὸν to consist in cheapness—my feeling is one of extreme contempt and disgust. My only difference from you, so far as I see, regards our anti-reformers, or rather the Tory party in general in England. Now, undoubtedly, some of the very best and wisest men in the country have on the Reform question joined this party, but they are as Falkland was at Oxford—had their party triumphed, they would have been the first to lament the victory ; for, not they would have influenced the measures carried into effect—but the worst and most selfish part of our aristocracy, with the coarsest and most profligate of their dependents, men like the Hortensii, and Lentuli, and Claudii of the Roman Civil wars, who thwarted Pompey, insulted Cicero, and ground down the provinces with their insolence and tyranny ; men so hateful and so contemptible, that I verily believe that the victory of Cæsar, nay even of Augustus, was a less evil to the human race than would have resulted from the triumph of the aristocracy.

And, as I feel that, of the two besetting sins of human nature, selfish neglect and selfish agitation, the former is the more common, and has in the long-run done far more harm than the latter, although the outbreaks of the latter, while they last, are of a far more atrocious character ; so I have in a manner vowed to myself, and prayed that, with God's blessing, no excesses of popular wickedness, though I should be myself, as I expect, the victim of them, no temporary evils produced by revolution, shall ever make me forget the wickedness of Toryism,—of that spirit which crucified Christ Himself, which has throughout the long experience of all history continually thwarted the cause of God and goodness, and has gone on abusing its opportunities, and heaping up wrath by a long series of selfish neglect against the day of wrath and judgment.

Again, I feel that while I agree with you wholly and most heartily in my abhorrence of the spirit of 1789, of the American war, of the French Economistes, and of the English Whigs of the latter part of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth, yet I have always been unable to sympathise with what you call "the historical liberty" which grew out of the system of the middle ages. For, not to speak of the unhappy extinction of that liberty in many countries of Europe, even in England it showed itself to have been more the child of accident than of principle ; and throughout the momentous period of the eighteenth century, this character of it was fatally developed. For, not ascending to general principles, it foresaw not the evil till it became

too mature to be remedied, and the state of the poor and that of the Church are melancholy proofs of the folly of what is called "letting well alone;" which, not watching for symptoms, nor endeavouring to meet the coming danger, allows the fuel of disease to accumulate in the unhealthy body, till, at last, the sickness strikes it with the suddenness and malignity of an incurable pestilence. But, when the cup is nearly full, and revolutions are abroad, it is a sign infallible that the old state of things is ready to vanish away. Its race is run, and no human power can preserve it. But, by attempting to preserve it, you derange the process of the new birth which must succeed it; and whilst the old perishes in spite of your efforts, you get a monstrous and misshapen creature in its place; when, had the birth been quietly effected, its proportions might have been better, and its inward constitution sounder and less irritable.

What our birth in England is likely to end in, is indeed a hard question. I believe that our only chance is in the stability of the present ministers. I am well aware of their faults; but still they keep out the Tories and the Radicals, the Red Jacobins of 1794 and the White Jacobins of 1795, or of Naples in 1799,—alike detestable. I do not think that you can fully judge of what the ascendency of the Tories is; it is not the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel who would do harm, but the base party that they would bring in in their train, . . . and all the tribe of selfish and ignorant lords and country squires and clergymen, who would irritate the feeling of the people to madness.

. . . If you see my Pamphlet and Postscript, you will see that I have kept clear of the mere secular questions of tithes and pluralities, and have argued for a comprehension on higher grounds. I dislike Articles because they represent truth untruly, that is, in an unedifying manner, and thus robbed of its living truth, whilst it retains its mere literal form; whereas the same truth, embodied in prayers, or confessions, or even in catechisms, becomes more Christian, just in proportion as it is less theological. But I fear that our reforms, instead of labouring to unite the Dissenters with the Church, will confirm their separate existence by relieving them from all which they now complain of as a burden. And continuing distinct from the Church, will they not labour to effect its overthrow, till they bring us quite to the American platform?

65. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, May 21, 1833.

. . . It is painful to think that these exaggerations, in too many instances, cannot be innocent; in Oxford there is an absolute *ἐργαστήριον ψευδῶν*, whose activity is surprising. . . . I do hope, that we shall see you all next month. When I am not so strong as usual, I feel the vexation of the school more than I could wish to do. . . . And I have also been annoyed at the feeling excited in some of my old friends by my pamphlet, and by the constant and persevering falsehoods which are circulated concerning my opinions and my practice. . . . Thucy-

dides, creeps on slowly, and nothing else, save my school work, gets on at all. I do confess, that I feel now more anxious than I used to do to get time to write, and especially to write history. But this will not be.

66. TO REV. J. HEARN. Rugby, May 29, 1833.

. . . I do not know whether you have ever felt the intense difficulty of expressing in any other language the impression, which the Scripture statement of any great doctrine has left on your own mind.* It has grieved me much to find that some of my own friends, whilst they acquit me of any such intention, consider the tendency of my Church Reform plan as latitudinarian in point of doctrine. Now my belief is, that it would have precisely the contrary effect, and would tend ultimately to a much greater unity and strictness in true doctrine; that is to say, in those views of God's dealings and dispositions towards us, and of our consequent duties towards Him, which constitute, I imagine, the essence of the Gospel Revelation. Now, what I want is, to abstract from what is commonly called doctrine everything which is not of this kind; and secondly, for what is of this kind, to present it only so far forth as it is so, dropping all deductions which we conceive may be drawn from it, regarded as a naked truth, but which cannot be drawn from it, when regarded as a Divine practical lesson.

For instance, it is common to derive from our Lord's words to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water," &c., an universal proposition, "No being can be saved ordinarily without baptism;" and then to prove the fitness of baptising infants, for this reason, as necessary, out of charity to them; whereas our Lord's words are surely only for those who can understand them. Take any person with the use of his faculties, and therefore the consciousness of sin in his own heart, and say to him, that "Except he be born again," &c., and then you apply Christ's word in its true meaning, to arouse men's consciences, and make them see that their evil and corrupt nature can of itself end only in evil. But when we apply it universally as an abstract truth, and form conclusions from it, those conclusions are frequently either uncharitable or superstitious, or both. It was un-

* He often expressed this feeling with regard to the truths of revelation. "They are placed before us in Scripture," he said, "as very vivid images are sometimes presented to us in dreams. It is like that point in Mousehold Heath," [in the neighbourhood of Norwich, where he had just been,] "where, when we stood in one particular spot, all human habitations were shut out from our view—but by a single step we came again within sight of them, and lost the image of perfect solitude. So it is in the scriptural statements of the Atonement—as long as we can place ourselves exactly in their point of view, and catch it as it is presented to us in this dreamlike fashion, none of the false views which so often beset it can come across us: the highest act of love is the sacrifice of self—the highest act of God's infinite love to man was in the Redemption—but from the ineffable mystery which hangs over the Godhead, God could not be said to sacrifice Himself;—and therefore He sacrificed His only Son—that object which was so near and so dear to Him, that nothing could be nearer and dearer."—Compare Serm. on Rom. v. 7, in vol. vi. So again in a conversation in 1842, with regard to the controversy on Justification.

charitable when men argued, though correctly enough as to logic, that, if no man could be saved without baptism, all the heathen must have perished; and it was uncharitable and superstitious too, to argue, as Cranmer, that unbaptised infants must perish; but that, if baptised, they were instantly safe. Now, I hold it to be a most certain rule of interpreting Scripture, that it never speaks *of* persons, when there is a physical impossibility of its speaking *to* them; but as soon as the mind opens and understands the word, then the word belongs to it, and then the truth is his in all its fulness; that "except he be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." So the heathen who died before the word was spoken, and in whose land it has never been preached, are dead to the word,—it concerns not them at all; but the moment it can reach them, then it is theirs and for them; and we are bound to spread it, not from general considerations of their fate without it, but because Christ has commanded us to spread it, and because we see that Christianity has the promise of both worlds, raising men's nature, and fitting them for communion with God hereafter,—revealing Him in His Son. Now, apply this rule to all the Scriptures, and ask at every passage, not "What follows from this as a general truth?"—but "What is the exact lesson or impression which it was intended to convey?—what faults it was designed to correct?—what good feelings to encourage?" Our Lord says, "God is a Spirit:" now if we make conclusions from this metaphysically, we may, for aught I know, run into all kinds of extravagance, because we neither know what God is, nor what Spirit is; but if we take our Lord's conclusion, "Therefore we should worship Him in spirit and in truth;" *i.e.* not with outward forms, and still less, with evil passions and practices,—then it is full of truth, and wisdom, and goodness. I have filled my paper, and yet perhaps have not fully developed my meaning; but you will connect it perhaps with my dislike of Articles, because there truth is always expressed abstractedly and theoretically, and my preference of a Liturgy as a bond of union, because there it assumes a practical shape, as it is meant in Scripture to be taken.

67. TO HIS SISTER, THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN. (In answer to a question on Dr. Whately's "Thoughts on the Sabbath.")

Rugby, June 11, 1833.

. . . My own notions about the matter would take up rather too much room, I fear, to come in at the end of my paper. But my conclusion is, that whilst St. Paul on the one hand would have been utterly shocked, could he have foreseen that eighteen hundred years after Christianity had been in the world, such an institution as the Sabbath would have been still needed; yet, seeing that it is still needed, the obligation of the old commandment is still binding in the spirit of it: that is, that we should use one day in seven, as a sort of special reminder of our duties, and a relieving ourselves from the over-pressure of worldly things, which daily life brings with it. But our Sunday is the beginning of the week, not the end—a day of pre-

paration and strengthening for the week to come, and not of rest for the past; and in *this* sense the old Christians kept it, because it was the day on which God *began* His work of creation; so little did they think that they had anything to do with the old Jewish Sabbath. You will see also, by our common Catechism, that "the duty towards God," which is expressly given as a summary of the four first commandments to us, as *Christians*, says not one word about the Sabbath, but simply about loving God, worshipping Him, and serving Him truly *all the days* of our life. It is not that we may pick and choose what commandments we like to obey, but, as all the commandments have no force upon us *as such*,—that is, as positive and literal commands addressed to ourselves,—it is only a question how far each commandment is applicable to us,—that is, how far we are in the same circumstances with those to whom it was given. Now, in respect to the great moral commands of worshipping and honouring God, honouring parents, abstaining from murder, &c.,—as these are equally applicable to all times and all states of society, they are equally binding upon all men, not as having been some of the commandments given to the Jews, but as being part of God's eternal and universal law, for all His reasonable creatures to obey. And here, no doubt, there is a serious responsibility for every one to determine how far what he reads in the Bible concerns himself; and no doubt, also, that if a man chooses to cheat his conscience in such a matter, he might do it easily; but the responsibility is one which we cannot get rid of, because we see that parts of the Bible are not addressed directly to us; and thus we must decide what is addressed to us and what is not; and if we decide dishonestly, for the sake of indulging any evil inclination, we do but double our guilt.*

68. TO MR. SERGEANT COLERIDGE. Rugby, June 13, 1833.

. . . Our Westmorland house is rising from its foundations and, I hope, rearing itself tolerably "in auras æthereas." It looks right into the bosom of Fairfield,—a noble mountain, which sends down two long

* The principle here laid down, is given more at length in the Essay on the Right Interpretation of Scripture, at the end of the second volume of his sermons; and also in the Sermon on the Lord's Day, in the third volume. It may be well to insert in this place a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge in 1830, relating to a libel in a newspaper, charging him with violation of the observance of Sunday.

"Surely I can deny the charge stoutly and in toto; for, although I think that the whole law is done away with, so far as it is the law given on Mount Sinai; yet so far as it is the Law of the Spirit, I hold it to be all binding; and believing that our need of a Lord's day is as great as ever it was, and that therefore its observance is God's will, and is likely, so far as we see, to be so to the end of time, I should think it most mischievous to weaken the respect paid to it. I believe all that I have ever published about it, is to be found at the end of my twentieth Sermon [of the first volume]; and as for my practice, I am busy every Sunday from morning till evening, in lecturing the boys, or preaching to them, or writing sermons for them. One feels ashamed to mention such things, but the fact is, that I have doubled my own work on Sunday, to give the boys more religious instruction; and that I can, I hope, deny the charge of the libel in as strong terms as you would wish."

arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha, "purior electro," winds round our fields, just under the house. Behind, we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and we have a mountain pasture, in a basin on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those "Saltus" on Cithæron, where Œdipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship, for so I may call it, is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox How,—the name of my χώριον,—and their kindness in arranging everything in our absence has been very great. Meantime, till our own house is ready, which cannot be till next summer, we have taken a furnished house, at the head of Grasmere, on a little shoulder of the mountain of Silver How, between the lake on one side, and Easedale, the most delicious of vales, on the other.

69. TO A PUPIL. (Who had written, with much anxiety, to know whether he had offended him, as he had thought his manner changed towards him.)

Grasmere, July 15, 1833.

. . . The other part of your letter at once gratified and pained me. I was not aware of anything in my manner to you that could imply disapprobation; and certainly it was not intended to do so. Yet it is true that I had observed, with some pain, what seemed to me indications of a want of enthusiasm, in the good sense of the word, of a moral sense and feeling corresponding to what I knew was your intellectual activity. I did not observe anything amounting to a sneering spirit; but there seemed to me a coldness on religious matters, which made me fear lest it should change to sneering, as your understanding became more vigorous; for this is the natural fault of the undue predominance of the mere intellect, unaccompanied by a corresponding growth and liveliness of the moral affections, particularly that of admiration and love of moral excellence, just as superstition arises, where it is honest, from the undue predominance of the affections, without the strengthening power of the intellect advancing in proportion. This was the whole amount of my feeling with respect to you, and which has nothing to do with your conduct in school matters. I should have taken an opportunity of speaking to you about the state of your mind, had you not led me now to mention it. Possibly my impression may be wrong, and indeed it has been created by very trifling circumstances; but I am always keenly alive on this point to the slightest indications, because it is the besetting danger of an active mind—a much more serious one, I think, than the temptation to mere personal vanity.

I must again say, most expressly, that I observed nothing more, than an apparent want of lively moral susceptibility. Your answers on religious subjects were always serious and sensible, and seemed to me quite sincere; I only feared that they proceeded, perhaps too exclusively, from an intellectual perception of truth, without a sufficient

love and admiration for goodness. I hold the lines, "nil admirari," &c., to be as utterly false as any moral sentiment ever uttered. Intense admiration is necessary to our highest perfection, and we have an object in the Gospel, for which it may be felt to the utmost, without any fear lest the most critical intellect should tax us justly with unworthy idolatry. But I am as little inclined as any one to make an idol out of any human virtue, or human wisdom.

70. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, June 24, 1833.

An ordinary letter written to me when yours was, would have been answered some time since, but I do not like to write to you when I have no leisure to write at length. Most truly do I thank you both for your affectionate recollection of my birthday, and for coupling it in your mind with the 4th of April.* May my second birthday be as blessed to me, as the 20th of August, I doubt not, has been to her. . . . All writings which state the truth, must contain things which, taken nakedly, and without their balancing truths, may serve the purposes of either party, because no party is altogether wrong. But I have no reason to think that my Church Reform Pamphlet has served the purposes of the antichristian party in any way, it being hardly possible to extract a passage which they would like. The High Church party are offended enough, and so are the Unitarians, but I do not see that either make a cat's paw of me. . . . The Bishop confirms here on Saturday, and I have had and have still a great deal to do in examining the boys for it. Indeed, the work is full heavy just now, but the fry are learning cricket, and we play nice matches sometimes to my great refreshment. . . . God bless you and yours.

71. TO REV. AUGUSTUS HARE. (In answer to objections to his Pamphlet.)

Grasmere, August 3, 1833.

. . . And now I feel that to reply to your letter as I could wish, would require a volume. You will say why was not the volume published before, or with the pamphlet? To which I answer that, first, it would probably not have been read, and secondly, I was not prepared to find men so startled at principles, which have long appeared to me to follow necessarily from a careful study of the New Testament. Be assured, however, that, whether mistakenly or not, I fully believe that such a plan as I have proposed, taken altogether, would lead to a more complete representation of Scripture truth in our forms of worship and preaching than we have ever yet attained to; not, certainly, if we were only to cut away articles, and alter the Liturgy—then the effect might be latitudinarian—but if, whilst relaxing the theoretical bond, we were to tighten the practical one by amending the government and constitution of the Church, then I do believe that the fruit would be Christian union, by which I certainly do not mean an agreement in

* Alluding to his sister's birthday and death.

believing nothing, or as little as we can. Meantime, I wish to remind you that one of St. Paul's favourite notions of heresy is, "a doting about strifes of words." One side may be right in such a strife, and the other wrong, but both are heretical as to Christianity, because they lead men's minds away from the love of God and of Christ, to questions essentially tempting to the intellect, and which tend to no profit towards godliness. And again, I think* you will find that all the "false doctrines" spoken of by the Apostles, are doctrines of sheer wickedness; that their counterpart in modern times is to be found in the Anabaptists of Munster, or the Fifth Monarchy men, or in mere secular High Churchmen, or hypocritical Evangelicals,—in those who make Christianity minister to lust, or to covetousness, or to ambition; not in those who interpret Scripture to the best of their conscience and ability, be their interpretation ever so erroneous.

72. TO REV. G. CORNISH. Allan Bank, Grasmere, August 18, 1833.

. . . I have had a good deal of worry from . . . the party spirit of the neighbourhood, who in the first place have no notion of what my opinions are, and in the next place cannot believe that I do not teach the boys Junius and the Edinburgh Review, at the least, if not Cobbett and the Examiner. But this is an evil which flesh is heir to, if flesh, at least, will write as I have done. I am sorry that you do not like the Pamphlet, for I am myself daily more and more convinced of its truth. I will not answer for its practicability; when the patient is at his last gasp, the dose may come too late, but still it is his only chance; he may die of the doctor; he must die of the disease. I fear that nothing can save us from falling into the American system, which will well show us the inherent evil of our Protestantism, each man quarrelling with his neighbour for a word, and all discarding so much of the beauty and solemnity, and *visible* power of the Gospel, that in common minds, where its spiritual power is not very great, the result is like the savourless salt, the vilest thing in the world. I would join with all those who love Christ and pray to Him; who regard him not as dead, but as living. [This part of the letter has been accidentally torn away: the substance of it seems to have been the same as that of Letters 63 and 71.] . . . Make the [Church a] living and active society, like that of the first Christians, [and then] differences of opinion will either cease or will signify nothing. [Look] through the Epistles, and you will find nothing there condemned as [heresy] but what was mere wickedness; if you consider the real nature and connexion of the tenets condemned. For

* This is illustrated by his language in conversation on another subject. "Excommunication ought to be the expression of the public opinion of Christian society; and the line of offences to be censured seems to me very much marked out by the distinction between sins against the Son of Man, and sins against the Holy Ghost. Obscene publications are of the latter character, and are actually under the ban of Christian public opinion; and in proportion as the Church became more perfect, errors of opinion and unbelief, which are now only sins against the Son of Man, would then become sins against the Holy Ghost, because then the outward profession of Christianity would have become identical with moral goodness."

such differences of opinion as exist amongst Christians now, the 14th chapter of the Romans is the applicable lesson—not such passages as Titus iii. 10, or 2 John 10, 11, or Jude 3, (that much abused verse!) or 19 or 23.' There is one anathema, which is indeed holy and just, and most profitable for ourselves as well as for others, (1 Corinth. xvi. 22,) but this is not the anathema of a fond theology. . . . Lo! I have written you almost another Pamphlet, instead of telling you of my wife and the fry, who for more than five weeks have been revelling amongst the mountains. But as far as scenery goes, I would rather have heath and blue hills all the year, than mountains for three months, and Warwickshire for nine, with no hills, either blue or brown, no heath, no woods, no clear streams, no wide plains for lights and shades to play over, nay, no banks for flowers to grow upon, but one monotonous undulation of green fields and hedges, and very fat cattle. But we have each our own work, and our own enjoyments, and I am sure that I have more than I can ever be sufficiently thankful for.

73. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. Rugby, October 7, 1833.

. . . In Italy you met Bunsen, and can now sympathise with the all but idolatry with which I regard him. So beautifully good, so wise, and so noble-minded! I do not believe that any man can have a deeper interest in Rome than I have, yet I envy you nothing so much in your last winter's stay there, as your continued intercourse with Bunsen. It is since I saw you that I have been devouring with the most intense admiration the third volume of Niebuhr. The clearness and comprehensiveness of all his military details is a new feature in that wonderful mind, and how inimitably beautiful is that brief account of Terni. You will not, I trust, misinterpret me, when I say that this third volume set me at work again in earnest, on the Roman History, last summer. As to any man's being a fit continuator of Niebuhr, that is absurd; but I have at least the qualification of an unbounded veneration for what he has done, and, as my name is mentioned in his book, I should like to try to embody, in a continuation of the Roman History, the thoughts and notions which I have learnt from him. Perhaps I may trouble you with a letter on this subject, asking, as I have often done before, for information.*

74. TO MR. SERGEANT COLERIDGE. Rugby, October 23, 1833.

I love your letters dearly, and thank you for them greatly; your last was a great treat, though I may seem not to have shown my sense of it, by answering it so leisurely. First of all, you will be glad to hear of the birth of my eighth living child, a little girl, to whom we mean to give an unreasonable number of names, Frances Bunsen Trevenen Whately; the second after my valued friend, the Prussian Minister at Rome, of whom, as I know not whether I shall ever see him again, I

* This alludes to a plan he at first entertained of beginning his own Roman History with the Punic wars.

wished to have a daily present recollection in the person of one of my children. I wish I could show you his two letters, one to me on the political state of Europe, and one to Dr. Nott on the perfect notion of a Christian Liturgy. I am sure that you would love and admire, with me, the extraordinary combination of piety and wisdom and profound knowledge and large experience, which breathes through every line of both.

. . . I go all lengths with you in deprecating any increase of political excitement, anything that shall tend to make politics enter into a man's daily thoughts and daily practice. When I first projected the Englishman's Register, I wrote to my nephew my sentiments about it in full; a letter which I keep, and may one day find it convenient to publish as my confession of faith; in this letter I protested strongly against making the Register exclusively political, and entered at large into my reasons for doing so. Undoubtedly I fear that the Government lend an ear too readily to the Utilitarians and others of that coarse and hard stamp, whose influence can be nothing but evil. In church matters they have got Whately, and a signal blessing it is that they have him and listen to him; a man so good and so great that no folly or wickedness of the most vile of factions will move him from his own purposes, or provoke him in disgust to forsake the defence of the Temple. . . .

I cannot say how I am annoyed, both on public and private grounds, by these extravagances, [at Oxford;] on private grounds, from the gross breaches of charity to which they lead good men; and on public, because if these things do produce any effect on the clergy, the evil consequences to the nation are not to be calculated; for what is to become of the Church, if the clergy begin to exhibit an aggravation of the worst superstitions of the Roman Catholics, only stripped of that consistency, which stamps even the errors of the Romish system with something of a character of greatness. It seems presumption in me to press any point upon your consideration, seeing in how many things I have learnt to think from you. But it has always seemed to me that an extreme fondness for our "dear mother the panther,"* is a snare, to which the noblest minds are most liable. It seems to me that all, absolutely all, of our religious affections and veneration should go to Christ Himself, and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and every other name, which expresses Christianity and some differentia or proprium besides, is so far an evil, and, when made an object of attachment, leads to superstition and error. Then, descending from religious grounds to human, I think that one's natural and patriotic sympathies can hardly be too strong; but, historically, the Church of England is surely of a motley complexion, with much of good about it, and much of evil, no more a fit subject for enthusiastic admiration than for violent obloquy. I honour and sympathise entirely with the feelings entertained; I only think that they might all of them select a worthier object; that, whether they be pious and devout, or patriotic, or romantic, or of whatever class soever, there is for each and

* Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

all of these a true object on which they may fasten without danger and with infinite benefit; for surely the feeling of entire love and admiration is one, which we cannot safely part with, and there are provided, by God's goodness, worthy and perfect objects of it; but these can never be human institutions, which, being necessarily full of imperfection, require to be viewed with an impartial judgment, not idolised by an uncritical affection. And that common metaphor about our "Mother the Church," is unscriptural and mischievous, because the feelings of entire filial reverence and love which we owe to a parent, we do not owe to our fellow-Christians; we owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to bear, &c., but not filial reverence, "to them I gave place by subjection, no not for an hour." Now, if I were a Utilitarian, I should not care for what I think a misapplication of the noblest feelings; for then I should not care for the danger to which this misapplication exposes the feelings themselves; but as it is, I dread to see the evils of the Reformation of the 16th century repeated over again; superstition provoking profaneness, and ignorance and violence on one side leading to equal ignorance and violence on the other, to the equal injury of both truth and love. I should feel greatly obliged to you, if you could tell me anything that seems to you a flaw in the reasoning of those pages of the Postscript of my pamphlet which speak of Episcopacy, and of what is commonly called the "alliance between Church and State." In the last point I am far more orthodox, according to the standard of our reformers, than either the Toleration* men or the High Church men, but those notions are now out of fashion, and what between religious bigotry and civil licentiousness, all, I suppose, will go. But I will have compassion on your patience.

It was delightful to hear of you and yours in Devonshire. I wish they would put you on a commission of some sort or other that might take you into Westmorland some summer or winter. When our house is quite finished, do you not think that the temptation will be great to me to go and live there, and return to my old Laleham way of life on the Rotha, instead of on the Thames? But independent of more worldly considerations, my great experiment here is in much too interesting a situation to abandon lightly. You will be amused when I tell you that I am becoming more and more a convert to the advantages of Latin and Greek verse, and more suspicious of the mere *fact* system, that would cram with knowledge of particular things, and call it information. My own lessons with the Sixth Form are directed now to the best of my power to the furnishing rules or formulæ for them to work with, *e.g.* rules to be observed in translation, principles of taste as to the choice of English words, as to the keeping or varying idioms and metaphors, &c., or in history, rules of evidence or general forms for the dissection of campaigns, or the estimating the importance of wars, revolutions, &c. This, together with the opening as it were the sources of knowledge, by telling them where they can find such and such things, and giving them a notion of criticism, not to swallow

* "I should like," he said, "to see the Toleration Act and the Act of Uniformity burnt side by side."

things whole, as the scholars of an earlier period too often did,—is what I am labouring at, much more than at giving information. And the composition is mending decidedly; though speaking to an Etonian, I am well aware that our amended state would be with you a very degenerate one. But we are looking up, certainly, and pains are taking in the lower Forms, of which we shall I think soon see the fruit. . . .

I am getting on with Thucydides myself, and am nearly in the middle of the seventh book; at Allan Bank in the summer I worked on the Roman History, and hope to do so again in the winter. It is very inspiring to write with such a view before one's eyes, as that from our drawing-room at Allan Bank, where the trees of the shrubbery gradually run up into the trees of the cliff, and the mountain side, with its infinite variety of rocky peaks and points on which the cattle expatiate, rises over the tops of the trees. Trevenen Penrose and his wife were with us for nearly a month in Westmorland, and enjoyed the country as much as we did. He is labouring most admirably and effectually at Coleby. I saw Southey once at Keswick, and had a very friendly interview: he asked me to go over and stay with him for a day or two in the winter, which I think I should like much. His cousin, Herbert Hill, is now the tutor to my own boys. He lives in Rugby, and the boys go to him every day to their great benefit. He is a Fellow of New College, and it rejoices me to talk over Winchester recollections together. Your little goddaughter is my pupil twice a week in Delectus. . . . Her elder sister is my pupil three times a week in Virgil, and once in the Greek Testament, and promises to do very well in both. I have yet a great many things to say, but I will not keep my letter; how glad I should be if you could ever come down to us for even a single Sunday, but I suppose I must not ask it.

75. TO JACOB ABBOTT. (Author of the "Young Christian," &c.)

Rugby, November 1, 1833.

Although I have not the honour of being personally known to you, yet my great admiration of your little book, "The Young Christian," and the circumstance of my being engaged, like yourself, in the work of education, induce me to hope, that you will forgive the liberty I am taking in now addressing you. A third consideration weighs with me, and in this I feel sure that you will sympathise; that it is desirable on every occasion to enlarge the friendly communication of our country with yours. The publication of a work like yours in America was far more delightful to me than its publication in England could have been. Nothing can be more important to the future welfare of mankind, than that God's people, serving Him in power and in love, and in a sound mind, should deeply influence the national character of the United States, which in many parts of the Union is undoubtedly exposed to influences of a very different description, owing to circumstances apparently beyond the control of human power and wisdom.

I request your acceptance of a volume of Sermons, most of which, as you will see, were addressed to boys or very young men, and which

therefore coincide in intention with your own admirable book.* And at the some time I venture to send you a little work of mine on a different subject, for no other reason, I believe, than the pleasure of submitting my views upon a great question to the judgment of a mind furnished morally and intellectually as yours must be.

I have been for five years head of this school. [After describing the manner of its foundation and growth.] You may imagine, then, that I am engaged in a great and anxious labour, and must have considerable experience of the difficulty of turning the young mind to know and love God in Christ.

I have understood that Unitarianism is becoming very prevalent in Boston, and I am anxious to know what the complexion of Unitarianism amongst you is. I mean whether it is Arian or Socinian, and whether its disciples are for the most part men of hard minds and indifferent to religion, or whether they are zealous in the service of Christ, according to their own notions of His claims upon their gratitude and love. It has been long my firm belief that a great proportion of Unitarianism might be cured by a wiser and more charitable treatment on the part of their adversaries, if these would but consider what is the main thing in the Gospel, and that even truth is not always to be insisted upon, if by forcing it upon the reception of those who are not prepared for it, they are thereby tempted to renounce what is not only true, but essential—a character which assuredly does not belong to all true propositions, whether about things human or things divine.

" 76. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, November 8, 1833.

. . . Would any good be likely to come of it, if I were one day to send you a specimen of such corrections in our authorised version of the Scriptures, such as seem to me desirable, and such as could shock no one. I have had, and am having daily, so much practice in translation, and am taking so much pains to make the boys vary their language and their phraseology, according to the age and style of the writer whom they are translating, that I think I may be trusted for introducing no words or idiom unsuited to the general style of the present translation, nothing to lessen the purity of its Saxon, or to betray a modern interpolation. My object would be to alter in the very language, as far as I could guess it, which the translators themselves would have used, had they only had our present knowledge of Greek. I think also that the results of modern criticism should so far be noticed, as that some little clauses, omitted in all the best MSS., should be printed in italics, and important various readings of equal or better authority than the received text, should be noticed in the margin. Above all, it is most important that the division into chapters should be mended, especially as regards the public reading in the Church, and that the choice of lessons from the Old Testament should be

* His opinion of the Corner-stone is given in a note to the second Appendix of his third volume of Sermons, p. 440.

improved, which really could hardly have been worse, unless it had been done on purpose.

It is almost inconceivable to me that you should misunderstand any book that you read: and, if such a thing does happen, I am afraid that it must be the writer's fault. But I cannot remember that I have altered my opinions since my Pamphlet (on the Catholic claims), nor do I see anything there inconsistent with my doctrine (of Church and State) in the Postscript to the Pamphlet on Church Reform. I always grounded the right to Emancipation on the principle that Ireland was a distinct nation, entitled to govern itself. I know full well that my principles would lead to the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in three-fourths of Ireland; but this conclusion was not wanted then, and the right to emancipation followed à fortiori from the right to govern themselves as a nation, without entering upon the question of the establishment. Those who think that Catholicism is idolatry ought, on their own principles, to move heaven and earth for the repeal of the Union, and to let O'Connell rule his Kelts their own way. I think that a Catholic is a member of Christ's Church just as much as I am; and I could well endure one form of that Church in Ireland, and another in England. And if you look (it is to be found in the second volume of Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV.) for the four Articles resolved on by the Gallican Church in the middle of the seventeenth century, you will see a precedent and a means pointed out, whereby every Roman Catholic national Church may be led to reform itself, and I only hope that when they do they will reform themselves so far as to be thorough Christians, and avoid, as they would a dog or a viper, the errors which marred the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, destroying things most noble and most purifying, as well as things superstitious and hurtful.

[After speaking of a reported calumny against himself in Oxford.] I will trust no man when he turns fanatic; and really these high churchmen are far more fanatical and much more foolish than Irving himself. Irving appealed to the gifts of tongues and of healing, which he alleged to exist in his congregation, as proofs that the Holy Spirit was with them; but the high churchmen abandon reason, and impute motives, and claim to be Christ's only Church,—and where are the "signs of an apostle" to be seen among them, or where do they pretend to show them?

77. TO. W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, February 24, 1834.

. . . I have, as usual, many things on hand, or rather in meditation; but time fails me sadly, and my physical constitution seems to require more sleep than it did, which abridges my time still more. Yet I was never better or stronger than I was in Westmorland during the winter, or indeed than I am now. But I feel, more and more, that, though my constitution is perfectly sound, yet it is not strong; and my nervous system would soon wear me out if I lived in a state of much excitement

Body and mind alike seem to repose greedily in delicious quiet without dulness, which we enjoy in Westmorland.

It is easier to speak of body and mind than of that which is more worth than either. I doubt whether we have enough of Christian Confession amongst us;* the superstition of Popery in this, as in other matters, doubly injured the good which it corrupted; first by corrupting it, and then, "traitor like, by betraying it to the axe" of too hasty reformation. Yet surely one object of the Christian Church was to enable us to aid in bearing one another's burthens; not to enable a minister to pretend to bear those of all his neighbours. One is so hindered from *speaking* of one's spiritual state, that one is led even to *think* of it less frequently than is wholesome. I am learning to think more and more how unbelief is at the bottom of all our evil; how our one prayer should be "Increase our faith." And we do fearfully live, as it were, out of God's atmosphere; we do not keep that continual consciousness of His reality which I conceive we ought to have, and which should make Him more manifest to our souls, than the Shechinah was to the eyes of the Israelites. I have many fresh sermons; and my wife wants another volume printed; but I do not think there would be enough of systematic matter to make a volume, and mere specimens of my general preaching I have given already. I trust you will come next week; life is too uncertain to admit of passing over opportunities. You have heard, probably, that Augustus Hare is likely soon to follow poor Lowe, and to lay his bones in Rome; he is far gone, thay say, in a consumption. May God bless you, my dear Hull, in Jesus Christ, both you and yours for ever.

78. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, February 26, 1834.

. . . I often think what may be your views of the various aspects of things in general—to what notions you are more and more becoming wedded: for, though I think that men, who are lovers of truth, become less and less attached to any mere party as they advance in life, and certainly become, in the best sense of the word, more tolerant, yet their views also acquire greater range and consistency, and what they once saw as scattered truths, they learn to combine with one another, so as to make each throw light on the other; so that their principles become more fixed, while their likings or dislikings of particular persons or parties become more moderate. . . .

Our residence in Westmorland attaches us all to it more and more; the refreshment which it affords me is wonderful; and it is especially so in the winter, when the country is quieter, and actually, as I think, more beautiful than in summer. I was often reminded, as I used to come home to Grasmere of an evening, and seemed to be quite shut in by the surrounding mountains, of the comparison of the hills standing about Jerusalem, with God standing about his people. The impression which the mountains gave me, was never one of bleakness or wildness, but of a sort of paternal shelter, and protection to the

* See Sermons, vol. iii. p. 313.

valley; and in those violent storms, which were so frequent this winter, our house lay snug beneath its cliff, and felt comparatively nothing of the wind. We had no snow in the valleys, but frequently a thick powdering on the higher mountains, while all below was green and warm. The School goes on very fairly; with its natural proportion of interest and of annoyance. I am daily more and more struck with the very low average of intellectual power, and of the difficulty of meeting those various temptations, both intellectual and moral, which stand in boys' way; a school shows as undisguisedly as any place the corruption of human nature, and the monstrous advantage with which evil starts, if I may so speak, in its contest with good.

79. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. (On the death of his brother, Augustus Hare.)

Rugby, March 10, 1834.

I will not trouble you with many words; but it seemed unnatural to me not to write, after the account from Rome, which Arthur Stanley this morning communicated to me. I do not attempt to condole, or to say anything further, than that, having known your brother for more than twenty-five years, and having experienced unvaried kindness from him since I first knew him, I hope that I can in some degree appreciate what you have lost. Of all men whom I ever knew, he was one of whom Bunsen most strongly reminded me, so that he seemed like Bunsen in England, as Bunsen had seemed like him in Italy. God grant that I may try to resemble them both in all the nobleness and beauty of their goodness.

80. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. (With regard to Tracts which he had intended to circulate in opposition to the early Numbers of the "Tracts for the Times.")

Rugby, April 14, 1834.

The concluding part of your letter is a very good reason for my not asking you to trouble yourself any further about my papers. If the Tracts in question are not much circulated, then, of course, it would be a pity to make them known by answering them; but this is a matter of fact, which I know not how to ascertain. They are strenuously puffed by the British Magazine, and strenuously circulated amongst the clergy; of course I do not suppose that any living man out of the clergy is in the slightest danger of being influenced by them, except so far as they may lead him to despise the clergy for countenancing them.

You do not seem to me to apprehend the drift of these Tracts, nor the point of comparison between these and St. Paul's adversaries. If they merely broached one opinion and I combated it, it might be doubted which of us most disturbed the peace of the Church. But they are not defending the lawfulness or expediency of Episcopacy, which certainly I am very far from doubting, but its *necessity*; a doctrine in ordinary times gratuitous, and at the same time harmless, save

as a folly. But now the object is to provoke the clergy to resist the Government Church Reforms, and if, for so resisting, they get turned out of their livings, to maintain that they are the true clergy, and their successors schismatics; above all, if the Bishops were deprived, as in King William's time, to deny the authority of the Bishops who may succeed them, though appointed according to the law of the land. All this is essentially schismatical and anarchical: in Elizabeth's time it would have been reckoned treasonable; and in answering it, I am not attacking Episcopacy, or the present constitution of the English Church, but simply defending the common peace and order of the Church against a new outbreak of Puritanism, which will endure nothing but its own platform.

Now, to insist on the necessity of Episcopacy, is exactly like insisting on the necessity of circumcision; both are and were lawful, but to insist on either as *necessary*, is unchristian, and binding the Church with a yoke of carnal ordinances; and the reason why circumcision, although expressly commanded once, was declared not binding upon Christians, is much stronger against the binding nature of Episcopacy, which never was commanded at all; the reason being, that all forms of government and ritual are in the Christian Church indifferent and to be decided by the Church itself, pro temporum et locorum ratione, "the Church" not being the clergy, but the congregation of Christians.

If you will refer me to any book which contains what you think the truth, put sensibly, on the subject of the Apostolical Succession, I shall really be greatly obliged to you to mention it. I went over the matter again in the holidays with Warburton and Hooker; and the result was a complete confirmation of the views, which I have entertained for years, and a more complete appreciation of the confusions on which the High Church doctrine rests, and of the causes which have led to its growth at different times.

By the way, I never accused Keble or Newman of saying, that to belong to a true Church would save a bad man; but of what is equally unchristian, that a good man was not safe unless he belonged to an Episcopal Church; which is exactly not allowing God's seal without it be countersigned by one of their own forging. Nor did I say, they were bad men, but much the contrary; though I think that their doctrine, which they believe, I doubt not, to be true, is in itself schismatical, profane, and unchristian. And I think it highly important that the evils of the doctrine should be shown in the strongest terms; but no word of mine has impeached the sincerity or general character of the men; and, in this respect, I will carefully avoid every expression that may be thought uncharitable.

81. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, April 30, 1834.

. . . I have indeed written a large part of a volume on Church and State, but it had better be broken up into smaller portions to be published at first separately, though afterwards it may be altogether. My outline of the whole question is this:—I. That the State, being the only

power sovereign over human life, has for its legitimate object the happiness of its people,—their highest happiness, not physical only, but intellectual and moral; in short, the highest happiness of which it has a conception. This was held, I believe, nearly unanimously till the eighteenth century. Warburton, the Utilitarians, and I fear Whately,* maintain, on the contrary, that the State's only object is "the conservation of body and goods." Thus they play, though unintentionally, into the hands of the upholders of the ecclesiastical power, by destroying the highest duty and prerogative of the Commonwealth. II. Ecclesiastical officers may be regarded in two lights only, as sovereign or independent; if they are *priests*, or if they are *rulers*. A. *Priests* are independent, as deriving either from supposed holiness of race or person, or from their exclusive knowledge of the Divine Will, a title to execute certain functions, which none but themselves can perform; and therefore these functions, being of prime necessity, enable them to treat with the State not as members or subjects of it, but as foreigners conferring on it a benefit, and selling this on their own terms. B. *Rulers*, of course, are independent and sovereign, ipsâ vi termini. III. But the ecclesiastical officers of Christianity, are by God's appointment neither priests nor rulers. A. Not *Priests*, for there is one only Priest, and all the rest are brethren; none has any holiness of person or race more than another, none has any exclusive possession of divine knowledge. B. Not *Rulers*, for Christianity not being a θρήσκεια or ritual service, but extending to every part of human life, the rules of Christians, quà Christians, must rule them in all matters of principle and practice; and, if this power be given to Bishops, Priests and Deacons by divine appointment, Innocent the Third was right, and every Christian country should be like Paraguay. You shall have the rest by and by; meantime, I send you up a paper about the Universities. If you like it, sign it, and try to get others to do so; if you do not, burn it.

82. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. Rugby, May 12, 1834.

. . . I would admit Unitarians, like all other Christians, if the University system were restored, and they might have halls of their own. Nay, I would admit them at the colleges if they would attend chapel and the Divinity Lectures, which some of them, I think, would do. But everything seems to me falling into confusion between two parties, whose ignorance and badness I believe I shrink from with the most perfect impartiality of dislike. I must petition against the Jew Bill, and wish that you or some man like you would expose that low Jacobinical notion of citizenship, that a man acquires a right to it by the accident of his being littered inter quatuor maria, or because he pays taxes.† I wish I had the knowledge and the time to state fully

* The views of Archbishop Whately on this subject were afterwards fully set forth in the 4th and 5th Volumes of his Essays.

† Extract from a letter to Mr. Sergeant Coleridge. "The correlative to taxation, in my opinion, is not citizenship but protection. Taxation may imply representation quoad hoc, and I should have no objection to let the Jews tax themselves in a Jewish

the ancient system of πάροικοι, μέτοικοι, &c., and the principle on which it rested; that different races have different νόμιμα, and that an indiscriminate mixture breeds a perfect "colluvio omnium rerum." Now Christianity gives us that bond perfectly, which race in the ancient world gave illiberally and narrowly, for it gives a common standard of νόμιμα, without observing distinctions, which are, in fact, better blended.

[This letter, as well as the preceding, alludes to the subjoined Declaration, circulated by him for signature.]

"The undersigned members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, many of them being engaged in education, entertaining a strong sense of the peculiar benefits to be derived from studying at the Universities, cannot but consider it as a national evil that these benefits should be inaccessible to a large proportion of their countrymen.

"While they feel most strongly that the foundation of all education must be laid in the great truths of Christianity, and would on no account consent to omit these, or to teach them imperfectly, yet they cannot but acknowledge, that these truths are believed and valued by the great majority of Dissenters, no less than by the Church of England; and that every essential point of Christian instruction may be communicated without touching on those particular questions on which the Church and the mass of Dissenters are at issue.

"And, while they are not prepared to admit such Dissenters as differ from the Church of England on the most essential points of Christian truth, such as the modern Unitarians of Great Britain, they are of opinion, that all other Dissenters may be admitted into the Universities, and allowed to take degrees there with great benefit to the country, and to the probable advancement of Christian truth and Christian charity amongst members of all persuasions."

83. *TO H. BALSTON,* ESQ. Rugby, May 19, 1834.

. . . I am very glad that you continue to practise composition, but above all I would advise you to make an abstract of one or two standard works. One, I should say, in philosophy;—the other in history. I would not be in a hurry to finish them, but keep them constantly going,—with one page always clear for Notes. The abstract itself practises you in condensing and giving in your own words what another man has said; a habit of great value, as it forces one to think about it, which extracting merely does not. It further gives a brevity and simplicity to your language, two of the greatest merits which style can have, and the notes give you an opportunity of a great deal of original composition, besides a constant place to which to refer anything that you may read in other books; for having such an abstract on

House of Assembly, like a colony or like the clergy of old; but to confound the right of taxing oneself with the right of general legislation, is one of the Jacobinical confusions of later days, arising from those low Warburtonian notions of the ends of political society." See also Preface to his Edition of Thucydides, vol. iii. p. xv. now published in Miscellaneous Works.

* For the sake of convenience, an asterisk has been prefixed to the names of those correspondents who had been his pupils at Rugby.

hand, you will be often thinking when reading other books, of what there may be in them which will bear upon your abstract.

The latter part of your letter I very heartily thank you for: it is a great over-payment of any exertions of mine when what it would be a breach of duty in me to omit, is received so kindly and gratefully. At the same time I have always thought that it was quite impossible in my situation to avoid feeling a strong personal interest in most of those whom I have had to do with, independently of professional duty.

I shall be always glad to see you or to hear from you.

84. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ. Rugby, June 11, 1834.

. . . The political matters on which you touch, are to me of such intense interest, that I think they would kill me if I lived more in the midst of them; unless, as was said to be the case with the Cholera, they would be less disturbing when near, than when at a distance. I grieve most deeply at this ill-timed schism in the Ministry, and, as men, who have no familiarity with the practice of polities, may yet fancy that they understand their principles, so it seems to me that both Lord Grey and the seceders are wrong. We are suffering here, as in a thousand other instances, from that accursed division between Christians, of which I think the very Arch-fiend must be κατ'ἐξόχην the author. The good Protestants and bad Christians have talked nonsense, and worse than nonsense, so long about Popery, and the Beast, and Antichrist, and Babylon,* that the simple, just and Christian measure of establishing the Roman Catholic Church in three-fifths of Ireland seems renounced by common consent. The Protestant clergy ought not to have their present revenues in Ireland—so far I agree with Lord Grey—but not on a low economical view of their pay being over-proportioned to their work; but because Church property is one of the most sacred trusts, of which the sovereign power in the Church, (*i.e.* the King and Parliament, not the Bishops and Clergy,) is appointed by God trustee. It is a property set apart for the advancement of direct Christian purposes, first by furnishing religious instruction and comfort to the grown-up part of the population; next by furnishing the same to the young in the shape of religious education. Now the Christian people of Ireland, *i.e.* in my sense of the word the Church of Ireland, have a right to have the full benefit of their Church property, which now they cannot have, because Protestant clergymen

* "The Babylon of the Revelations is chiefly taken from the Babylon of the Old Testament, which it resembles in pride of power, whilst the images of wealth are from Tyre. Pagan Rome, no doubt, was the immediate object—as it is said, 'the city on the seven hills,'—then answering in power and wealth to the city here described. But in the higher sense it is the world—ὁ κοσμος; and wherever a worldly spirit prevails, there, in some sense, is Babylon. Thus, Rev. xviii. 4, is another mode of expressing Rom. xii. 2, and Rev. xviii. 24, of 1 John iii. 13, John xv. 19."—Note on Rev. xviii. "The great secret," he said, "of interpreting the Revelations is, to trace the images back to their first appearance in the Old Testament Prophets." "What to me is a decisive proof of the falsehood of the usual commentaries on the Apocalypse is, that the history which they present of the middle ages, and of Europe generally, is such as no one in his senses fairly reading that history would find there."

they will not listen to. I think, then, that it ought to furnish them with Catholic clergymen, and the general local separation of the Catholic and Protestant districts would render this as easy to effect in Ireland as it was in Switzerland, where, after their bloody religious wars of the sixteenth century, certain parishes in some of the Cantons, where the religions were intermixed, were declared Protestant and others Catholic; and, if a man turned Catholic in a Protestant parish, he was to migrate to a Catholic parish, and vice versâ. If this cannot be done yet, then religious grammar schools, Catholic and Protestant, such as were founded in England so numerously after the Reformation, would be the next best thing; but, whilst Ireland continues in its present low state of knowledge and religion, I cannot think that one penny of its Church property ought to be applied to the merely physical or ordinary objects of government. I have one great principle, which I never lose sight of; to insist strongly on the difference between Christian and nonchristian, and to sink into nothing the differences between Christian and Christian. I am sure that this is in the spirit of the Scriptures: I think it is also most philosophical and liberal; but all the world quarrels either with one half of my principle or with the other, whereas I think they stand and fall together. I know not whether Mr. Spring Rice takes a strong interest in questions concerning education, but I am very anxious—the more so from the confusions prevailing about the nature of the Universities—that the Universities should be restored, that is, that the usurpations of the Heads of the colleges should be put down, according to those excellent articles of Sir W. Hamilton's which appeared in the Edinburgh Review some time since. I think that this is even more important than the admission of the Dissenters. And also, if ever the question of National education comes definitely before the government, I am very desirous of their not "centralizing" too much, but availing themselves of the existing machinery, which might be done to a great extent, with very little expense, and none of that interference with private institutions, or even with foundations, of which there is so great, and I think in some respects, a reasonable fear. But I will conclude and release you.

85. TO REV. DR. LONGLEY. Rugby, June 25, 1834.

Though sorry that you did not concur with my views, yet I was not much surprised, being long since used to find myself in a minority on those matters. Yet I do not see how any man can avoid the impression that Dissent cannot exist much longer in this country, as it does now; either it must be comprehended within the Church, or it will cease in another way, by there being no Establishment left to dissent from. And, as I think that men will never be wise and good enough for the first, so I see every thing tending towards the second; and this fancied reaction in favour of the High Church party seems to me the merest illusion in the world; it is like that phantom, which Minerva sent to Hector to tempt him to his fate, by making him believe that Deiphobus was at hand to help him.

Meantime, our little commonwealth here goes on very quietly, and I think satisfactorily. I have happily more power than Lord Grey's government, and neither Radicals to call for more nor Tories to call for less, and so I can reform or forbear at my own discretion. . . . I find Westmorland very convenient in giving me an opportunity of having some of the Sixth Form with me in the holidays; not to read, of course, but to refresh their health when they get knocked up by the work, and to show them mountains and dales; a great point in education, and a great desideratum to those, who only know the central or southern counties of England. I must ask your congratulations on having finished Thucydides, of which the last volume will appear, I hope, in October. I have just completed the Eighth Book, and hope now to set vigorously to work about the Roman History.

86. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, July 2, 1834.

I must write to thank you for your Charge, which delighted me. . . . It is delightful to read a Charge, without any folly in it, and written so heartily in the spirit of a Christian Episcopacy, for which I have always had a great respect, though not exactly after the fashion of Keble and Newman. I trust, if it please God, that we shall meet this summer; and it is truly kind in you to try to make your arrangements suit ours. . . . I shall bring over to you my beginning of "the State and the Church," which I shall like to talk over with you. . . . The other day, —— slept at our house, and fairly asked me for my opinion about the connexion of Church and State, which I gave him at some length; and I found, as indeed he confessed, that the subject was one on which his ideas were all at sea; and he expressed a great earnestness that something should be written on the subject before the next Session of Parliament. He did not know, and I think it is a common complaint, the Statutes passed about the Church in Henry the Eighth's and Edward the Sixth's reigns, and which are still the ἀρχαι of its constitution, if that may be said to have a constitution which never was constituted, but was left as avowedly unfinished as Cologne Cathedral, where they left a crane standing on one of the half-built towers, three hundred years ago, and have renewed the crane from time to time, as it wore out, as a sign not only that the building was incomplete, but that the friends of the Church hoped to finish the work whenever they could. Had it been in England, the crane would have been speedily destroyed, and the friends of the Church would have said that the Church was finished perfectly already, and that none but its enemies would dare to suggest that it wanted anything to complete its symmetry and usefulness.

I have been writing two sermons on the Evidences,—1st, of Natural Religion,—and 2nd, of Christianity, intended for the use of those of my boys who are now leaving us for College. I mean, if I live, to preach a third next Sunday, on the differences between Christians and Christians, which, as our two Examiners will hear it, both of whom have published pamphlets against the Dissenters, will

not, I suspect, be very agreeable to them. We are all very well, and rather desire our mountains, though all things have gone on very pleasantly so far; but the half-year is a long one certainly. Do you know that we have got a sort of Mechanics' or Tradesmen's Institution in Rugby; where I have been lecturing twice upon History, and drawing two great charts, and colouring them to illustrate my lecture. I drew one chart of the History of England and France for the last 350 years, colouring red the periods of the wars of each contury, black the periods of civil war, and a bright yellow line at the side, to show the periods of constitutional government, with patches of brown, to indicate seasons of great distress, &c. I have some thoughts of having them lithographed for general use. . . .

87. TO A PERSON WHO HAD ONCE BEEN HIS LANDLORD, and was ill of a painful disorder, but refused to see the clergyman of the parish, or allow his friends to address him on religious subjects.

I was very sorry to see you in such a state of suffering, and to hear from your friends, that you were so generally. I do not know that I have any title to write to you; but you once let me speak to you, when I was your tenant, about a subject, on which I took it very kind that you heard me patiently, and trusting to that, I am venturing to write to you again.

I have myself been blessed with very constant health; yet I have been led to think from time to time, what would be my greatest support and comfort, if it should please God to visit me either with a very painful or a very dangerous illness; and I have always thought, that in both, nothing would do me so much good, as to read, over and over again, the account of the sufferings and death of Christ, as given in the different Gospels. For, if it be a painful complaint, we shall find that in mere pain, He suffered most severely and in a great variety of ways; and, if it be a dangerous complaint, then we shall see that Christ suffered very greatly from the fear of death, and was very sorely troubled in His mind up to the very time almost of His actually dying. And one great reason why He bore all this, was that we might be supported and comforted when we have to bear the same.

But when I have thought how this would comfort me, it is very true that one cannot help thinking of the great difference between Christ and myself,—that He was so good, and that we are so full of faults and bad passions of one kind or another. So that if He feared death, we must have much greater reason to fear it: and so indeed we have were it not for Him. But He bore all His sufferings, that God might receive us after our death, as surely as He received Christ himself. And surely it is a comfort above all comfort, that we are not only suffering no more than Christ suffered, but that we shall be happy after our sufferings are over, as truly as He is happy.

Dear Mr. ——, there is nothing in the world, which hinders you or me from having this comfort, but the badness and hardness of our hearts, which will not let us open ourselves heartily to God's love

towards us. He desires to love us and to keep us, but we shut up ourselves from Him, and keep ourselves in fear and misery, because we will not receive His goodness. Oh! how heartily we should pray for one another, and for ourselves, that God would teach us to love Him, and be thankful to Him, as He loves us. We cannot, indeed, love God, if we keep any evil or angry passion within us. If we do not forgive all who may have wronged or affronted us, God has declared most solemnly that He will not forgive us. There is no concealing this, or getting away from it. If we cannot forgive we cannot be forgiven. But when I think of God's willingness to forgive me every day,—though every day I offend Him many times over—it makes me more disposed than anything else in the world to forgive those who have offended me: and this, I think, is natural; unless our hearts are more hard, than with all our faults they commonly are. If you think me taking a liberty in writing this, I can only beg you to remember, that as I hope Christ will save me, so He bids me try to bring my neighbours to Him also; and especially those whom I have known, and from whom I have received kindness. May Christ save us both, and turn our hearts to love Him and our neighbours, even as He has loved us, and has died for us.

88. TO HIS AUNT, MRS. FRANCIS DELAFIELD. (On her 77th birthday.)

Rugby, September 10, 1834.

This is your birthday, on which I have thought of you, and loved you, for as many years past as I can remember. No 10th of September will ever pass without my thinking of you and loving you. I pray that God will keep you, through Jesus Christ, with all blessing, under every trial, which your age may bring upon you; and if, through Christ, we meet together after the Resurrection, there will then be nothing of old or young—of healthy or sickly—of clear memory, or of confused—but we shall be all one in Christ Jesus.

89. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, September 29, 1834.

. . . Your encouragement of my Roman History is the most cheering thing I have ever had to excite me to work upon it. I am working a little on the materials, and have got Orelli's "Inscriptiones," and Haubold's "Monumenta Legalia," which seem both very useful works. But I am stopped at every turn by my ignorance; for instance, what is known of the Illyrians, the great people that were spread from the borders of Greece to the Danube?—what were their race and language?—and what is known of all their country at this moment? I imagine that even the Austrian provinces of Dalmatia are imperfectly known; and who has explored the details of Mœsia? It seems to me that a Roman History should embrace the history of every people, with whom the Romans were successively concerned; not so as to go into all the details, which are generally worthless, but yet so as to give something

of a notion of the great changes, both physical and moral, which the different parts of the world have undergone. How earnestly one desires to present to one's mind a *peopled landscape* of Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, before Rome encountered them; to picture the freshness of the scenery, when all the earth's resources were as yet untouched, as well as the peculiar form of the human species in that particular country, its language, its habits, its institutions. And yet, these indulgences of our intellectual faculties match strangely with the fever of our times, and the pressure for life and death which is going on all around us. The disorders in our social state appear to me to continue unabated; and you know what trifles mere political grievances are, when compared with these. Education is wanted to improve the physical condition of the people, and yet their physical condition must be improved before they can be susceptible of education. I hear that the Roman Catholics are increasing fast amongst us: Lord Shrewsbury and other wealthy Catholics are devoting their whole incomes to the cause, while the tremendous influx of Irish labourers into Lancashire and the west of Scotland is tainting the whole population with a worse than barbarian element. You have heard, also, I doubt not, of the Trades' Unions, a fearful engine of mischief, ready to riot or to assassinate, with all the wickedness, that has in all ages and in all countries characterised associations not recognised by the law,—the ἑταῖριαι of Athens, the clubs of Paris;—and I see no counteracting power. . . .

I shall look forward with the greatest interest to your "Kirchen-und-Haus Buch;" I never cease to feel the benefit which I have derived from your letter to Dr. Knott; the view there contained of Christian Worship and of Christian sacrifice as the consummation of that worship is to my mind quite perfect. What would I give to see our Liturgy amended on the model! But our Bishops cry, "Touch not, meddle not," till indeed it will be too late to do either. I have been much delighted with two American works which have had a large circulation in England; the "Young Christian," and the "Corner Stone," by a New Englander, Jacob Abbott. They are very original and powerful, and the American illustrations, whether borrowed from the scenery or the manners of the people, are very striking. And I hear both from India and the Mediterranean, the most delightful accounts of the zeal and resources of the American Missionaries, that none are doing so much in the cause of Christ as they are. They will take our place in the world, I think not unworthily, though with far less advantage in many respects, than those which we have so fatally wasted. It is a contrast most deeply humiliating to compare what we might have been with what we are, with almost Israel's privileges, and with all Israel's abuse of them. I could write on without limit, if my time were as unlimited as my inclinations; it is vain to say what I would give to talk with you on a great many points, though your letters have done more than I should have thought possible towards enabling me in a manner to talk with you. I feel no doubt of our agreement, indeed it would make me very unhappy to doubt it, for I am sure our

principles are the same, and they ought to lead to the same conclusions. And so I think they do. God bless you, my dear friend; I do trust to see you again ere very long.

90. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (A.) Rugby, October 29, 1834.

I thank you very much for your letter; I need not tell you that it greatly interested me, at the same time that it also in some respects has pained me. I do grieve that you do not enjoy Oxford; it is not, as you well know, that I admire the present tone of the majority of its members, or greatly respect their judgment, still there is much that is noble and good about the place, and you, I should have hoped, might have benefited by the good, and escaped the folly. If you have got your views for your course of life into a definite shape, so as to see your way clear before you, and this course is wholly at variance with the studies of a University, then there is nothing to be said, except that I am sorry and surprised, and should be very anxious to learn what your views are. But if you look forward to any of what are called the learned professions, and wish still to carry on the studies of a well-educated man, depend upon it that you are in the right place where you are, and have greater means within your reach there, than you can readily obtain elsewhere. University distinctions are a great starting-point in life; they introduce a man well, nay, they even add to his influence afterwards. At this moment, when I write against what is the common opinion of people at Oxford, they would be too happy to say, that I objected to their system, because I had not tried it, or had not succeeded in it. Consider that a young man has no means of becoming independent of the society about him. If you wish to exercise influence hereafter, begin by distinguishing yourself in the regular way, not by seeming to prefer a separate way of your own. It is not the natural order of things, nor, I think, the sound one. I knew a man at Oxford sixteen years ago, very clever, but one who railed against the place and its institutions, and would not read for a class. And this man, I am told, is now a zealous Conservative, and writes in the British Magazine.

As to your disappointment in society, I really am afraid to touch on the subject without clearer knowledge. But you should, I am sure, make an effort to speak *out*, as I am really grateful for your having *written out* to me. Reserve and fear of committing oneself are, beyond a certain point, positive evils; a man had better expose himself half a dozen times, than to be shut up always; and after all, it is not exposing yourself, for no one can help valuing and loving what seems an abandonment to feelings of sympathy, especially when, from the character of him who thus opens his heart, the effort is known to be considerable. I am afraid that I may be writing at random; only believe me that I feel very deeply interested about you, and perhaps have more sympathy with your case, than many a younger man; for the circumstances of my life have kept me young in feeling, and the period of twenty years ago is as vividly present to my mind, as though it were a thing of yesterday.

91. TO T. F. ELLIS, ESQ. Rugby, November 21, 1834.

I was very glad to see your handwriting once again, and shall be very ready to answer your question to the best of my power, although I am well aware of its difficulty. It so happens that I have said something on this very subject in the Introduction to the new volume of my Sermons, which is just published, so that it has been much in my thoughts lately, though I am afraid it is easier here, as in other things, to point out what is of no use, than to recommend what is.

The preparation for ordination, so far as passing the Bishop's examination is concerned, must vary according to the notions of the different Bishops, some requiring one thing, and some another. I like no book on the Articles altogether, but Hey's Divinity Lectures at Cambridge seem to me the best and fairest of any that I know of.

But with regard to the much higher question, "What line of study is to be recommended for a clergyman?" my own notions are very decided, though I am afraid they are somewhat singular. A clergyman's profession is the knowledge and practice of Christianity, with no more particular profession to distract his attention from it. While all men, therefore, should study the Scriptures, he should study them thoroughly: because from them only is the knowledge of Christianity to be obtained. And they are to be studied with the help of philological works and antiquarian, not of dogmatical theology. But then for the application of the Scriptures, for preaching, &c., a man requires, first, the general cultivation of his mind, by constantly reading the works of the very greatest writers, philosophers, orators, and poets; and, next, an understanding of the actual state of society—of our own and of general history, as affecting and explaining the existing differences amongst us, both social and religious,—and of political economy, as teaching him how to deal with the poor, and how to remove many of the natural delusions which embitter their minds against the actual frame of society. Further, I should advise a constant use of the biography of good men; their inward feelings, prayers, &c., and of devotional and practical works, like Taylor's Holy Living, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, &c., &c. About Ecclesiastical History, there is a great difficulty. I do not know Waddington's book well, but the common histories, Mosheim, Milner, Dupin, &c., are all bad; so is Fleury, except the Dissertations prefixed to several of his volumes, and which ought to be published separately. For our own Church again, the truth lies in a well; Strype, with all his accuracy, is so weak and so totally destitute of all sound views of government, that it is positively injurious to a man's understanding to be long engaged in so bad an atmosphere. Burnet is much better in every way, yet he is not a great man; and I suppose that the Catholic and Puritan writers are as bad or worse. As commentators on the Scriptures, I should recommend Lightfoot and Grotius; the former, from his great Rabbinical learning, is often a most admirable illustrator of allusions and obscure passages in both the Old and New Testaments; the latter, alike learned and able and honest, is always worth reading.

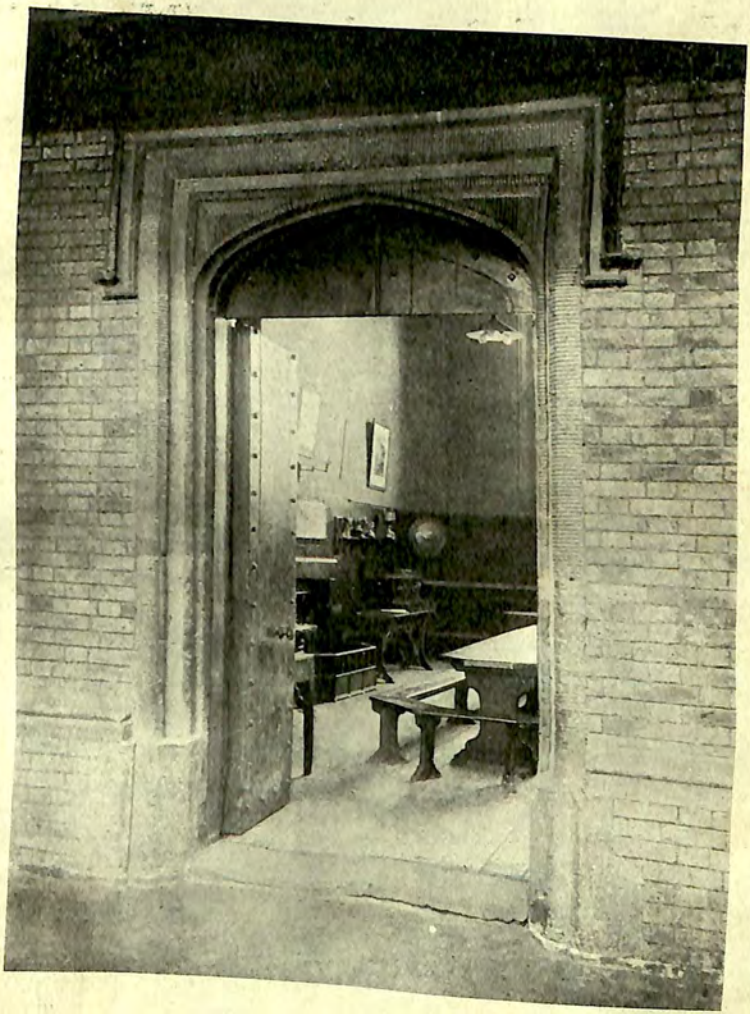
But I like Pole's Synopsis Criticorum altogether, and the fairness of the collection is admirable. For Hebrew, Gesenius's Lexicon and Stuart's Grammar are recommended to me, but I cannot judge of them myself. Schleusner's well-known Lexicons for the Septuagint and New Testament are exceedingly valuable as an index verborum, but his interpretations are not to be relied on, and he did not belong to the really great school of German philology. . . .

92. * TO H. HIGHTON, ESQ. Rugby, November 26, 1834.

I have not time to send you a regular letter in answer, but you wish to hear my opinion about the Rugby Magazine before Lake leaves Oxford. I told him that what I wanted to know, was, in whose hands the conduct of the work would be placed. Everything depends on this; and as, on the one hand, if the editors are discreet and inexorable in rejecting trash, I should be delighted to have such a work established, so, on the other hand, if they do admit trash, or worse still, anything like local or personal scandal or gossip, the Magazine would be a serious disgrace to us all. And I think men owe it to the name of a school not to risk it lightly, as of course a Magazine called by the name of "Rugby" would risk it. Again, I should most deprecate it, if it were political, for many reasons which you can easily conceive yourself. I do not wish to encourage the false notion of my making or trying to make the school political. This would be done, were the Magazine liberal: if otherwise, I should regret it on other grounds. If the editors are good, and the plan well laid down and steadily kept to, I shall think the Magazine a most excellent thing, both for the credit of the school, and for its real benefit. Only remember that the result of such an attempt cannot be neutral; it must either do us great good or great harm.

93. TO REV. J. HEARN. Fox How, December 31, 1834.

. . . It delights me to find that so good a man as Mr. H. thinks very well of the New Poor Law, and anticipates very favourable results from it, but I cannot think that this or any other single measure can do much towards the cure of evils so complicated. I groan over the divisions of the Church, of all our evils I think the greatest,—of Christ's Church I mean,—that men should call themselves Roman Catholics, Church of England men, Baptists, Quakers, all sorts of various appellations, forgetting that only glorious name of CHRISTIAN, which is common to all, and a true bond of union. I begin now to think that things must be worse before they are better, and that nothing but some great pressure from without will make Christians cast away their idols of Sectarianism; the worst and most mischievous by which Christ's Church has ever been plagued.



"SCHOOL-HOUSE HALL," RUGBY.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

94. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, January 24, 1835.

I do not know when I have been so much delighted as by a paragraph in the Globe of this morning, which announced your elevation to the Bench. Your late letters, while they in some measure prepared me for it, have made me still more rejoice in it, because they told me how acceptable it would be to yourself. I do heartily and entirely rejoice at it, on public grounds no less than on private; as an appointment honourable to the government, beneficial to the public service, and honourable and desirable for yourself; and I have some selfish pleasure about it also, inasmuch as I hope that I shall have some better chance of seeing you now than I have had hitherto, either in Warwickshire or in Westmorland. For myself, when I am here in this perfection of beauty, with the place just coming into shape, and the young plantations naturally leading one to anticipate the future, I am inclined to feel nothing but joy that the late change of Government has destroyed all chance of my being ever called away from Westmorland. At least, I can say this, that I should only have valued a Bishopric as giving me some prospect of effecting that Church Reform which I so earnestly long for,—the commencement of an union with all Christians, and of a true *Church* government as distinguished from a *Clergy* government, or from none at all. For this I would sacrifice anything; but as for a Bishopric on the actual system, and with no chance of mending it, it would only make me feel more strongly than I do at present the ἐχθίστην ὀδύνην πόλλὰ φρονέοντα, μηδενὸς κρατὲειν.

Wordsworth is very well; postponing his new volume of poems till the political ferment is somewhat abated. "At ille labitur et labetur," so far as I can foresee, notwithstanding what the Tories have gained at the late elections.

Have you seen your uncle's "Letters on Inspiration," which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth.

95. TO REV. JULIUS HARE. Fox How, January 26, 1835.

I cordially enter into your views about a Theological Review, and I think that only difficulty would be to find an Editor; I do not think that Whately would have time to write, but I can ask him; and undoubtedly he would approve of the scheme. Hampden occurs to me as a more likely man to join such a thing than Pusey, and I think I know one or two of the younger Masters of Arts who would be very useful. My notion of the main objects of the work would be this: 1st. To have really fair accounts and analyses of the works of the early Christian Writers, giving also, so far as possible, a correct view of the

critical questions relating to them; as to their genuineness, and more or less corrupted state of the text. 2nd. To make some beginnings of Biblical Criticism, which, as far as relates to the Old Testament, is in England almost non-existent. 3rd. To illustrate in a really impartial spirit, with no object but the advancement of the Church of Christ, and the welfare of the Commonwealth of England, the rise and progress of Dissent; to show what Christ's Church and this nation have owed to the Establishment and to the Dissenters; and, on the other hand, what injury they have received from each; with a view of promoting a real union between them. These are matters particular, but all bearing upon the great philosophical and Christian truth, which seems to me the very truth of truths, that Christian unity and the perfection of Christ's Church are independent of theological Articles of opinion; consisting in a certain moral state and moral and religious affections, which have existed in good Christians of all ages and all communions, along with an infinitely varying proportion of truth and error; that thus Christ's Church has stood on a rock and never failed; yet has always been marred with much of intellectual error, and also of practical resulting from the intellectual; that to talk of Popery, as the great Apostasy, and to look for Christ's Church only amongst the remnant of the Vaudois, is as absurd as to look to what is called the Primitive Church or the Fathers for pure models of faith in the sense of opinion or of government; that Ignatius and Innocent III. are to be held as men of the same stamp,—zealous and earnest Christians both of them, but both of them overbearing and fond of power; the one advancing the power of bishops, the other that of the Pope, with equal honesty,—it may be, for their respective times, with equal benefit,—but with as little claim the one as the other to be an authority for Christians, and with equally little impartial perception of universal truth. But then for the Editor; if he must live in London or in the Universities, I cannot think of the man. . . .

96. TO REV. DR. LONGLEY. Fox How, January 28, 1835.

I suppose, as you have an Easter vacation, that you have by this time returned or are returning to Harrow. Next week we shall be also beginning work at Rugby, with the prospect of one-and-twenty weeks before us;—too long a period, I think, either for boys or masters. In the mean time we have been here for nearly six weeks, enjoying ourselves as much as possible, though we have had much more snow, I imagine, than you have had in the south. But we have had a large and cheerful party within doors, and sufficient variety of weather to allow of a great deal of enjoyment of scenery; besides the perpetual beauty and interest of this particular place and the delight of watching the progress of all our improvements. We have done, however, at last, with workmen, and have now only to wait for Nature's work in bringing on our shrubs and trees to their maturity; though many people tell me that every additional tree will rather injure the beauty of this place than improve it.

I have tried the experiment which I mentioned to you about the Fifth Form, with some modifications. I have not given the Fifth the power of fagging, but by reducing their number to about three or four and twenty, we have made them much more respectable both in conduct and scholarship, and more like boys at the head of the school. I do not think that we have at present a large proportion of clever boys at Rugby, and there are many great evils which I have to contend with, more than are generally known. I think, also, that we are now beginning to outlive that desire of novelty which made so many people send their sons to Rugby, when I first went there. I knew that that feeling would ebb, and therefore got the school limited; or else as the flood would have risen higher, so its ebb would have been more marked; but, as it was, the limit was set too high, and I do not think that we shall keep up to it, especially as other foundation schools are every day becoming reformed, and therefore entering into competition with us. But I say this without the least uneasiness, for the school is really mending in itself; and its credit at the Universities increasing rather than falling off; and, so long as this is the case, I shall be perfectly satisfied: if we were really to go down in efficiency, either from my fault, or from faults which I could not remedy, I should soon establish myself at Fox How.

I wrote to Hawtrey to congratulate him on his appointment, and I took that opportunity to ask him what he thought of the expediency of getting up good grammars, both Latin and Greek, which, being used in all or most of the great public schools, would so become, in fact, the national grammars. I should propose to adopt something of the plan followed by our Translators of the Bible; *i.e.* that a certain portion of each grammar should be assigned to the master or masters of each of the great schools; *e.g.* the accidence to one, syntax to another, prosody to a third; or probably with greater subdivisions; that then the parts so drawn up should be submitted to the revision of the other schools, and the whole thus brought into shape. Hawtrey exclaims strongly against the faults of the Eton grammars, and I am not satisfied with Matthiæ, which seems to me too difficult, and almost impossible to be learnt by heart. Hawtrey said he would write to me again, when he found himself more settled, and I have not heard from him since. I should like to know what your sentiments are about it; it would be μάλιστα κατ' εὐχήν to have a common grammar jointly concocted; but if I cannot get other men to join me, I think we must try our hands on one for our own use at Rugby; I shall not, however, think of this till all hope of something better * is out of the question.

It seems to me that we have not enough of co-operation in our system of public education, including both the great schools and Universities. I do not like the centralising plan of compulsory uniformity under the government; but I do not see why we should all be acting without the least reference to one another. Something of this kind is wanted, particularly I think with regard to expulsion. Under

* The necessity for such a plan was eventually obviated by his adoption of the Rev. C. Wordsworth's Greek Grammar.

actual circumstances it is often no penalty at all in reality, while it is considered ignorantly to be the excess of severity, and the ruin of a boy's prospects. And until the Universities have an examination upon admission as a University, not a college regulation, the standard of the college lecture-rooms will be so low, that a young man going from the top of a public school will be nearly losing his time, and tempted to go back in his scholarship by attending them. This is an old grievance at Oxford, as I can bear witness, when I myself was an undergraduate just come from Winchester.

97. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Fox How, January 29, 1835.

We have now been here nearly six weeks, enjoying this country to the full, in spite of the snow, of which we have had more than our usual portion. Now, however, it is all gone, and the spring lights and gentle airs of the last few days have made the beauty of the scenery at its very highest. We have so large a party in the house, that we are very independent of any other society; my wife's two sisters and one of my nieces, besides one of our Sixth Form at Rugby, in addition to our own children. I was much annoyed at being called away into Warwickshire to vote at the election,—a long and hurried and expensive journey, with no very great interest in the contest, only as having a vote, I thought it right to go, and deliver my testimony. We were at one time likely to have a contest in Westmorland, but that blew over. I wish that in thinking of you with a pupil, I could think of you as enjoying the employment, whereas I am afraid you will feel it to be a burden. It is, perhaps, too exclusively my business at Rugby; at least I fancy I should be glad to have a little more time for other things; but I have not yet learnt to alter my feelings of intense interest in the occupation. I feel, perhaps, the more interest in it, because I seem to find it more and more hopeless to get men to think and inquire freely and fairly, after they have once taken their side in life. The only hope is with the young, if by any means they can be led to think for themselves without following a party, and to love what is good and true, let them find it where they will. . . .

The Church question remains more uncertain than ever; we have got a respite, I trust, from the Jew Bill for some time; but in other matters, I fear, Reform, according to my views, is as far off as ever; I care not in the least about the pluralities and equalising revenues; let us have a real Church Government and not a pretended one; and this government vested in the Church, and not in the clergy, and we may have hopes yet. But I dread above all things the notion either of *the* convocation or of any convocation, in which the Laity had not at least an equal voice. As for the Irish Church, that I think will baffle any man's wits to settle as it should be settled.

98. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, February 10, 1835.

I know not how adequately to answer your last delightful and most kind letter, so interesting to me in all its parts, so full of matter for the

expression of so many thoughts and so many feelings. I think you can hardly tell, how I prize such true sympathy of heart and mind as I am sure to find in your letters; because I hope and believe that it is not so rare to you as it is to me. . . . I find in you that exact combination of tastes, which I have in myself, for philological, historical, and philosophical pursuits, centering in moral and spiritual truths; the exact Greek πολιτικὴ, if we understand, with St. Paul, where the ἔστυ of our πολιτεία is to be sought for. Your Hymn Book reached me before the holidays, and I fed upon it with unceasing delight in Westmorland. It is, indeed, a treasure; and how I delighted in recognising the principles of the Letter to Dr. Nott in the first Appendix to the volume. As to the Hymns, I have not yet read a single one, which I have not thought good. I should like to know some of your favourites; for myself, I am especially fond of the Hymn 24, "Seele, du musst munter werden," &c.; of 697, "Der Mond ist aufgegangen;" of 824, "O liebe Seele, konntst du werden;" of 622, "Erhebt euch frohe Jubellieder;" of 839, "O Ewigkeit! O Ewigkeit;" and of 933 and 934. I have tried to translate some of them, but have been sadly disappointed with my own attempts. But I must give you one or two stanzas of the Morning Hymn, as a token of my love to it, and to show you also, for your satisfaction, how much our language is inferior to yours in flexibility and power, by having lost so much of its native character, and become such a jumble of French and Latin exotics with the original Saxon. . . . I shall send you, almost immediately, the third volume of Thucydides, and the third volume of Sermons. The Appendix to the latter is directed against an error, which is deeply mischievous in our Church, by presenting so great an obstacle to Christian union, as well as to Christian Church Reform. Still, as in Catholic countries, "the Church;" with us, means, in many persons' mouths, and constantly in Parliament, only "the clergy;" and this feeling operates, of course, both to produce superstition and profaneness, in both respects exactly opposed to Christianity. Church Reform, in any high sense of the word, we shall not have; the High Church party idolise things as they are; the Evangelicals idolise the early Reformers; their notion at the best would be to carry into full effect the intentions of Cranmer and Ridley; neither party is prepared to acknowledge that there is much more to be done than this; and that Popery and narrow dogmatical intolerance tainted the Church as early as the days of Ignatius; while, on the other hand, Christ's true Church lived through the worst of times, and is not to be confined to the small congregations of the Vaudois. The state of parties in England, and that ignorance of and indifference to general principles, which is so characteristic of Englishmen, is enough to break one's heart. I do not think that you do justice to the late government; you must compare them not with the government of a perfect Commonwealth, but with that worse than "Fæx Romuli," the Tory system that preceded them, and which is now threatening us again under a new aspect. . . . It strikes me that a noble work might be written on the Philosophy of Parties and Revolutions, showing what are the essential

points of division in all civil contests, and what are but accidents. For the want of this, history as a collection of facts is of no use at all to many persons; they mistake essential resemblances, and dwell upon accidental differences, especially when those accidental differences are in themselves matters of great importance, such as differences in religion, or, more or less, of civil liberty and equality. Whereas it seems to me that the real parties in human nature are the Conservatives and the Advancers; those who look to the past or present, and those who look to the future, whether knowingly and deliberately, or by an instinct of their nature, indolent in one case and restless in the other, which they themselves do not analyse. Thus Conservatism may sometimes be ultra democracy, (see Cleon's speech in Thucydides, III.,) sometimes aristocracy, as in the civil wars of Rome, or in the English constitution now; and the Advance may be sometimes despotism, sometimes aristocracy, but always keeping its essential character of advance, of taking off bonds, removing prejudices, altering what is existing. The Advance in its perfect form is Christianity, and in a corrupted world must always be the true principle, although it has in many instances been so clogged with evil of various kinds, that the conservative principle, although essentially false since man fell into sin, has yet commended itself to good men while they looked on the history of mankind only partially, and did not consider it as a whole.*

. . . How you astonish and shame me by what you are yourself continually effecting and proposing to effect amidst all your official and domestic engagements. I do not know how you can contrive it, or how your strength and spirits can support it. O how heartily do I sympathise in your feeling as to the union of philological, historical, and philosophical research, all to minister to divine truth; and how gladly would I devote my time and powers to such pursuits, did I not feel as much another thing in your letter, that we should abide in that calling which God has set before us. And it is delightful, if at any time I may hope to send out into the world any young man willing and trained to do Christ's work, rich in the combined and indivisible love of truth and of goodness.

. . . It is one of my most delightful prospects to bring my two elder boys, and I hope their dear mother also, to see you and Mrs. Bunsen,

* "Cobbett is an anti-advance man to the backbone, he is sometimes Jacobin, sometimes Conservative, but never liberal; and the same may be said of most of the party writers on both sides, of which there is a good proof in their joint abuse of the French government, which is, I think, the most truly liberal and 'advancing' that exists in Europe, next perhaps to the Prussian, which is one of the most advancing ever known."—Extract from a Letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge in the same year.

The doctrine alluded to in these Letters was one to which he often recurred, and which he believed to be peculiarly applicable to modern Europe. "A volume," he said, "Might be written on those words of Harrington, 'that we are living in the dregs of the Gothic empire.' It is that the *beginnings* of things are bad—and when they have not been altered, you may safely say that they want altering. But then comes the question whether our fate is not fixed, and whether you could not as well make the muscles and sinews of a full-grown man perform the feats of an Indian juggler; great changes require great docility, and you can only expect that from perfect knowledge or perfect ignorance."

whether it be at Rome or at Berlin. I only wait for the boys being old enough to derive some lasting benefit from what they would see and hear on the Continent. They are too young now, for the eldest is but just twelve years old,—the second just eleven. Your little namesake is the smallest creature of her age that I ever saw,—a mere doll walking about the room;—but full of life and intelligence—and the merriest of the merry.

I have been trying to begin Hebrew, but am discouraged by my notions of the uncertainty of the best knowledge hitherto gained about it. Do you think it possible to understand Hebrew well, that is, as we understand Greek, where the language is more precise and more clear than even our own could be? Conceive the luminous clearness of Demosthenes, owing to his perfect use of an almost perfect language, and our complete understanding of it; but the interpretation of the Hebrew Prophets * seems to me, judging from the different Commentaries, to be almost guess-work; and I doubt whether it can ever be otherwise. Then the criticism of the Old Testament, the dates of the several books, their origin, &c., all seem to me undecided, and what Wolf and Niebuhr have done for Greece and Rome seems sadly wanted for Judæa.

99. * TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ. Rugby, February 25, 1835.

You must not think that I had forgotten you, though your kind letter has remained so long unanswered. I was always conscious of my debt to you, and resolved to pay it; but though I can write letters of business at any time, yet it is not so with letters to friends, which I neither like to leave unfinished in the middle, nor, to say the truth, do I always feel equal to writing them; for they require a greater freshness and abstractedness of mind from other matters than I am always able to command. I have been greatly delighted with all I have heard of you since you have been at Cambridge; it is vexatious to me, however, that from want of familiarity with the system, I cannot bring your life and pursuits there so vividly before my mind, as I can those of an undergraduate in Oxford; otherwise, to say nothing of my personal interest for individuals, I think that I am as much concerned about one university as the other. Lake will have told you, I dare say, all our vacation news, and probably all that has happened worth relating since our return to Rugby. In fact, news of all sorts you will be sure to hear from your other correspondents earlier and more fully than from me.

"I was obliged to you for a hint in your letter to Price, about our reading more Greek poetry, and accordingly we have begun the Harrow "Musa Græca," and are doing some Pindar. You may be sure that I wish to consult the line of reading at both Universities, so

* This opinion was greatly modified by his later study of the Prophets. The general coincidence of two men so different as Lowth and Gesenius in their interpretation of Isaiah, he used to instance as a satisfactory proof that the meaning of the Hebrew Scriptures could be really ascertained.

far as this can be done without a system of direct cramming, or without sacrificing something, which I may believe to be of paramount importance. Aristophanes, however, I had purposely left for Lee to do with the Fifth Form, as it is a book which he had studied well, and can do much better than I can.

I am doing nothing, but thinking of many things. I forget whether you learnt any German here, but I think it would be well worth your while to learn it without loss of time. Every additional language gained, is like an additional power, none more so than German. I have been revelling in my friend Bunsen's collection of hymns, and have lately got a periodical work on Divinity, published by some of the best German Divines, "Theologische Studien und Kritiken." I mention these, because they are both so utterly unlike what is called Rationalism, and at the same time so unlike our High Church or Evangelical writings; they seem to me to be a most pure transcript of the New Testament, combining in a most extraordinary degree the spirit of love with the spirit of wisdom.

It is a very hard thing, I suppose, to read at once passionately and critically, by no means to be cold, captious, sneering, or scoffing; to admire greatness and goodness with an intense love and veneration, yet to judge all things; to be the slave neither of names nor of parties, and to sacrifice even the most beautiful associations for the sake of truth. I would say, as a good general rule, never read the works of any ordinary man, except on scientific matters, or when they contain simple matters of fact. Even on matters of fact, silly and ignorant men, however honest and industrious in their particular subject, require to be read with constant watchfulness and suspicion; whereas great men are always instructive, even amidst much of error on particular points. In general, however, I hold it to be certain, that the truth is to be found in the great men, and the error in the little ones.

100. * TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ. Rugby, March 4, 1835.

. . . I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. It does not follow because one admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, or because one forms in it the most valuable and most delightful friendships, that therefore one is to uphold its foolishness, and to try to perpetuate its faults. My love for any place or person, or institution, is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them; a doctrine which seems to me as natural now, as it seemed strange when I was a child, when I could not make out, how, if my mother loved me more than strange children, she should find fault with me and not with them. But I do not think this ought to be a difficulty to any one who is more than six years old. I suppose that the reading necessary for the schools is now so great, that you can scarcely have time for anything else. Your German will be kept up naturally enough in your mere classical reading, and ancient history and philosophy will be constantly recalling modern events and parties to your mind, and improving in

fact, in the best way, your familiarity with and understanding of them. But I hope that you will be at Oxford long enough to have one year at least of reading directly on the middle ages or modern times, and of revelling in the stores of the Oxford libraries. I have never lost the benefit of what I enjoyed in this respect, though I have often cause to regret that it is no longer within my reach.

I do not know why my Thucydides is not out; I sent off the last corrected sheet three weeks ago. I am amused with thinking of what will be said of the latter part of the Preface, which is very conservative, insomuch that I am rather afraid of being suspected of ratting; a suspicion which, notwithstanding, would be quite unfounded, as you will probably believe without any more solemn assurance on my part. Nor do I feel that I am in any great danger of becoming a Radical, if by that term be meant one who follows *popular* principles, as opposed to or distinct from *liberal* ones. But liberal principles are more or less popular, and more or less aristocratical, according to circumstances, and thus in the application of precisely the same principles which I held two years ago, and ten years ago, I should write and act as to particular persons and parties somewhat differently. . . In other words, the late extraordinary revolution has shown the enormous strength of the aristocracy and of the corrupt and low Tory party; one sees clearly what hard blows they will not only stand, but require, and that the fear of depressing them too much is chimerical. A deeper fear is behind; that, like the vermin on the jacket in Sylla's apologue, they will stick so tight to the form of the constitution, that the constitution itself will at last be thrown into the fire, and a military monarch succeed. . . . But of one thing I am clear, that if ever this constitution be destroyed, it will be only when it ought to be destroyed; when evils long neglected, and good long omitted, will have brought things to such a state, that the constitution must fall to save the commonwealth, and the Church of England perish for the sake of the Church of Christ. Search and look whether you can find that any constitution was ever destroyed from within by factions or discontent, without its destruction having been, either just penally, or necessary, because it could not any longer answer its proper purposes. And this ripeness for destruction is the sure consequence of Toryism and Conservatism, or of that base system which joins the hand of a Reformer to the heart of a Tory, reforms not upon principle, but upon clamour; and therefore both changes amiss, and preserves amiss, alike blind and low-principled in what it gives and what it withholds. And therefore I would oppose to the utmost any government predominantly Tory, much more one exclusively Tory, and most of all a government, at once exclusively Tory in heart, and in word and action simulating reform. Conceive the Duke of Ormond and Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, and Sir W. Wyndham intrusted with the administration of the Act of Settlement. So have I filled my paper; but it is idle to write upon things of this kind, as no letter will hold all that is to be said, much less answer objections on the other side. Write to me when you can, and tell me about yourself fully.*

* The latter part of this letter was occasioned by a regret expressed at his vote

101. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Rugby, March 22, 1835.

. . . I have been thinking of what you say as to a book on the origin of Civilisation, and considering whether I could furnish anything towards it. But history, I think, can furnish little to the purpose, because all history properly so called belongs to an age of at least partial civilisation; and the poetical or mythical traditions, which refer to the origin of this civilisation, cannot be made use of to prove anything, till their character has undergone a more complete analysis. I believe with you that *savages* could never civilise themselves, but *barbarians* I think might; and there are some races, *e.g.* the Keltic, the Teutonic, and the Hellenic, that we cannot trace back to a savage state, nor does it appear that they ever were savages. With regard to such races as have been found in a savage state, if it be admitted that all mankind are originally one race, then I should say that they must have degenerated; but, if the physiological question be not settled yet, and there is any reason to suppose that the New Hollander and the Greek never had one common ancestor, then you would have the races of mankind divided into those improvable by themselves, and those improvable only by others; the first created originally with such means in their possession, that out of these they could work indefinitely their own improvement, the πού στῶ being in a manner given to them; the second without the πού στῶ, and intended to receive it in time, through the instrumentality of their fellow-creatures. And this would be sufficiently analogous to the course of Providence in other known cases, *e.g.* the communicating all religious knowledge to mankind through the Jewish people, and all intellectual civilisation through the Greeks; no people having ever yet possessed that activity of mind, and that power of reflection and questioning of things, which are the marks of intellectual advancement, without having derived them mediately or immediately from Greece. I had occasion in the winter to observe this in a Jew, of whom I took a few lessons in Hebrew, and who was learned in the writings of the Rabbis, but totally ignorant of all the literature of the West, ancient and modern. He was consequently just like a child,—his mind being entirely without the habit of criticism or analysis, whether as applied to words or to things; wholly ignorant, for instance, of the analysis of language, whether grammatical or logical; or of the analysis of a narrative of facts, according to any rules of probability external or internal. I never so felt the debt which the human race owes to Pythagoras, or whoever it was that was the first founder of Greek philosophy.

. . . The interest of present questions, involving as they do great and eternal principles, hinders me from fixing contentedly upon a work of past history; while the hopelessness of persuading men, and the inevitable odium which attends anything written on the topics of the

in the Warwickshire election. For the distinction between "Liberal and Popular principles," see his article in the Quarterly Journal of Education, vol. ix. p. 281.

day, hinder me on the other hand from writing much about the present. How great this odium is, I really could have hardly conceived, even with all my former experience. [The rest of the letter is lost.]

102. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (A.) Rugby, March 30, 1835.

Just as I have begun to write, the clock has struck five, which you know announces the end of Fourth lesson, so that I fear I shall not make much progress now; I shall let the Sixth Form, however, have the pleasure of contemplating a very beautiful passage out of Coleridge for a few minutes longer, while I write on a few lines to you. It gave me great pleasure to find that you enjoy ——'s society so much, and I hope that it makes Oxford seem at any rate more endurable to you. I was much interested by your story of ——'s comment upon a little burst of yours about Switzerland. I suppose that Pococuranteism (excuse the word) is much the order of the day amongst young men. I observe symptoms of it here, and am always dreading its ascendency, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that "Nil admirari," in this sense is the Devil's favourite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the most esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man infected with this disorder of anti-romance, as on one, who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish. Such a man may well call me mad, but his party are not yet strong enough to get me fairly shut up,—and till they are, I shall take the liberty of insisting that their tail is the longest, and the more boldly I assume this, the more readily will the world believe me. I have lived now for many years,—indeed, since I was a very young man,—in a very entire indifference as to the opinion of people, unless I have reason to think them good and wise; and I wish that some of my friends would share this indifference, at least as far as I am concerned. The only thing which gives me the slightest concern in the attacks which have been lately made on me, is the idea of their in any degree disturbing my friends. I am afraid that —— is not as indifferent as I could wish either to the attacks in newspapers, or to the gossip of Oxford about Rugby, of which last I have now had some years' experience, and I should pay it a very undeserved compliment, if I were to set any higher value on it than I do on my friend Theodore Hook and his correspondents in John Bull. It is a mere idleness to attend to this sort of talking, and as to trying to act so as to avoid its attacks,—a man would have enough to do, and would lead a strange life, if he were to be shaping his conduct to propitiate gossip. I hold it also equally vain to attempt to explain or to contradict any reports that may be in circulation; in order to do so, it would be necessary to write a weekly despatch at the least; and even then it would do little good, while it would greatly encourage the utterers of scandal, as it would show that their attacks were thought worth noticing. . . . You will be glad to hear that the English Essays are again very good, and so I think are some of the Latin Essays; the

verse we have not yet received. On the other hand, there is constantly sufficient occasion to remember our humanity, without any slave to prompt us.

103. TO SIR THOMAS SABINE PASLEY, BART. (In answer to a question about Public and Private Schools.)

Rugby, April 15, 1835.

. . . The difficulties of education stare me in the face, whenever I look at my own four boys. I think by and by that I shall put them into the school here, but I shall do it with trembling. Experience seems to point out no one plan of education as decidedly the best; it only says, I think, that public education is the best where it answers. But then the question is, will it answer with one's own boy? and if it fails, is not the failure complete? It becomes a question of particulars: a very good private tutor would tempt me to try private education, or a very good public school, with connexions amongst the boys at it, might induce me to venture upon public. Still there is much chance in the matter; for a school may change its character greatly, even with the same master, by the prevalence of a good or bad set of boys; and this no caution can guard against. But I should certainly advise anything rather than a private school of above thirty boys. Large private schools, I think, are the worst possible system: the choice lies between public schools, and an education, whose character may be strictly private and domestic. This, I fear, is but an unsatisfactory opinion: but I shall be most happy to give you all the advice that I can upon any particular case that you may have to propose, when I have the pleasure of seeing you in Westmorland. We are just going to embark on our time of gaiety, or rather, I may say, of bustle; for we shall not dine alone again for the next fortnight. I am going southwards instead of northwards, to my old home at Laleham, which I can reach in twelve hours, instead of twenty-four. You may imagine that we often think of Fox How, and I sighed to see the wood anemones on the rock, when on Tuesday I went with all the children, except Fan, to the only place within four miles of us, where there is a little copse and wood flowers.

104. † TO H. STRICKLAND, ESQ. Rugby, May 18, 1835.

I congratulate you on your prospects of exploring Asia Minor, and I should be most happy to give you any assistance in my power towards furthering your objects. You know, I dare say, a map of Asia Minor published a few years since, by Colonel Leake, and showing all that was then known of that country. The Geographical Society will give you all information, which you may need as to more recent journeys; but I imagine little has been done of any account. What *is to be done*, may be divided naturally into two heads, physical research, and moral, in the widest sense of the term. As to the former, you can need no suggestions from me. I am curious to know about the geology—whether the salt lakes of the interior belong to the red marl formation,

and whether there are any traces of coal. With regard to the botany, every observation, I suppose, will be valuable,—what trees and shrubs appear to be the weeds of the soil; and whether there is any appearance or tradition that these have changed within historical memory; whether there are any traces of destroyed forests, and whether the sands have encroached or are encroaching on the available soil, either in the valleys or elsewhere. Again, all meteorological observations will be precious: —variations of temperature at different levels or distances from the sea; suddenness of changes of temperature; prevailing winds, quantity of rain that falls, &c. All facts that may throw any light upon the phenomena of malaria are highly important; and I think it is worth while to bear in mind the possible, if not probable, connexion between epidemic disorders and the outbreak of volcanic agency and electrical phenomena. The return of crops—how many fold the seed yields in average seasons, is also, I think, a fact always worth getting at.

Now for matters relating to man. Asia Minor has little historical interest, except as to its coasts: you will not find any places of note, but you may find inscriptions, and of course coins, which may be valuable. The point for inquiry, as far as it may be possible, seems to me to be the languages and dialects of the country. The existence of the Basque language, as well as of the Breton and Welsh, shows how aboriginal dialects will linger on through successive conquests in remote districts. Turkish can hardly be the universal language, or, if it is, it must be more or less corrupted with a foreign intermixture; and then, any of these corrupting words may be very curious, as relics of the original languages; and Phrygian, we know, had, even amongst the Greeks, a character of high antiquity. If you find any unexplored libraries, look out for palimpsests; in these lies our only chance of recovering anything of great value; and though you will not have time to spell them out, yet a cursory glance may give you some hints as to what they are, and may enable you to digest the inquiries of others. All old or actual lines of road are worth attending to, and of course, all statistical information. If possible, I would take a Strabo with me, and an Herodotus; also, it you go to Trebizond, the Anabasis. I should like to explore the valley of the Halys, which I suppose, must be one of the finest parts of the whole country; but the greatest part of it, I imagine, will be sadly tiresome.

105. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, May 20, 1835.

I have just been setting my boys a passage out of your edition of Blackstone, to translate into Latin prose, and while they are doing it, I will begin a letter to you. I have had unmixed satisfaction in all I have heard said of you since your elevation. So entirely do I rejoice in it, both publicly and privately, that I could almost forgive Sir R. Peel's ministry their five months of office for the sake of that one good deed. I do hope I shall see you ere long, for I yearn sadly after my old friends. . . . I live alone, so far as men friends are concerned, and am obliged more and more to act and think by myself and for myself. It

was therefore very delightful to me to get your little bit of counsel touching the delay of my book, and I am gladly complying with it. But I have read more about it, and for a longer period, than perhaps you are aware of; and in history, after having reached a certain point of knowledge, the after progress increases in a very rapid ratio, because the particular facts group under their general principle, and gain a clearness and instructiveness from the comparison with other analogous facts, which in their solitary state they could not have.

Your Uncle said, many years ago, that, "it could not be wondered at if good men were slow to join Mr. Pitt's party, seeing that it dealt in such atrocious personal calumnies." I think I have had within the last three or four months ample reason to repeat his observation. Had you not been on the Bench, I should have consulted you as to the expediency of noticing some of them legally; and now, as far as you can with propriety, I should much like to hear what you would say. The attacks go on weekly, charging me with corrupting the boys' religious principles, and intending, if they can, to injure me in my trade. I am assured that many copies of the paper in which most of these libels appear, are sent gratuitously to persons in Ireland, who have been supposed likely to send their sons here; and the same tone of abuse was followed for some weeks in the John Bull. I think that this spirit of libel is peculiar to the Tories, from L'Estrange and Swift downwards: just ask yourself, if you have known any Tory not more engaged in public life than I am, and having given as little ground for attack by personalities on my part, who was abused by the Liberal papers as I have been by the Tories. I often think of the rancorous abuse which the same party heaped upon Burnett, and how that Exposition of the articles, which Bishops and Divinity Professors and Tutors now recommend, was censured by the Lower House of Convocation as latitudinarian. *δέχομαι τὸν οἰωνον.*

. . . I hope you saw Wordsworth when he was in London, and that you enjoy his new volume. I have been reading a good deal of Pindar and of Aristophanes lately,—Pindar after twenty years' interval and how much more interesting he is to the man than to the boy. As for Homer, it is my weekly feast to get better and better acquainted with him. In English I read scarcely anything, and I know not when I shall be able to do it. We go on here very comfortably, and the school is in a very satisfactory state. I had the pleasure of seeing some of the best of my Rugby pupils here at Easter, and one of the best of my Laleham ones was here a little before. It is the great happiness of my profession to have these relations so dear and so enduring. I had intended to go to Oxford to-day, to have voted in favour of the Declaration, instead of the Subscription to the Articles, but I could not well manage it, and it was of little consequence, as we were sure to be beaten. It makes me half daft to think of Oxford and the London University, as bad as one another in their opposite ways, and perpetuating their badness by remaining distinct, instead of mixing.

106. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, May 27, 1835.

. . . I sincerely congratulate you on being honoured with the abuse of my friend the Northampton Herald, in company with Whately, Hampden, and myself; and perhaps I feel some malicious satisfaction that you should be thus in a manner forced into the boat with us, while you perhaps are thinking us not very desirable companions. It was found, I believe, at the Council of Trent, that the younger clergy were far more averse to reform than the older; just as the Juniores Patrum at Rome, were the hottest supporters of the abuses of the aristocracy; and so the Convocation has shown itself far more violent and obstinate against improvement than the Heads of Houses. It is a great evil—a national evil, I think, of very great magnitude; for the Charter must be, and ought to be, granted to the London University, if you will persist in keeping out Dissenters; and then there will be two party places, instead of one, to perpetuate narrow views, and disunion to our children's children. For it is vain to deny, that the Church of England clergy have politically been a party in the country, from Elizabeth's time downwards, and a party opposed to the cause, which in the main has been the cause of improvement. There have been at all times noble individual exceptions, and, for very considerable periods, in the reign of George the Second, and in the early part of George the Third's reign, for instance, the spirit of the body has been temperate and conciliatory; but in Charles the First and Second's reigns, and in the period following the revolution, they deserved so ill of their country, that the Dissenters have at no time deserved worse; and, therefore, it will not do for the Church party to identify themselves with the nation, which they are not, nor with the constitution, which they did their best to hinder from ever coming into existence. I grant that the Dissenters are, politically speaking, nearly as bad, and as narrow-minded, but then they have more excuse, in belonging generally to a lower class in society, and not having been taught Aristotle and Thucydides. June 1st. I was interrupted, for which you will not be sorry, and I will not return to the subject. I was much obliged to you for your letter, and pamphlet; but though I approve of the proposed change, yet of course it does not touch the great question.

107. TO A PERSON DISTRESSED BY SCEPTICAL DOUBTS.

Rugby, June 21, 1835.

I have been very far from forgetting you, or my promise to write down something on the subject of our conversation, though I have some fears of doing more harm than good, by not meeting your case satisfactorily. However, I shall venture, hoping that God may bless the attempt to your comfort and benefit.

The more I think of the matter the more I am satisfied that all speculations of the kind in question are to be repressed by the will, and if they haunt us, notwithstanding the efforts of our will, that then they are to be prayed against, and silently endured as a trial. I mean

speculations turning upon things wholly beyond our reach, and where the utmost conceivable result cannot be truth, but additional perplexity. Such must be the question as to the origin and continued existence of moral evil; which is a question utterly out of our reach, as we know and can know nothing of the system of the universe, and which can never bring us to truth, because if we adopt one hypothesis as certain, and come to a conclusion upon one theory, we shall be met by difficulties quite as insuperable on the other side, which would oblige us in fairness to go over the process again, and to reject our new conclusion, as we had done our old one; because in our total ignorance of the matter, there will always be difficulties in the way of any hypothesis which we cannot answer, and which will effectually preclude our ever arriving at a state of intellectual satisfaction, such as consists in having a clear view of a whole question from first to last, and seeing that the premises are true, the conclusion fairly drawn, and that all objections to either may be satisfactorily answered. This state, which alone I suppose deserves to be called knowledge, is one which, if we can ever attain it, is attainable only in matters merely human, and only within the range of our understanding and experience. It is manifest that the sole difficulty in the subject of your perplexity is merely the origin of moral evil, and it is manifest also that this difficulty equally affects things actually existing around us. Yet if the sight of wickedness in ourselves or others were to lead us to perplex ourselves as to its origin, instead of struggling against it and attempting to put an end to it, we know that we should be wrong, and that evil would thrive and multiply on such a system of conduct.

This would have been the language of a heathen Stoic or Academician, when an Epicurean beset him with the difficulty of accounting for evil without impugning the power or the goodness of the gods. And I think that this language was sound and practically convincing, quite enough so to show that the Epicurean objection sets one upon an error, because it leads to practical absurdity and wickedness. But I think that with us the authority of Christ puts things on a different footing. I know nothing about the origin of evil, but I believe that Christ did know; and as our common sense tells us, that we can strive against evil and sympathise in punishment here, although we cannot tell how there comes to be evil, so Christ tells us that we may continue these same feelings to the state beyond this life, although the origin of evil is still a secret to us. And I know Christ to have been so wise and so loving to men, that I am sure I may trust His word, and that what was entirely agreeable to His sense of justice and goodness, cannot, unless through my own defect, be otherwise than agreeable to mine.

Further, when I find him repelling all questions of curiosity, and reproving in particular such as had a tendency to lead men away from their great business,—the doing good to themselves and others,—I am sure that if I stood before Him, and said to Him, "Lord, what can I do? for I cannot understand how God can allow any to be wicked, or why He should not destroy them, rather than let them exist to suffer;" that His mildest answer would be, "What is that to thee—follow thou

Me." But if He, who can read the heart, knew that there was in the doubt so expressed anything of an evil heart of unbelief—of unbelief that had grown out of carelessness and from my not having walked watchfully after Him, loving Him, and doing His will,—then I should expect that He would tell me, that this thought had come to me, because I neither knew Him nor His Father, but had neglected and been indifferent to both; and then I should be sure that He would give me no explanation or light at all, but would rather make the darkness thicker upon me, till I came before Him not with a speculative doubt, but with an earnest prayer for His mercy and His help, and with a desire to walk humbly before Him, and to do His will, and promote His kingdom. This, I believe, is the only way to deal with those disturbances of mind which cannot lead to truth, but only to perplexity. Many persons I am inclined to think, endure some of these to their dying day, well aware of their nature, and not sanctioning them by their will, but unable to shake them off, and enduring them as a real thorn in the flesh, as they would endure the far lighter trials of sickness or outward affliction. But they should be kept, I think, to ourselves, and not talked of even to our nearest friends, when we once understand their true nature. Talking about them gives them a sort of reality which otherwise they would not have; just like talking about our dreams. We should act and speak, and try to feel as if they had no existence, and then in most cases they do cease to exist after a time; when they do not, they are harmless to our spiritual nature, although I fully believe that they are the most grievous affliction with which human nature is visited.

Of course, what I have here said relates only to such questions as cannot possibly be so answered as to produce even entire intellectual satisfaction, much less moral advantage. I hold that Atheism and pure Scepticism are both systems of absurdity; which involves the condemnation of hypotheses leading to either of them as conclusions. For Atheism separates truth from goodness, and Scepticism destroys truth altogether; both of which are monstrosities, from which we should revolt as from a real madness. With my earnest hopes and prayers that you may be relieved from what I know to be the greatest of earthly trials, but with a no less earnest advice, that, if it does continue, you will treat it as a trial, and only cling the closer, as it were, to that perfect Saviour, in the entire love and truth of whose nature all doubt seems to melt away, and who, if kept steadily before our minds, is, I believe, most literally our Bread of Life, giving strength and peace to our weakness and distractions.

108. TO ONE OF THE SIXTH FORM, THREATENED WITH CONSUMPTION.

Fox How, July 31, 1835.

. . . I fear that you will have found your patience much tried by the return of pain in your side, and the lassitude produced by the heat: it must also be a great trial not to be able to bear reading. I

can say but little of such a state from my own experience, but I have seen much of it, and have known how easy and even happy it has become, partly by time, but more from a better support, which I believe is never denied when it is honestly sought. And I have always supposed that the first struggle in such a case would be the hardest; that is, the struggle in youth or middle age, of reconciling ourselves to the loss of the active powers of life, and to the necessity of serving God by suffering rather than by doing. Afterwards, I should imagine the mind would feel a great peace in such a state, in the relief afforded from a great deal of temptation and responsibility, and the course of duty lying before it so plain and so simple.

109. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Fox How, July 28, 1835.

. . . . Next week we probably shall return to Warwickshire, and I expect the unusual circumstance of being at Rugby for a fortnight in the holidays, a thing which in itself I shall be far from regretting, though I certainly am not anxious to hasten away from Westmorland. But I often look at the backs of my books with such a forlorn glance during the half-year,—it being difficult then to read consecutively,—that I rather hail the prospect of being able to employ a few mornings in some employment of my own. The school will become more and more engrossing, and so it ought to be, for it is impossible ever to do enough in it. Yet I think it essential that I should not give up my own reading, as I always find any addition of knowledge always to turn to account for the school in some way or other. I fear, however, that I am growing less active; and I find myself often more inclined to read to the children, or to amuse myself with some light book after my day's work at Rugby, than to enter on any regular employment.

My volume of Sermons connected with Prophecy is still waiting, but I hope that it may come out before the winter. It is a great joy to me to think that it will not give offence to any one, but will at any rate, I trust, be considered as safe, and as far as it goes useful. I have no pleasure in writing what is unacceptable, though I confess that, the more I study any subject, the more it seems to me to require to be treated differently from the way in which it has been treated. It is grievous to think how much has been written about things with such imperfect knowledge, or with such narrow views, as leaves the whole thing to be done again. Not that I mean that it can be so done in our time, as to leave nothing for posterity:—on the contrary, we know how imperfect our own knowledge is, and how much requires yet to be learned. Still in this generation an immense step has been made, both in knowledge and in large and critical views; and this makes the writings of a former age so unsatisfactory. In reading them I never can feel satisfied that we have got to the bottom of a question.

. . . I was very much delighted to have —— staying at Rugby for nearly a week with us in the spring. I had not had any talk with him since he was my pupil at Laleham. I was struck with the recoil of his opinions towards Toryism, or at any rate half-Toryism,—a result,

which I have seen in other instances where the original anti-Tory feeling was what I call "popular" rather than "liberal," and took up the notion of liberty rather than of improvement. I do not think that Liberty can well be the idol of a good and sensible mind after a certain age. My abhorrence of Conservatism is not because it checks liberty,—in an established democracy it would favour liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value.

110. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, July 1, 1835.

I thank you most heartily for *both* your affectionate letters. When I suspect you of unkindness, or feel offended with anything that you say or write to me, I must have cast off my nature indeed very sadly. Be assured that there was nothing in your first letter which you could wish unwritten, nothing that was not written in the true spirit of friendship. I was vexed only thus far, that I could not explain many points to you, which I think would have altered your judgment as to the facts of the case.

. . . My dear friend, I know and feel the many great faults of my life and practice; and grieve more than I can say not to have more intercourse with those friends who used to reprove me. I think, to my great benefit—I am sure without ever giving me offence. But I cannot allow that those opinions, which I earnestly believe, after many years' thought and study, to be entirely according to Christ's mind, and most tending to His glory, and the good of His Church, shall be summarily called heretical; and it is something of a trial to be taxed with perverting my boys' religious principles, when I am labouring, though most imperfectly, to lead them to Christ in true and devoted faith; and when I hold all the scholarship that ever man had, to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. And I think that I have seen my work in some instances blessed;—not, I trust, to make me proud of it, or think that I have anything to be satisfied with,—yet so far as to make it very painful to be looked upon as an enemy by those whose Master I would serve as heartily, and whom, if I dare say it, I love with as sincere an affection as they do.

God bless you, and thank you for all your kindness to me always.

111. TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ. Rugby, September 9, 1835.

. . . It is very hard to know what to say of Hatch as to his bodily health, because, though appearances are unfavourable, Dr. Jephson still speaks confidently of his recovery; but it is not hard to know what to say of his mind, which I believe is quite what we could wish it to be. He always seemed to me a most guileless person when in health,—guileless and living in the fear of God,—in such circumstances sickness

does but feed and purify the flame which was before burning strong and brightly. He will be delighted to hear from you, and would be interested by any Cambridge news that you could send him, for I think he must find himself often in want of amusement, and of something to vary the day. I am glad that you have made acquaintance with some of the good poor. I quite agree with you that it is most instructive to visit them, and I think that you are right in what you say of their more lively faith: We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not of affection, that it is far harder to keep our view of heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and therefore so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition, and its peculiar temptations; but we must endure *it*, and strive to overcome *them*, for I think we may not try to flee from it.

. . . I have begun the Phædo of Plato with the Sixth, which will be a great delight to me. There is an actual pleasure in contemplating so perfect a management of so perfect an instrument as is exhibited in Plato's language, even if the matter were as worthless as the words of Italian music; whereas the sense is only less admirable in many places than the language. I am still in distress for a Latin book, and wish that there were a cheap edition of Bacon's Instauratio Magna. I would use it, and make it useful in point of Latinity, by setting the fellows to correct the style where it is cumbrous or incorrect. As to Livy, the use of reading him is almost like that of the drunken Helot. It shows what history should *not be* in a very striking manner; and, though the value to us of much of ancient literature is greatly out of proportion to its intrinsic merit, yet the books of Livy, which we have, relate to a time so uninteresting, that it is hard even to extract a value from them by the most complete distillation; so many gallons of vapid water scarcely hold in combination a particle of spirit.

112. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, September 21, 1835.

. . . I have been and am working at two main things, the Roman History and the nature and interpretation of Prophecy. For the first I have been working at Hannibal's passage of the Alps. How bad a geographer is Polybius, and how strange that he should be thought a good one! Compare him with any man who is really a geographer, with Herodotus, with Napoleon,—whose sketches of Italy, Egypt, and Syria, in his memoirs, are to me unrivalled,—or with Niebuhr, and how striking is the difference. The dulness of Polybius' fancy made it impossible for him to conceive or paint scenery clearly, and how can a man be a geographer without lively images of the formation and features of the country which he describes? How different are the several Alpine valleys, and how would a few simple touches of the scenery which he seems actually to have visited, yet could neither understand nor feel it, have decided for ever the question of the route! *Now* the account suits no valley well, and therefore it may be applied to many; but I believe the real line was by the Little St. Bernard,

although I cannot trace those particular spots, which De Luc and Cramer fancy they could recognize. I thought so on the spot (*i.e.* that the spots could not be traced,) when I crossed the Little St. Bernard, in 1825, with Polybius in my hand, and I think so still. How much we want a physical history of countries, tracing the changes which they have undergone, either by such violent revolutions as volcanic phenomena, or by the slower but not less complete change produced by ordinary causes; such as alterations of climate occasioned by inclosing and draining; alteration in the course of rivers, and in the level of their beds; alteration in the animal and vegetable productions of the soil, and in the supply of metals and minerals: noticing also the advance or retreat of the sea, and the origin and successive increase in the number and variation in the line of roads, together with the changes in the extent and character of the woodlands. How much might be done by *our* Society at Rome if some of its attention were directed to these points: for instance, drainage and an alteration in the course of the waters have produced great changes in Tuscany; and there is also the interesting question as to the spread of malaria in the Maremme. . . . I read with the greatest interest all that you say about Hebrew and the Old Testament, and your researches into the chronology and composition of the books of the New. It is strange to see how much of ancient history consists apparently of patches put together from various quarters without any *redaction*.* Is not this largely the case in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles? For instance, are not chapters xxiv. and xxvi. of 1 Samuel, merely different versions of the same event, just as we have two accounts of the creation in the early chapters of Genesis? And must not chapters xvi. and xvii. of the same book be also from different sources, the account of David in the one being quite inconsistent with that in the other? So, again, in 2 Chronicles xi. 20, and xiii. 2, there is a decided difference in the parentage of Abijah's mother, which is curious on any supposition. Do you agree with Schleiermacher in denying Paul to be the author of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus? I own it seems to me that they are as certainly Paul's as the Epistle to the Romans; nor can I understand the reason for any doubt about the matter. And yet Schleiermacher could not write anything, I should suppose, without some good reasons for it.†

* For his full view of the apparent discrepancies of Scripture, see Serm. vol. iv. pp. 481, 491.

† "One of the greatest of modern critics, Schleiermacher, doubted the genuineness of the Epistles to Timothy. This arose from his habit, which many Germans have, (though Niebuhr and Bunsen are entirely free from it,) of taking a one-sided view of such questions, and suffering small objections to prevail over greater confirmations. The difference of language is merely that some expressions are used such as we may well understand a man to get into the habit of using at one time of his life and not at another, and it is absurd to let these prevail over the strong internal evidence. The fact of Timothy being spoken of as young in both Epistles, has been made an objection to considering these Epistles as later in date than the others; but it is probable that Timothy was very young when he first became known to St. Paul—perhaps not more than sixteen or seventeen. St. Paul seems to have known his grandmother." [Note of a conversation in 1840.]

113. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ. Rugby, September 30, 1835.

My situation here, if it has its anxieties, has also many great pleasures, amongst the highest of which are such letters as that which you have had the kindness to write to me. I value it indeed very greatly, and sincerely thank you for it. I had been often told that I should know you much more after you had left Rugby, than I had ever done before, and your letter encourages me to hope that it will be so. You will not think that it is a mere form of civil words, when I say we shall be very glad to see you here, if you can take us in your way to Cambridge, or in Westmorland in the winter, if you do not start at the thought of a Christmas among the mountains. But I can assure you that you will find them most beautiful in their winter dress, and the valleys very humanised. I have just seen, but not read, the second number of the Rugby Magazine. I have an unmixed pleasure in its going on,—perhaps, just under actual circumstances, more than at some former time, because I think it is more wanted. We shall soon lose Lake and Simpkinson and the others, who go up this year to the University. There is always a melancholy feeling in seeing the last sheaf carried of a good harvest; for who knows what may be the crop of the next year. But this, happily for us, is, both in the natural and in the moral harvest, in the hands of Him who can make disappointment and scarcity do His work, no less than success and plenty.

114. * TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ. Rugby, October 7, 1835.

I am delighted to find that you are coming to Rugby; in fact, I was going to write to you to try whether we could not get you here either in your way to or from Oxford,—as I suppose that, even after all the length of the long vacation, you will be at liberty before us at Christmas. Thank you for your congratulations on my little boy's birth: he grows so much and Fan so little, that I think he will soon overtake her; though it will be well if ever he rivals her in quickness and liveliness.

I think it probable that about the time when his old companions are beginning their new course of earthly life at the Universities, Hatch will be entering upon the beginning of his eternal life. He grows so much worse, that yesterday he was hardly expected to outlive the day. I think myself that his trial will be somewhat longer; but I believe that his work is over, and am no less persuaded that his rest in Christ is sure.

I shall be glad to talk over all things with you when we meet: be sure that you cannot come here too often:—I never was less disposed than I am at this moment to let drop or to intermit my intercourse with my old pupils; which is to me one of the freshest springs of my life.

115. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (B.) Rugby, October 30, 1835.

. . . . I am a little disturbed by what you tell me of your health, and can readily understand that it makes you look at all things with a less cheerful eye than I could wish. Besides, all great changes in life are solemn things, when we think of them, and have naturally their grave side as well as their merely happy one. This is in itself only wholesome, but the grave side may be unduly darkened if we who look on it are ourselves out of tune. I am glad that you have written again to Thomson: his report of you to me was very satisfactory, and I have great faith in his skill. Remember, however, that exercise must not be wearisome, and especially not wearisome to the mind, if it is to be really beneficial. I never have regarded a regular walk along a road, talking the while on subjects of interest, as exercise in the true sense of the term. A skirmish over the country is a very different thing, and so is all that partakes of the character of play or sport.

. . . Believe me that it is a great pleasure to me to hear from you, and you must not think that any parts of your letters are unnoticed by me, or uninteresting, if I do not especially reply to them. I value very much the expression of your feelings, and I think have a very true sympathy with them.

116. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, October 12, 1835.

. . . Our visit to Westmorland was short, for we returned home early in August, to be ready for my wife's confinement. But I could not have enjoyed three weeks more; for the first week we had so much rain that the Rotha flooded a part of our grass. Afterwards we had the most brilliant weather, which brought our flowers out in the greatest beauty; but the preceding rain kept us quite green, and the contrast was grievous in that respect when we came back to the brown fields of Warwickshire. But I cannot tell you, how I enjoyed our fortnight at Rugby before the school opened. It quite reminded me of Oxford, when M—— and I used to sit out in the garden under the enormous elms of the School-field, which almost overhang the house, and saw the line of our battlemented roofs and the pinnacles and cross of our Chapel cutting the unclouded sky. And I had divers happy little matches at cricket with my own boys in the school-field,—on the very cricket-ground of the "eleven," that is, of the best players in the school, on which, when the school is assembled, no profane person may encroach. Then came my wife's happy confinement, before which we had had a very happy visit of a day from the whole family of Hulls, and which was succeeded by a no less happy visit from the whole family of Whatelys.

Have you seen our Rugby Magazine, of which the second number has just made its appearance? It is written wholly either by boys actually at the school, or by undergraduates within their first year. I delight in the spirit of it, and think there is much ability in many of the articles. I think also that it is likely to do good to the school.

We have lost this year more than half of our Sixth Form, so that the influx of new elements has been rather disproportionately great: and unluckily the average of talent just in this part of the school is not high. We have a very good promise below, but at present we shall have great difficulty in maintaining our ground; and then I always fear that, where the intellect is low, the animal part will predominate; and that moral evils will increase, as well as intellectual proficiency decline, under such a state of things. At present I think that the boys seem very well disposed, and I trust that, in this far more important matter, we shall work through our time of less bright sunshine without material injury. It would overpay me for far greater uneasiness and labour than I have ever had at Rugby, to see the feeling both towards the school and towards myself personally, with which some of our boys have been lately leaving us. One stayed with us in the house for his last week at Rugby, dreading the approach of the day which should take him to Oxford, although he was going up to a most delightful society of old friends; and, when he actually came to take leave, I really think that the parting was like that of a father and his son. And it is delightful to me to find how glad all the better boys are to come back here after they have left it, and how much they seem to enjoy staying with me; while a sure instinct keeps at a distance all whose recollections of the place are connected with no comfortable reflections. Meantime I write nothing, and read barely enough to keep my mind in the state of a running stream, which I think it ought to be if it would form or feed other minds: for it is ill drinking out of a pond, whose stock of water is merely the remains of the long past rains of the winter and spring, evaporating and diminishing with every successive day of drought. We are reading now Plato's Phædon, which I suppose must be nearly the perfection of human language. The admirable precision of the great Attic writers is to me very striking. When you get a thorough knowledge of the language, they are clearer than I think an English writer can be, from the inferiority of his instrument. I often think that I could have understood your Uncle better if he had written in Platonic Greek. His Table Talk marks him, in my judgment, . . . as a very great man indeed, whose equal I know not where to find in England. It amused me to recognise, in your contributions to the book, divers anecdotes which used to excite the open-mouthed admiration of the C.C.C. Junior Common Room in the Easter and Act Terms of 1811, after your Easter vacation spent with Mr. May at Richmond. My paper is at an end, but not my matter. Perhaps I may see you in the winter in town.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, SEPTEMBER, 1835, TO NOVEMBER, 1838.

THERE is little to distinguish the next three years of Dr. Arnold's life from those which precede. The strong feeling against him, though with some abatement of its vehemence, still continued; the effect of it was perhaps visible in the slight falling off in the numbers of the school in 1837–38, at the time of the very height of its reputation at the Universities; and in his own profession it appeared so generally to prevail, that, on occasion of a proposal to him from the present Bishop of Norwich to preach his Consecration sermon at Lambeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury thought it his duty to withhold his permission, solely on the ground of the unfavourable reception which he supposed it would meet among the clergy. But his letters, and some of the Sermons in the fourth volume, preached at this time, show how this period of comparative silence was yet, both in thought and action, most emphatically his period of battle; when, as if tired of acting on the defensive, he was at last roused to attack in return. The vehemence of the outcry by which he had been assailed, drove him into a more controversial atmosphere. The fact of the more positive formation of his own opinions brought him more immediately into collision with the positive opinions of others. The view with which he thus entered on his chief actual contests with what he conceived to be the two great evils of the age, is expressed in the twentieth Sermon in the fourth volume, preached September, 1836, on the opposite idols of unbelief and superstition, and on the only mode by which, in his judgment, either could be counteracted. These two contests were, on the one hand, against the school then dominant in the London University; on the other hand, against the school then dominant in Oxford.

I. And first, with regard to Oxford. From the earliest formation of his opinions he had looked upon (so-called) High Church doctrines as a great obstruction to the full development of national Christianity. But, up to the time here spoken of, these doctrines were held in a form too vague and impalpable to come into immediate collision with any of his own views. When he wrote the pamphlet on the Roman Catholic question in 1829, he could refer to a sermon of the Rev. W. F. Hook, on the Apostolical Succession, as a rare exception to the general tone of English Clergymen. When he wrote his pamphlet on Church Reform in 1833, he could still, as if mentioning a strange phenomenon, speak of "those extraordinary persons who gravely maintain that primitive episcopacy, and episcopacy as it now exists in England, are essentially the same." (Postscript, p. 13.) No definite system seemed to stand in the way of what he conceived to be the best method of saving the English Church and nation; and, if, in any

instances deeper principles than those of the old High Church party were at work, his sense of disagreement seemed almost lost in the affectionate reverence, with which he regarded the friends of his youth who held them. His foremost thought in speaking of them was of "men at once pious, high-minded, intelligent, and full of all kindly feelings, whose intense love for the forms of the Church, fostered as it has been by all the blest associations of their pure and holy lives, has absolutely engrossed their whole nature, so that they have neither eyes to see of themselves any defect in the Liturgy and Articles, nor ears to hear of such, when alleged by others." His statement of his own opinions was blended with the bitter regret that "they will not be willing to believe how deeply painful it is to my mind to know that I am regarded by them as an adversary, still more to feel that I am associated in their judgment with principles and with a party which I abhor as deeply as they do." (Church Reform, p. 83.)

But in 1834, 35, 36, he found his path crossed suddenly, and for the first time, by a compact body, round which all the floating elements of High Church opinions seemed to crystallise as round a natural centre: and to him, seeing, as he did from the very first, the unexpected revival of what he conceived to be the worst evils of Roman Catholicism, the mere shock of astonishment was such as can hardly be imagined by those who did not share with him the sense either of the suddenness of the first appearance of this new Oxford school, or of the consequences contained in it. And further, this first impression was of a kind peculiarly offensive to all the tendencies of his nature, positive as well as negative. Almost the only subject insisted upon in the two first volumes of "the Tracts for the Times," 1833—36, (so far as they consisted of original papers,) was the importance of "the Apostolical Succession" of the clergy, and the consequent exclusive claims of the Church of England to be regarded as the only true Church in England, if not in the world. In other words, the one doctrine which was then put forward as the cure for the moral and social evils of the country, which he felt so keenly, was the one point in their system, which he always regarded as morally powerless, and intellectually indefensible; as incompatible with all sound notions of law and government; and as tending above all things to substitute a ceremonial for a spiritual Christianity; whilst of the many later developments of the system,* which had been objects of his admiration and aspirations, long before or altogether independently of the Tracts in question, little was said at all, and hardly anything urged prominently.

On this new portent, as he deemed it, thus brought before his notice, the dislike, which he naturally entertained towards the principles embodied in its appearance, became at once concentrated. For individual members of the party he often testified his respect; and towards those whom he had known personally he never lost his affection, or relinquished his endeavours to maintain a friendly inter-

* As one, out of many instances, may be mentioned the views already quoted in p. 116.

course with them. Still he looked henceforward upon the body itself, not, as formerly, through the medium of its constituent members, but of its principles; the almost imploring appeal to their sympathy, which has been quoted from the close of the Pamphlet of 1833, was never repeated. He no longer dwelt on the reflection that "in the Church of England even bigotry often wears a softer and a nobler aspect," and that "it could be no ordinary Church to have inspired such devoted adoration in such men, nor they ordinary men, over whom a sense of high moral beauty should have obtained so complete a mastery." (Ib. p. 83.) He rather felt himself called to insist on what he regarded as the dark side of the picture; "on the fanaticism which has been the peculiar disgrace of the Church of England," "a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology,—the superstition of a priesthood without its power,—the form of Episcopal government without its substance—a system imperfect and paralysed, not independent, not sovereign,—afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring,—objects so pitiful, that, if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." (Ed. Rev. vol. lxiii. p. 235.)

And all his feelings of local and historical associations combined to aggravate the unfavourable aspect, under which this school presented itself to him. Those only who knew his love for Oxford, as he thought it ought to be, can understand his indignation against it, as he thought it was; nor were the passionate sympathies and antipathies of the exiled Italian poet more sharpened by conflicting feelings towards the ideal and actual Florence, than were those of the English theologian and citizen towards Oxford, the "ancient and magnificent University" on the banks of the Thames, alike beloved as the scene of his early friendships, and longed for as the scene of his dreams of future usefulness; and Oxford, the home of the Tory and High Church clergy, the stronghold of those tendencies in England which seemed to make him their peculiar victim. And again, those only who knew how long and deeply he had dreaded the principles, which he now seemed to himself to see represented in bodily shape before him, will understand the severity with which, when strongly moved, he attacked this class of opinions. "I doubt," he said, in a letter of 1838, in vindication of the absolute repulsion which he felt at that time to any one professing admiration for them, "I doubt whether I should be a good person to deal with anybody who is inclined to Newmanism. Not living in Oxford, and seeing only the books of the Newmanites,* and considering

* Lest the occurrence of this phrase here and elsewhere in the correspondence, in speaking colloquially of the opinions in question, should bear a more personal allusion to living individuals than was in his mind, it is right to give from the preface to his fourth volume of Sermons, his own deliberate notice of a similar use of the name. "In naming Mr. Newman as the chief author of the system which I have been considering, I have in no degree wished to make the question personal, but Mr. Perceval's letter authorises us to consider him as one of the authors of it; and, as I have never had any personal acquaintance with him, I could mention his name with no shock to any private feelings either in him or in myself. But I have spoken of him

only their system, any mind that can turn towards them, *i.e.* their books and their system, with anything less than unmixed aversion, appears to be already diseased; and do what I will, I cannot make allowance enough for the peculiar circumstances of Oxford, because I cannot present them to my mind distinctly. You must remember that their doctrines are not to me like a new thing, which, never having crossed my mind before, requires now a full and impartial examination; all their notions and their arguments in defence of them, (bating some surpassing extravagances which the intoxication of success has given birth to,) have been familiar to my mind for years. They are the very errors which, in studying moral and religious truth, I have continually had to observe and to eschew; the very essence of one of the two great divisions of human falsehood, against which the wisdom of God and man has most earnestly combated,—in which man's folly and wickedness has ever found its favourite nourishment."

To these general feelings, which, though expressed at times more strongly than usual, he never altogether lost, were added occasional bursts of indignation at particular developments of what he conceived to be the natural tendency of the school to grave moral faults. These occasions will appear in his letters as they occur; of which the first and most memorable was the controversy relating to the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, at Oxford, in the spring of 1836.

His feelings at this juncture were shared in some respects by many others. Many on the one hand who, in general opinion, widely differed from him, were yet equally with himself persuaded that there was great unfairness in the extracts then made from Dr. Hampden's writings; and on the other hand it is no less certain that the most eminent of those who made and circulated the extracts had almost as little sympathy as himself with the general conduct and feeling of those who supported them in the columns of newspapers, and in the tumultuous assemblies called together to the Oxford Convocation. But there were several points which combined to make it peculiarly exasperating to one with his views and in his position. The very fact of an opposition to an appointment, which on public grounds he had so much desired, was in itself irritating,—the accusations, which, whether just or unjust, were based on subtle distinctions, alien alike to his taste and his character, and especially calculated to offend and astonish him, the general gathering of the Clergy, both of those whom he regarded as fanatics, and those whom he emphatically denounced as the party of Hophni and Phinehas, to condemn, in his judgment, on false grounds, by an irregular tribunal, an innocent individual,—provoked in equal measure his anger and his scorn; his sense of truth and justice, and his natural impetuosity in behalf of what he deemed to be right.

Whatever feelings had been long smouldering in his mind against the spirit of the Conservative and High Church party which for the last three years had been engaged with him in such extreme hostility,

simply as the maintainer of certain doctrines, not as maintaining them in any particular manner, far less as actuated by any particular motives."

took fire at last at the sight of that spirit, displaying itself in that place, on such an occasion, and under such a form, with such tremendous strength and vehemence. And, as usual, the whole scene was invested in his eyes with a tenfold interest by the general principles which it seemed to involve. In the place of the Oxford Convocation there rose before him the image, which he declared that he could not put away from him, of the Nonjurors reviling Burnet—of the Council of Constance condemning Huss—of the Judaizers banded together against St. Paul.

That the object of attack was not himself, but another, and that other barely known to him, only made it the more impossible for him to keep silence; and accordingly, under the influence of these combined feelings, and with his usual rapidity of composition, he gave vent to his indignation in an article in the Edinburgh Review, of April, 1836, entitled by the Editor, "The Oxford Malignants." It is painful to dwell on a subject of which the immediate interest is passed away, and of which the mention must give pain to many concerned. But, though only a temporary production, it forms a feature in his life too strongly marked to be passed over without notice. On the one hand it completely represents his own deep feeling at the time, and in impassioned earnestness, force of expression, and power of narrative, is perhaps equal to anything he ever wrote; on the other hand it contains the most startling and vehement, because the most personal, language which he ever allowed himself deliberately to use. The offence caused by it, even amongst his friends, was very great; and whatever feeling, political or theological, existed against him was for the time considerably aggravated by it. It was his only published notice of the Oxford School between his third and fourth volume of Sermons; but though he never again expressed himself with equal vehemence, these proceedings at Oxford left an impression upon his mind which he never entirely lost, and which showed itself long afterwards in the stronger language of moral condemnation, which he used in speaking of the views in question.

II. The office of a Fellowship in the Senate of the new London University, was offered to him by Mr. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in September, 1835; and he resolved to accept it with the same views, with which he had some years before thought of becoming a Professor in the older institution of the same name, in the hope of giving a religious influence to its proceedings, and of realising the visions which he had long fondly entertained, of a great institution of national education, which (to use his own words) should be Christian, yet not sectarian. He at first consented to "join it, without insisting on a Scriptural examination; on the alleged ground of fact, that such an examination was not practicable on account of the objections of different classes of Christians; and on the hope, which he distinctly expressed, that the Christian character of the University might be secured without it." But "when," he adds, "on coming to think and talk more on the subject, I was more and more convinced that the Scriptural examination was both practicable and all but indispensable"

—"when Whately assured me of its proved practicability in Ireland—when Yates, the Unitarian, to whom I wrote on the subject, agreed with me also,—and when I found that there was a very great necessity for avowing the Christian principle strongly, because Unbelief was evidently making a cat's paw of Dissent," he gave notice of his intention of recommending the introduction of the Scriptures as a part of the classical examinations for every degree.

The suggestion of his views was, even to those of his colleagues who were most disposed to co-operate with him, more or less unexpected; whilst the majority of the Senate was either hostile or indifferent to them. But he pressed them with all his natural eagerness and earnestness.—"I do not understand," was his characteristic answer to the argument, that, though the measure was in itself right, the times would not bear it—"I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do. They may hinder his views from gaining full success, but they cannot destroy the moral force of his protest against them, and at any rate they cannot make him do their work without his own co-operation." Accordingly, though debarred by his occupation at Rugby from making more than two or three short visits to London, and from communicating with his colleagues except by letter, and in spite of the want, of which he was now painfully conscious, of the art of managing bodies of men, with whom he was not acquainted, he so far succeeded as, on December 2, 1837, to carry a resolution, "That, as a general rule, the candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts shall pass an examination either in one of the four Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, and also in Scripture History." This measure roused great objections, chiefly on the ground that it was supposed to infringe on the original principle of the Charter; which, whilst it spoke of intending the University to promote "religion," spoke also of its comprehension of all denominations. Partly, in consequence of remonstrances from various bodies of Dissenters, and from the Council of University College—partly, on the strong representation of the Secretary of State, through whom an appeal had been made by the remonstrants to the Law Officers of the Crown,—a larger meeting was summoned on February 7th, 1838, in which the former motion was overruled, and in its place it was resolved, "That examination in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and in the Greek text of the New, and in Scripture History, shall be instituted in this University; to be followed by certificates of proficiency; and that all candidates for Degrees in Arts, may, if they think proper, undergo such Examination."

Although feeling that the principle for which he contended had been abandoned, he was unwilling for a time to leave the Senate; partly from reluctance to take a step as a private individual, which might seem like a censure of those Bishops who still felt it their duty to remain on the Board; but chiefly with a hope of rendering this Scriptural Examination as efficient as possible, and of making it evident that the Degree in Arts was considered incomplete without it. Failing in this, partly from the want of co-operation in the members of

King's College, and other institutions subordinate to the London University, partly from the active opposition in the Board itself, which succeeded in disuniting the Scriptural Examination altogether from the Degree, he finally withdrew from the Senate in November, 1838.

The only permanent result of his efforts was the establishment of the voluntary Scriptural Examination. But the whole contest, which is so fully described in the ensuing letters as not to need further comments here, was one of the most characteristic passages of his life. It was the only occasion on which he was brought into direct collision with the extreme section of the Liberal party; and with the tendency to keep the principles of the Christian Religion distinct from the national literature and education, which he had long regarded as a great and growing evil in English society. Nor was it the less interesting at this time from its connexion with his longer contest with the Oxford School, as showing how his antipathy to one extreme had only made his antipathy to its opposite more intense; how strongly he felt his isolation from both parties, when he was almost equally condemned, in London as a bigot, and Oxford as a latitudinarian. On either side his public and private experience converged into the deep feeling expressed in one of his letters:—"When I look round upon boys or men, there seems to me some one point or quality, which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones; it is not religious feeling—it is not honesty or kindness;—but it seems to me to be moral thoughtfulness: which is at once strengthening and softening and elevating; which makes a man love Christ instead of being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard."

117. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, November 18, 1835.

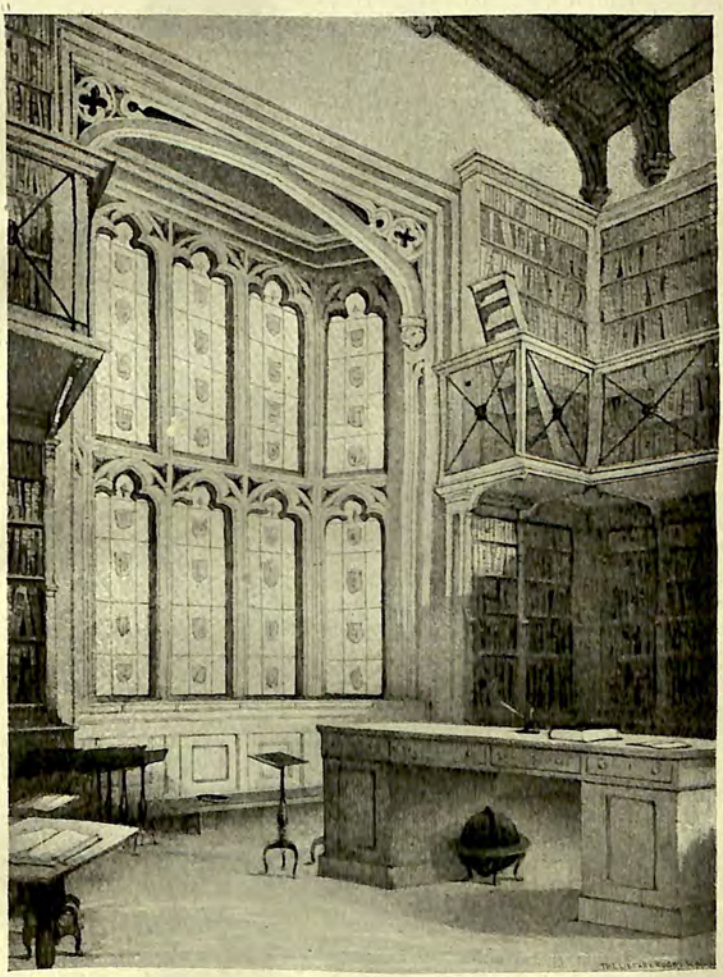
You are by this time, I suppose, returned to London; and perhaps you may wonder what induces me to write to you again so soon. My reason is, that, if I find that you have time to do it, I meditate a yet farther encroachment on your leisure, on a matter of public interest, as I think, as well as one which concerns me personally. The "*Idea*" of my life, to which I think every thought of my mind more or less tends, is the perfecting the "idea" of the Edward the Sixth Reformers,—the constructing a truly national and Christian Church, and a truly national and Christian system of education. The more immediate question now is, with regard to the latter. The Address of the House of Commons about the London University, is to be answered by appointing a body of Examiners by Royal Charter, with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine, on students of the London University and of King's College, and of such other places of education as the Crown from time to time may name. I have accepted the office of one of the Examiners in Arts,—not without much hesitation, and many doubts of the success of the plan,—but desirous, if possible, to exercise some influence on a measure which seems to me full of very important consequences for good or for evil. Before I knew anything about this, I had written a pamphlet on the Admission of Dissenters into the Uni-

versities; not meaning to publish it directly, if at all; but wishing to embody my view of the whole question, in which, of course, I take the deepest interest. Now, if I act with this new Board, I am more disposed to publish my own views for my own justification, lest any man should think me an advocate for the plan of National Education without Christianity; which I utterly abhor. But I am well nigh driven beside myself, when I think that to this monstrosity we are likely to come; because the zealots of different sects, (including in this term the Establishment, pace] Archiepiscopi Cantuarensis,) will have no Christianity without Sectarianism.

Now, if you have time to look at it, I should like to send you up my MS. for your full and free comments, including also your opinion as to the expediency of publication or no. Tell me also, particularly, what points need fuller development. I have so thought over the whole question, and believe that I see my way in it so clearly, that I may perhaps state, as self-evident propositions, things which to others may be startling. Our Church now has a strict bond in matters of opinion, and none at all in matters of practice; which seems to me a double error. The Apostles began with the most general of all bonds in point of opinion—the simple confession that Jesus was the Son of God—not that they meant to rest there! but that, if you organize and improve the Church morally, you will improve its tone theoretically; till you get an agreement in what is essential Christian principle, and a perfect tolerance of differences in unessential opinions. But now, the true and grand idea of a Church, that is, a society for the purpose of making men like Christ,—earth like heaven,—the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of Christ,—is all lost; and men look upon it as "an institution for religious instruction and religious worship," thus robbing it of its life and universality, making it an affair of clergy, not of people—of preaching and ceremonies, not of living—of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days and all places, houses, streets, towns, and country. I believe that the Government are well disposed, and I wish at any rate to try them. I know at least what I mean myself, and have a definite object before me, which, if I cannot reach, I would at least come as near to it as I can.

118. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, November 4, 1835.

[After stating his acceptance of the office in the London University.] I hold myself bound to influence, so far as I may be able, the working of a great experiment, which will probably in the end affect the whole education of the country. I hold myself bound to prevent, so far as in me lies, the establishment of more sectarian places of education, which will be the case if you have regular colleges for Dissenters; and yet Dissenters must and ought to have Degrees; and you shut them out from Oxford and Cambridge. No man can feel more strongly than I do the necessary imperfection of the proposed system, and its certain inferiority to what the old Universities might be made, or even to what they are, I suppose, actually. No man can more dread the co-operators



THE SCHOOL LIBRARY, RUGBY; AS IT WAS IN DR. ARNOLD'S TIME.
NOW SIXTH FORM SCHOOL.

From a drawing by C. W. Radclyffe.

with whom I may possibly have to work, or the principle which an active party are endeavouring to carry into education, that it shall or can exist independent of Christianity. But the excuse of these men, and their probable success, arises out of the Oxford sectarianism. You have identified Christianity with the Church of England, and—as there are many who will not bear the latter,—indifferent men, or unbelievers, believe that it must follow that they cannot be taught the former. The question goes through the whole frame of our society. Nothing more reasonable than that national education should be in accordance with the national religion; nothing more noble or more wise in my judgment than the whole theory of the Reformers on this point. But the Established Church is only the religion of a part of the nation, and there is the whole difficulty. The Reformers, or rather their successors in Elizabeth's time, wished to root out Dissent by the strong hand. This was wicked, as I think, as well as foolish: but then, if we do not root out Dissent, and so keep the Establishment co-extensive with the nation, we must extend the Establishment, or else in the end there will and ought to be no Establishment at all, which I consider as one of the greatest of all evils. But I see everything tending to sectarianism: and I heard a very good man speaking with complacency of this state of things in America, where the different sects, it seems, are becoming more and more separated from each other. And this is a natural and sure consequence of having no Establishment, because, then the narrow-mindedness of every sect plays out its own play, and there is no great external reason for union. But on the present Oxford system or spirit, the Establishment is merely identified with a party, and makes half the nation regard it as a nuisance. I believe that that party and the party of the Dissenters are alike detestable, alike ignorant, narrow-minded, and unchristian; only the Church party are the least excusable, because they sin against far greater opportunities and means of light. My own firm belief is, that every difference of opinion amongst Christians is either remediable by time and mutual fairness, or else is indifferent: and this, I believe, would be greatly furthered, if we would get rid entirely of the false traditional standard of interpretation, and interpret Scripture solely by itself. I think that in your Sermon on Unauthoritative Tradition, you have unawares served the cause of error and schism; for I should just reverse that argument, and,—instead of saying that we should bring in tradition to teach certain doctrines, which Scripture appears to recognise, but does not clearly develop,—I should say, that, because Scripture does not clearly develop them, therefore they ought not to be taught as essential, nor with any greater degree of precision than is to be found in Scripture: and then I believe that we should have Christian truth exactly in its own proper proportions;—what is plain, and what is essential, being in effect convertible terms;—whereas, I am satisfied, that Church authority, whether early or late, is as rotten a staff as ever was Pharaoh king of Egypt's,—it will go into a man's hand to pierce him.

119. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, November 11, 1835.

. . . My attention has been drawn lately, by one or two circumstances, to the spread of Henry Drummond's party, who claim to possess a renewal of the spiritual gifts of the Apostolic age, and, as a consequence, call themselves the only true Church. I should like to know whether you have lately heard any more of the question, or have seen any reason to alter your views about it. The intolerance of their presumption in calling themselves the only true Church, would, to my mind, go very near to decide against them; but in all respects they seem to me to resemble those fanatical sects, which have from time to time arisen, and will do so to the end of the world. But with regard to the cessation of the miraculous powers in the Church, which I think at first sight is startling, I am inclined to believe that it is truly accounted for by the supposition that none but the Apostles ever conferred these gifts, and that therefore they ceased of course after one generation. I do not think that the state of the Apostolical Churches was so pure, or that of the Churches in the next century so degenerate, as to account for the withdrawal of the gifts as a sign of God's displeasure, seeing that the graces of the Spirit were then and ever have been vouchsafed abundantly,—which is inconsistent with the notion of God's abandonment. Nor do I see that the Church of Christ has at any time plainly apostatised, although it has been greatly unworthy of its privileges; nor that the doctrine of Christ crucified and Christ risen, has been so forsaken, as that the very standard of Christianity should need to be planted afresh. But, if so, then the parallel with the Jewish Church fails: for the final guilt of the Jewish Church consisted in refusing to admit of the full development of its system, as wrought in Christ; and therefore, without apostatising from the old, they fell because they refused the new. But ours being the dispensation of the fulness of times, a new system is with us not to be looked for; and, if we hold fast the principles of the Gospel, we have no other object to look to than that great one, which indeed has been enough neglected, —the working out and carrying into all earthly institutions the practical fruits of these principles.* I have always thought that the Quakers stand nobly distinguished from the multitude of fanatics, by seizing the true point of Christian advancement,—the development of the principles of the Gospel in the moral improvement of mankind. It is a grievous pity that some foolishnesses should have so marred their efficiency, or their efforts against wars and oaths would surely ere this have been more successful.

120. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, December 16, 1835.

It is ill answering your long and kind letter between nine and ten o'clock at night, when I am liable to be interrupted every moment by calls from my boys who are going home, and when I am going myself to start with a patriarchal party of seventeen souls at seven o'clock

* See Appendix I. to "Fragment on the Church."

to-morrow for Westmorland. I think that there runs through your letter, perhaps unconsciously, a constant assumption that the Conservative party is the orthodox one; a very natural assumption in the friends of an existing system, or, as I think, in any one who has not satisfied himself, as I have, that Conservatism is always wrong; so thoroughly wrong in principle, that, even when the particular reform proposed may be by no means the best possible, yet it is good as a triumph over Conservatism;—the said Conservatism being the worst extreme, according to both of Aristotle's definitions, first, as most opposed to the mean in itself, since man became corrupt; and secondly, as being the evil that we are all most prone to—I myself being conservative in all my instincts, and only being otherwise by an effort of my reason or principle, as one overcomes all one's other bad propensities. I think Conservatism far worse than Toryism, if by Toryism be meant a fondness for monarchical or even despotic government; for despotism may often further the advance of a nation, and a good dictatorship may be a very excellent thing, as I believe of Louis Philippe's government at this moment, thinking Guizot to be a great and good man who is looking steadily forwards; but Conservatism always looks backwards, and therefore, under whatever form of government, I think it the enemy of all good. And if you ask me how I can act with the present Ministers, with many of whom I am far from sympathising; I answer, that I would act with them against the Conservatives as Cranmer and Ridley acted with Somerset and Northumberland and the Russells of that day, not as thinking them the best or wisest of men, but as men who were helping forward the cause of Reform against Conservatism, and who therefore were serving the cause of their country and of mankind, when Fisher and More and Tonstall, better men individually, would have grievously injured both. This I should say, even if I judged of the two parties as you do... But I am running on unreasonably, and time is precious; my meaning is, that had I been a Conservative, I am quite sure that no act of mine would have ever been considered as going out of my way into politics; but on the other side, "defendit numerus;" and that is called zeal for the Church, which in me is called political violence. We are all well, and I am marvellously untired by our five weeks' examination; but still I expect to rejoice in the mountains.

121. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ. January 8, 1836.

... I find even in private life, and amongst men of the Tory party who are most favourable specimens of it, a tone of increased virulence, interfering even with private relations, which really seems almost like the harbinger of civil war. In London, I have no doubt, all this, externally at least, is softened; but in the country, where men live more apart, their passions seem to me to be daily exasperating, and any interruption of the present commercial prosperity would find, I fear, a bitter temper already existing to receive the increased embittering of private distress. My great fear is, that the English are indifferent to justice when it is not on their own side, and that therefore in this Irish Church

question the Ministers will fare as Lord Chatham did in the beginning of the American war, be outvoted, overruled and driven from power. And then what is the "Avenir" which any Tory can image to himself within the very limits of possibility? For whether Ireland remain in its present barbarism, or grow in health and civilization, in either case the downfall of the present Establishment is certain; a savage people will not endure the insult of a hostile religion, a civilized one will reasonably insist on having their own.

122. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Fox How, February 1, 1836.

. . . Let me thank you again and again for your dedication of the Article on the Sabine cities, for it roused me to go to work in good earnest, and I can now tell you that, having begun with Æneas, I have fairly brought down the history to the institution of the Tribuneship. I believe I have never written without thinking of you, and wishing to be able to ask you questions; you must expect, therefore, presently to have a string of interrogatories, after I have first told you the plan and contents of what I have hitherto done. . . . I need not tell you how entirely I have fed upon Niebuhr; in fact I have done little more than put his first volume into a shape more fit for general, or at least for English readers, assuming his conclusions as proved, where he was obliged to give the proof in detail. I suppose that he must have shared so much of human infirmity as to have fallen sometimes into error; but I confess that I do not yet know a single point on which I have ventured to differ from him; and my respect for him so increases the more I study him, that I am likely to grow even superstitious in my veneration, and to be afraid of expressing my dissent even if I believe him to be wrong. . . . Though I deeply feel my own want of knowledge, yet I know of no one in England who can help me; so little are we on a level with you in Germany in our attention to such points. What would I give to recover the History of Sisenna, or any contemporary account of the war of Marius and Sylla! Once more, is anything doing about decyphering the Etruscan or Oscan languages, and what authority is there for making the Oscan and Sabellian tribes distinct? whereas I cannot but think they all belong to one stock, distinct from the Latins on one hand, and from the Etruscans on the other.

I will now release you from the Roman History. I am also engaged upon the three Pastoral Epistles, as I believe I told you. Do not all the three Epistles appear to belong to a period in Paul's life later than that recorded in the Acts; and must they not have been written nearly at the same time? In the 1st Timothy, iii. 15, do you approve of Griesbach's stopping of the passage, when he joins the words *στύ ος καὶ ἑδραίωμα τῆς ἀληθείας* with the following verse? I cannot well make up my mind, whether to agree with it or no; but it is certain, that if the words are to be applied to the Church, they do not describe what it is de facto, but what it ought to be. "Take care that no error through thy fault creep into that Church which was designed by God to be

nothing but a pillar and basis of truth." Then μυστήριον τῆς εὐσεβείας may fitly be translated, I suppose, the "Revelation of Christianity, the secret which Christianity has to impart to its own initiated." The μυστήριον τῆς εὐσεβείας is Christ, as the μυστήριον τῆς ἀνομίας is Antichrist. Here again I must stop, though I have much more to say. I look forward with great pleasure to your son's* joining us in June, and seeing this delicious country with us in July. But five long months of work intervene between this present time and our summer holidays. May Christ's Spirit enable me to turn them to profit, if I am permitted to live through them.

123. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Fox How, February 5, 1836.

. . . I was very much pleased with the pamphlet of Dr. Lieber about Education, and thought him the more worthy of having had so much intercourse with Niebuhr. I entirely agree with what Dr. Lieber says, and wish that people were more aware of the truth of it in England. We are going, however, to have a very important experiment begun here, in the new London University; of which, as you may have perhaps heard, I am likely, if the present Government stands, to become one of the members. There will then probably be brought to issue this great question, whether the people of England have any value whatever for Christianity without sectarianism; for, as it seems to me, most of those who are above sectarianism are quite as indifferent to Christianity; while almost all who profess to value Christianity seem when they are brought to the test to care only for their own sect. Now it is manifest to me that all our education must be Christian, and not be sectarian; I would ask no questions as to what denomination of Christians any student belonged; or, if I did, I should only do it for the express purpose of avoiding in my examination all those particular points, in which I might happen to differ from him. But I should as certainly assume him to be a Christian, and both in examining him in the Scriptures, as well as in the philosophy and history of other writers, I should proceed on the supposition that his views of life were Christian, and should think it quite right to inquire what was his knowledge of the evidences and nature of the Christian scheme. I see that a Jew has just been elected a governor of Christ's Hospital; the very name shows the monstrousness of this; but what shall we say of the wisdom of those who say that a Roman Catholic or an Unitarian is as bad as a Jew, and who thus drive other men to say that, as some pretended religious distinctions are no real moral distinctions, so all religious distinctions are unimportant; and Jew, Mahometan, Hindoo, or Benthamite may all be educated together. No doubt they may be taught physical science together; but physical science is not education; and how they can be instructed in moral science together, when their views of life are so different, is a thing that I cannot understand. . . . I am

* Henry, the eldest son of the Chevalier Bunsen, was for two years an inmate of Dr. Arnold's house at Rugby, preparatory to his entering on the studies of Oxford and taking orders in the Church of England.

satisfied that the real good must be done through something in the form of a Newspaper or Historical Magazine. You must begin with teaching people to understand, if you can, what they will feel an interest in and talk about; it is of no use to attempt to create an interest for indifferent things, natural history, or general literature, which every sensible man feels to be the play of life and not its business. I hold with Algernon Sidney, that there are but two things of vital importance, —those which he calls Religion and Politics, but which I would rather call our duties and affections towards God, and our duties and feelings towards men; science and literature are but a poor make-up for the want of these.

I have been at work on the Roman History with very great delight, and also with a part of the New Testament. I have begun the Roman History from the beginning, and I could not have any work which I should more enjoy; if I live, I hope to carry on the History till the sixth century, and end it with the foundation of the modern kingdoms out of the wreck of the Western Empire. Pray let me hear of you when you can, and believe me that I shall always feel a very lively interest in your proceedings.

124. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, March 2, 1836.

I erred in sending you my manuscript; not that I do not heartily thank you for your comments, which as to the good of the work itself were more useful than if you had more agreed with me; but I would not for the sake of an hypothetical publication have caused you to dwell on page after page of matter in which you could not sympathize, and which I fear grated harshly upon your notions and tastes. I did it in ignorance; for I really fancied,—without any authority, I believe —but still I fancied that you agreed with me as to the desirableness of opening the Universities, and would sympathise, therefore, in the general drift of what I had written. Otherwise I should not have thought it fair to trouble you with it.

But the whole thing makes me most earnest that we should soon meet, not to argue, but rather to feel the many points of true sympathy between us, and to get our notions of each other refreshed, so to speak, in all their totality. You get from me two or three letters a year; in these I cannot represent what is really my life's business and state of mind, for school affairs would not interest you, nor will the quiet scenes of mere family life bear description. I therefore write naturally of public matters, of questions of general interest, and I write upon them as I feel, that is, decidedly and deeply. But this produces a false impression upon your mind, as if these feelings occupied me predominantly, and you express a wish that I would concentrate my energies upon the school, my own business. Why, you cannot surely think that Hawtrey or your brother Edward or any man in England does so more than I do? I should feel it the greatest possible reproach, if I were conscious of doing otherwise. But although a school, like a parish or any other occupation in which our business is to act morally

upon our neighbours, affords in fact infinite employment, and no man can ever say that he has done all that he might do,—still in the common sense of the term, I can truly say, that I live for the school; that very pamphlet which I sent you was written almost entirely at Fox How, and my own employment here has been all of a kind to bear directly upon the school work; first Thucydides, and now the Roman History, and subjects more or less connected with the Scriptures, or else my Sermons. Undoubtedly, I do not wish my mind to feel less or to think less upon public matters; ere it does so, its powers must be paralysed; and I am sure that the more active my own mind is, and the more it works upon great moral and political points, the better for the school; not, of course, for the folly of proselytising the boys, but because education is a dynamical, not a mechanical process, and the more powerful and vigorous the mind of the teacher, the more clearly and readily he can grasp things, the better fitted he is to cultivate the mind of another. And to this I find myself coming more and more: I care less and less for information, more and more for the pure exercise of the mind; for answering a question concisely and comprehensively, for showing a command of language, a delicacy of taste, and a comprehensiveness of thought, and power of combination.

We had a most delightful winter at Fox How. . . . I went over to Keswick for one day, and called on Southey and saw him and his daughters Kate and Bertha. Southey is much altered from his heavy domestic trial, and perhaps from his constant occupations. He reads as he walks, which I told him I would not venture to do, though so much younger than he was; it is so constant a strain, that I do not wonder that his hair is gray. . . . What a great man your uncle was, that is, intellectually! for something I suppose must have been wanting to hinder us from calling him a great man ἁπλῶς. But where has he left his equal?

125. * TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ. (On his success at Cambridge.)

Rugby, March 7, 1836.

I gave myself the pleasure of writing to Mrs. Vaughan a few lines on Friday evening, which I thought you would prefer to my writing to yourself. But you know how heartily I should rejoice at your success, and I thank you very much for your kind letter to inform me of it.

I am truly glad indeed and thankful that you have done so well, and I thank you for the credit which you have conferred upon Rugby. I am very glad that you are coming to us in June, a time when I hope to enjoy your company far more than in the Babel at Easter. It will be a great pleasure to me to have some conversation with you again after the lapse of a year, a period which brings such changes in all our minds, and, till our faculties decay, changes surely for the better, unless we wilfully let the ground lie fallow, or plant it with weeds. And it is to me a matter of intense interest to observe the ripening manhood of those minds, in whose earlier opening I felt so deep and affectionate a sympathy. My wife and all the children rejoice in your success, and unite in kindest regards.

126. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (B.) Rugby, March 9, 1836.

I am far more pleased than disappointed about the scholarship: I am very much pleased that both you and —— have done so well. I am not disappointed, because I always think that in every election the chances must be against any one candidate. I wish you would impress this on ——, from me; for I am a little afraid that Vaughan's success at Cambridge will make him over anxious, and that he will fancy that he is the more expected to get it, in order to complete the triumph of Rugby. This is not my feeling, and I cannot bear that he should be oppressed with the weight of our unreasonable expectations when I know how much anxiety he has of his own. Come to us whenever you can, and find it most convenient; we shall be equally glad to see you at any time.

And now for your Oxford agitators. If I were really as anxious to make proselytes as some fancy, I should be much grieved at what I should then call your defection; but as it is I am well content that you should so love Oxford at present, as to feel sympathy even for her extravagances: it is such a symptom as I hail with very great satisfaction, and I exhibited it myself when I was in your situation. I should therefore be well enough inclined to let this right itself by and by; only in such turbulent times you must be aware lest you are tempted, not only *συμφιλεῖν τοῖς οξωνιάνοις ἀλλὰ καὶ συμμισεῖν*, and that I think would be an injustice. I think also that the habit of making a man an offender for a word is most injurious to ourselves,—remember the calumnies and insinuations against Niebuhr. Again, no man's mind can be fairly judged of by such a specimen as Newman has given of Hampden's. He has in several places omitted sentences in his quotations, which give exactly the soft and Christian effect to what, without them, sounds hard and cold. . . . Again, it will never do to judge a man, not for the opinions which he holds, but for the degree of condemnation which he passes on the opposite opinions, *ὁ μὲν χαλεπαίνων πίστος ἀεὶ ὁ δ' ἀντιλέγων αὐτῷ ὑποπτὸς.** But to whom are they *πίστοι* and *ὑποπτοι*? Not to the wise and good, but to the unprincipled or fanatical partisan, who knows not what truth and goodness are. Poor Jeremy Taylor understood well this intolerance of toleration, when he thought it necessary to append to his Liberty of Prophesying a long argument against the truth of the Baptist opinions, because he had been earnestly arguing that, although untrue, they were neither punishable nor damnable. You have always heard me, and I hope I shall always be heard, to insist upon the Divinity of Christ as the great point of Christianity; but it is because I think that the Scholastic Theology has obscured and excited a prejudice against it, that I am rather thankful myself for having been enabled to receive Scripture truth in spite of the wrapping which has been put around it, than I can condemn those who throw away the wrapping, and cannot conceive that beneath a shell so worthless there can lurk so divine a kernel. Then as to "dangerousness." There is an immense danger in folly, or in the

* Thucyd. iii. 82.

careless tone of a man who never seemed in earnest; or in the trash of a fanatic. Hampden is a good man, and an able one; a lover of truth and fairness; and I should think that the wholesome air of such a man's lectures would tend to freshen men's faith, and assure them that it had a foundation to rest upon, when the infinite dishonesty and foolery of such divinity, as I remember in the lecture rooms and pulpits in times past, would be enough to drive a man of sound mind into any extravagances of unbelief. . . . Hampden's Bampton Lectures are a great work, entirely true in their main points, and I think most useful. . . . But it is merely like the cry of Oxford a hundred and twenty years ago, when the lower House of Convocation condemned Burnet's Exposition of the Articles. So always in the course of human things, the tail labours to sting the head.

127. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, March 17, 1836.

The question about Hampden seems to me simple. If he has preached or published heresy, let him be tried by the proper judge or judges, either the Bishop or, as Hawkins says, the Vice-Chancellor, assisted by six Doctors of Divinity. What they are now doing is merely Lynch law; and they might just as well run down any other man who is unpopular with the dominant party in Oxford, and say that they have no confidence in him, and therefore pass a privilegium against him without giving him any trial. It is making the legislative power encroach on the judicial with a vengeance, and therefore I would go up to vote for Pusey, Newman,* Vaughan Thomas, or any other whom I deem the most unfit man in Oxford, if a Tory ministry had appointed them, and a Whig majority in Convocation were to press for a similar stigma against them on a charge which has never been tried, and which Convocation is not competent to try. I will add, however, that I agree for the most part with Hampden's views. . . . Hawkins has stood the storm nobly by Hampden's side.

128. TO THE SAME. Rugby, June 11, 1836.

No man can object more than I do to the quoting Scripture language irreverently or lightly; but I see no impropriety in referring to Scripture examples, whether of sets of men or of individuals. Hophni and Phinehas are recorded as specimens of the worst class of ministers of an established religion. The Judaisers of the New Testament exhibit in the germ all the evils which have since most corrupted the Christian Church. I cannot but think it legitimate and right to refer to these examples, when the same evils are flaming in the face of day before our eyes. I do not say or think that —— and —— are bad men. I do not think that John Gerson was a bad man; yet he was a principal party in the foul treachery and murder committed against John Huss at the Council of Constance.

* In 1841, he expressed his intention of fulfilling this resolution, had a condemnation of Tract 90 been proposed to Convocation.

129. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. (In congratulation on his appointment to a living.)

Rugby, April 12, 1836.

. . . I covet rest neither for my friends nor yet for myself, so long as we are able to work; but, when age or weakness comes on, and hard labour becomes an unendurable burthen, then the necessity of work is deeply painful, and it seems to me to imply an evil state of society wherever such a necessity generally exists. One's age should be tranquil as one's childhood should be playful: hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labour under it. . . . [After speaking of the Hampden controversy.] It is a curious case, and is completely, to my mind, a repetition of the scenes of the Reformation. When Peter Martyr went down as Divinity Professor to Oxford in Edward the Sixth's time, he was received by the Catholics with precisely the same outcry with which Hampden has been received by the High Churchmen, and on the same grounds. I think that the Evangelicals have in some instances been led to join in the clamour against him, from their foolish fondness for their particular phraseology, and from their want of ability to recognise the real features of any movement of opinion.*

About fifty or sixty years ago, when there was really a leaven of Socinianism in the Church, it showed itself in petitions to be relieved from the Articles, and in the absence of a strongly marked Christian character in the writings of the petitioning party. But Hampden is doing what real Christian reformers have ever done; what the Protestants did with Catholicism, and the Apostles with Judaism. He upholds the Articles as true in substance, he maintains their usefulness, and the truth and importance of their doctrines; but he sees that the time is come when their phraseology requires to be protested against, as having, in fact, obstructed and embarrassed the reception of the very truths which they intend to inculcate. He is engaged in that same battle against technical theological language, to which you and I have, I believe, an equal dislike; while he would join us thoroughly in condemning the errors against which the Articles were directed, and holds exactly the language and sentiments which Cranmer and Ridley, I believe, would hold if they were alive now.

* "They urge," he said, "that Hampden has a tendency to Socinianism. Of course he may have an *element* of Socinianism. Every great mind must of necessity have the germ of that which, *carried to excess*, becomes Socinianism; but to enter into the question of how it is to be combined with other qualities of the opposite kind, and where it ceases to be sound, and begins to be mischievous, is to enter on the great question of the two great philosophical divisions of the human race; and then conceive the Oxford Convocation deciding on the principles of Idealism and Sensualism!"

130. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, April 27, 1836.

. . . Objections to my statement do not bring us to the point; my view stands on four legs, and I think meets all the difficulties of the case. If you say otherwise, I want to see another view that shall also stand on four legs, and those legs good ones. I think the Roman Catholic system has the legs right in number, the system is consistent; but it is based on one or two great falsehoods. The English High Church system, I think both false and inconsistent. . . . But I turn more gladly to a point in which I think we heartily agree. I want to petition against the Jew Bill, but I believe I must petition alone; for you would not sign my preamble, nor would many others who will petition doubtless against the measure. I want to take my stand on my favourite principle, that the world is made up of Christians and non-Christians; with all the former we should be one, with none of the latter. I would thank the Parliament for having done away with distinctions between Christian and Christian; I would pray that distinctions be kept up between Christians and non-Christians. Then I think that the Jews have no claim whatever of political right. If I thought of Roman Catholicism as you do, I would petition for the Repeal of the Union to-morrow, because I think Ireland ought to have its own Church established in it; and, if I thought that church anti-Christian, I should object to living in political union with a people belonging to it. But the Jews are strangers in England, and have no more claim to legislate for it, than a lodger has to share with the landlord in the management of his house. If we had brought them here by violence, and then kept them in an inferior condition, they would have just cause to complain; though even then, I think, we might lawfully deal with them on the Liberia system, and remove them to a land where they might live by themselves independent; for England is the land of Englishmen, not of Jews. And in this my German friends agree with me as fully as they do in my dislike to the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, which is the land of Irishmen; and from which we ought to go, and not the Irish, if our consciences clamour against living with them according to justice. So now here is agreement with you and disagreement.

131. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, May 4, 1836.

Your opinion of the Edinburgh Review gave me, as you may believe, very great pleasure; but I did not think that it would be worth while to print it in a separate shape, because the more I saw of the temper of the Judaisers, the less did it seem likely to persuade any of them from their evil deeds before to-morrow's Convocation; and because having written once agonistically, I wish next to write in another manner, and to go deeper to work with the root of error, from which all this Judaising springs. And here I feel sadly my distance from all who might advise and co-operate in such a work. I want to get out a series of "Church of England Tracts," which, after establish-

ing again the supreme authority of Scripture and reason, against Tradition, Councils, and Fathers, and showing that reason is not rationalism, should then take two lines, the one negative, the other positive; the negative one, showing that the pretended unity, which has always been the idol of Judaisers, is worthless, impracticable,—and the pursuit of it has split Christ's Church into a thousand sects, and will keep it so split for ever: the other positive, showing that the true unity is most precious, practicable, and has in fact been never ost; that at all times and in all countries, there has been a succession of men, enjoying the blessings and showing forth the fruits of Christ's Spirit; that in their lives, and in what is truly their religion—*i.e.* in their prayers and hymns—there has been a wonderful unity; that all sects have had amongst them the marks of Christ's Catholic Church, in the graces of His Spirit, and the Confession of His name; for which purpose it might be useful to give, side by side, the martyrdoms, missionary labours, &c., of Catholics and Arians, Romanists and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters. Here is a grand field, giving room for learning, for eloquence, for acuteness, for judgment, and for a true love of Christ, in those who took part in it,—and capable, I think, of doing much good. And the good is wanted; because it is plain that the Judaisers have infected even those who still profess to disclaim them. . . . I shall talk this matter over with Hawkins, who has behaved nobly in this matter, but who still, I think, contributed to their mischief by his unhappy sermon on Tradition. I am well satisfied that if you let in but one little finger of Tradition, you will have in the whole monster—horns, and tail, and all. I teach my children the Catechism and the Creed, not for any tradition's sake, but because the Church of England has adopted them. Each particular Church is an authority to members of that Church; but for any general tradition having authority from universality or antiquity, I do not believe that there is any such: and what are called such, are, I think, only corruptions, more or less ancient, and more or less mischievous, of the true Christianity of the Scriptures.

I have received your volume of Charges, &c., for which I am very much obliged to you. I have read your additional remarks on the Jew Bill, and grieve that there should be so much difference between us. In my Catholic Pamphlet, or rather in one place in the Postscript, there is one paragraph which I should now cancel,—that which applies to St. Paul's rule about husbands and wives of different religions, to men of different religions in a commonwealth. The general argument of the Pamphlet I should perfectly maintain now,—that the Irish being a Catholic people, they have a right to perfect independence, or to a perfectly equal union: if our conscience objects to the latter, it is bound to concede the former. But for the Jews I see no plea of justice whatever; they are voluntary strangers here, and have no claim to become citizens, but by conforming to our moral law, which is the Gospel. Had we brought them here as captives, I should think that we ought to take them back again, and I should think myself bound to subscribe for that purpose. I would give the Jews the honorary

citizenship which was so often given by the Romans,—*i.e.* the private rights of citizens, jus commercii et jus connubii,—but not the public rights, jus suffragii and jus honorum. But then, according to our barbarian feudal notions, the jus commercii involves the jus suffragii; because land, forsooth, is to be represented in Parliament, just as it used to confer jurisdiction. Then, again, I cannot but think that you over-estimate the difference between Christian and Christian. Every member of Christ's Catholic Church is one with whom I may lawfully join in legislation, and whose ministry I may lawfully use, as a judge or a magistrate; but a Jew or heathen I cannot apply to voluntarily, but only obey him passively if he has the rule over me. A Jew judge ought to drive all Christians from pleading before him, according to St. Paul, 1 Cor. vi. 1.

132. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART. Rugby, May 11, 1836.

I have been waiting week after week, in the hope of being able to tell you something about the new University; but I begin to think that if I wait till the Government plans are decided, I shall not write to you at all before we meet; and I would rather send you a letter with nothing in it, than appear indifferent to the pleasure of keeping up some communication with you,—a privilege which, I can truly say, I value more and more after every fresh meeting with you. I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I think that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation,—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation; —but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life,—whither tending, and in what cause he is engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger. I feel this in talking to you, and in writing to you; and I feel that you will neither laugh at me, nor be offended with me for saying it. . . .

133. * TO DR. GREENHILL. Rugby, May 9, 1836.

At last I hope to redeem my credit with you, though indeed it may well be almost irretrievable. I must go back over our hurried meeting of Thursday last, to your two kind letters, and the report which they give of your medical studies, in which I rejoice; as in everything else, —and even more than in most things that I am acquainted with. What our fathers have done, still leaves an enormous deal for us to

do. The philosophy of medicine, I imagine, is almost at zero: our practice is empirical, and seems hardly more than a course of guessing, more or less happy. The theory of life itself lies probably beyond our knowledge; so, probably, is that of the origin of thought and perception. We talk of nerves, and we perceive their connexion with operations of the mind; but we cannot understand a thinking or a seeing or a hearing nerve, nor do electricity or galvanic action bring us nearer to the point. But coming down to a far lower point, how ignorant are we of the causes of disorder, of the real influence of air, and of its component parts as affecting health, of infection, and of that strange phenomenon of diseases incident generally to the human frame, but for the most part incident once only, such as measles, small-pox, and the old Athenian plague, or incident only after a certain period, as the vaccine infection. Here, and in a thousand other points, there is room for infinite discoveries;—to say nothing of the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism, which only Englishmen, with their accustomed ignorance, venture to laugh at, but which no one yet has either thoroughly ascertained or explained.

. . . If one might wish for impossibilities, I might then wish that my children might be well versed in physical science, but in due subordination to the fulness and freshness of their knowledge on moral subjects. This, however, I believe cannot be, and physical science, if studied at all, seems too great to be studied ἐν παρέργῳ: wherefore, rather than have it the principal thing in my son's mind, I would gladly have him think that the sun went round the earth, and that the stars were so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament. Surely the one thing needful for a Christian and an Englishman to study is Christian and moral and political philosophy, and then we should see our way a little more clearly without falling into Judaism, or Toryism, or Jacobinism, or any other *ism* whatever. All here is going on comfortably, with much actually good, and much in promise; with much also to make one anxious, according to the unavoidable course of human things. My mind expatiates sometimes upon Fox How, when I see the utter dulness of the country about Rugby, which certainly is beyond the reach of railways to spoil. On Saturday we went, a party of *twenty*, to Nuneham Wood:—Mrs. Arnold and myself, with eight children, and twelve persons besides.

134. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. Rugby, May 16, 1836.

. . . I have no thought of writing anything about the Jew Bill or Church Reform at present. If the Jew Bill comes forward, I shall perhaps petition against it, either in common with the clergy of the neighbourhood, whom I could on that question join, though not probably in my reasons for opposing it; or else singly, to state my own views as a Liberal in being unfavourable to any measure of the present government. Undoubtedly, I think that up to 1795 or 6, whenever the elective franchise was granted to the Catholics, the Protestants were de facto the only citizens of Ireland; and that the

Catholic claims could not then be urged on the same ground that they are now. Till that time one must have appealed to a higher law, and asked by what right the Protestants had become the only citizens of Ireland; it was then a question of the Jus Gentium, now it is merely one of Jus Civile. I never have justified the practice of one race in wresting another's country from it; I only say that every people in that country which is rightfully theirs, may establish their own institutions and their own *ideas;* and that no stranger has any title whatever to become a member of that nation, unless he adopts their institutions and ideas. It is not what a government may impose upon its subjects, but what a people may agree upon for themselves; and, though England does not belong to the king, yet it belongs to the English; and the English may most justly say that they will admit no stranger to be one of their society. If they say that they will admit him, that is, if Parliament pass the Jew Bill, I do not at all dispute their right as Englishmen to do so, and as an Englishman I owe obedience to their decision; but I think they make England cease to be the πόλις of a Christian, and we, like the old Christians, shall then become in our turn παροικοι. Politically, if we are the minority, I see no injustice in this, but I think that we may wonder a little at those of the majority, who are Christians; seeing that we as Englishmen have a nearer claim to English citizenship than the Jews can have; and Christians being the majority, ought, I think, to establish their own ideas in their own land.

Meanwhile, I think that I shall fulfil my intention of publishing the three Pastoral Epistles, (Timothy and Titus,) with Notes and Dissertations. I should print in parallel columns, the Greek text, as correctly as I could give it; the Latin Vulgate; and the English authorised version *corrected,* noticing every correction by printing it in a smaller type, and marking with obeli such words or expressions in our translation as I think require amendment, but which I cannot amend to my satisfaction. The Dissertations would embrace naturally every point on which the Oxford Judaisers have set up their heresy; —the priesthood, sacraments, apostolical succession, tradition, the church,—and above all would contain the positive opposite to all their idolatries, the doctrine of the Person of Christ; not His Church, not His sacraments, not His teaching, not even the truths about Him, nor the virtues which He most enforces, but Himself; that only object which bars fanaticism and idolatry on the one hand, and gives life and power to all morality on the other. And this is what St. Paul constantly opposes to the several idolatries of the Judaisers, see Colossians ii. and 1 Timothy iv., connecting with it the last verse of chapter iii., which has been so strangely severed from its context.

I never yet in my life made any application for preferment, nor have I desired it. But I confess, if Hampden is to be made a Bishop, I wish that they would put me in his place at Oxford. I should be a very great loser in point of income by the change, and, till lately, I have never fancied that I could be more useful anywhere else than at Rugby. But I think under present circumstances that I could do

more good at Oxford. I could not supply your place, but I could supply it better than it is supplied now. I should have a large body of very promising young men disposed to listen to me for old affection's sake, and my fondness for young men's society would soon bring others about me whom I might influence. I should be of weight from my classical knowledge, and I am old enough now to set down many of the men who are foremost in spreading their mischief, and to give some sanction of authority to those who think as I do, but who at present want a man to lean upon. And, though the Judaisers hate me, I believe, worse than they hate Hampden, yet they could not get up the same clamour against me, for the bugbear of Apostolical Succession would not do, and it would puzzle even —— to get up a charge of Socinianism against me out of my Sermons. Furthermore, my spirit of pugnaciousness would rejoice in fighting out the battle with the Judaisers, as it were in a saw-pit; and, as my skin is tough, my wife's tougher, and the children's toughest of all, I am satisfied that we should live in Oxford amidst any quantity of abuse unhurt in health or spirits, and I should expatiate as heretofore in Bagley Wood and on Shotover. Do not understand this as implying any weariness with Rugby;—far from it;—I have got a very effective position here, which I would only quit for one which seems even more effective; but I keep one great place of education sound and free, and unavoidably gain an influence with many young men, and endeavour to make them see that they ought to think on and understand a subject, before they take up a party view about it. I hunger sometimes for more time for writing; but I do not indulge the feeling; and on the other hand, I think my love of tuition rather grows upon me.

135. * TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ. Rugby, May 24, 1836.

. . . Now with regard to the Newmanites. I do not call them bad men, nor would I deny their many good qualities; . . . I judge of them as I do commonly of mixed characters, where the noble and the base, the good and the bad, are strangely mixed up together. There is an ascending scale from the grossest personal selfishness, such as that of Cæsar or Napoleon, to party selfishness, such as that of Sylla, or fanatical selfishness, that is the idolatry of an idea or a principle, such as that of Robespierre* and Dominic, and some of the Covenanters. In all these, except perhaps the first, we feel a sympathy more or less,

* Robespierre he used to distinguish from Danton, and other of the revolutionary leaders, as being a sincere fanatic in the cause of Republicanism. "The life and character of Robespierre has to me a most important lesson," he said once to a former pupil, with the emphasis of one who had studied it for his own profit; "it shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favourite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It is a most solemn warning to us of what fanaticism may lead to in God's world." To Dominic, in allusion to his supposed share in the Albigensian crusade, and the foundation of the Inquisition, he used to apply St. Paul's words, 1 Cor. iii. 15.

because there is something of personal self-devotion and sincerity; but fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it; that is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the parts of his nature or his mind, which he least values, offer sacrifice to that which he most values. The moral fault, as it appears to me, is in the idolatry,—the setting up some idea which is most kindred to our own minds, and then putting it in the place of Christ, who alone cannot be made an idol, and cannot inspire fanaticism, because He combines all ideas of perfection, and exhibits them in their just harmony and combination. Now to my own mind, by its natural tendency,—that is, taking my mind at its best,—truth and justice would be the idols, that I should follow; and they would be idols, for they would not supply *all* the food that the mind wants, and, whilst worshipping them, reverence and humility and tenderness might very likely be forgotten. But Christ Himself includes at once truth and justice, and all these other qualities too. In other men I cannot trace exactly the origin of the idolatry, except by accident in some particular cases. But it is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolaters; they put Christ's Church and Christ's Sacraments, and Christ's ministers, in the place of Christ Himself; and, these being only imperfect ideas, the unreserved worship of them unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its proper and intended check, and the moral evil follows. Thus it is that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature, for then it would not be *narrow*-mindedness; and this neglect fosters the growth of evil in the parts that are so neglected. Thus a man may "give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be nothing;" where I do not understand it of giving out of mere ostentation, or with a view to gain influence, but that a man may have one or more virtues, such as are according to his favourite ideas, in very great perfection, and still be nothing; because these ideas are his idols, and worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide, and nourishment, and so this portion is left to the dominion of evil. Other men, and these the mass of mankind, go wrong either from having no favourite ideas at all, and living wholly at random, or πρὸς ἡδονὴν,—or else from having ideas but indistinctly, and paying them but little worship, so that here too the common world about them gives the impression to their minds, and thus they are evil. But the best men, I think, are those who worshipping Christ and no idol, and thus having got hold of the true idea, yet from want of faith cannot always realise it, and so have parts of their lives more or less out of that influence which should keep them right,—and thus they also fall into evil; but they are the best, because they have set before them Christ and no idol, and thus have nothing to cast away, but need only to impress themselves with their ideas more constantly; "they need not save to wash the feet and are

then clean every whit." . . . I have been looking through the Tracts,* which are to me a memorable proof of their idolatry; some of the idols are better than others, some being indeed as very a "Truncus ficulnus," as ever the most degraded superstition worshipped; but as to Christianity, there is more of it in any one of Mrs. Sherwood's or Mrs. Cameron's or indeed of any of the Tract Society's than in all the two Oxford octavos. And these men would exclude John Bunyan, and Mrs. Fry, and John Howard, from Christ's Church, while they exalt the Non-jurors into confessors, and Laud into a martyr!

136. TO THE EARL HOWE. (In reply to a letter, requesting, as one of the Trustees of Rugby School, that Dr. Arnold would declare if he was the author of the article on Dr. Hampden in the Edinburgh Review attributed to him, and stating that his conduct would be guided by Dr. Arnold's answer.) *

Rugby, June 22, 1836.

My Lord,

The answer which your lordship has asked for, I have given several times to many of my friends; and I am well known to be very little apt to disavow or conceal my authorship of anything, that I may at any time have written.

Still, as I conceive your lordship's question to be one which none but a personal friend has the slightest right to put to me or to any man, I feel it due to myself to decline giving any answer to it.

137. TO THE SAME. (In reply to a second letter, urging compliance with his request, on the grounds that he might feel constrained by official duty to take some step in the matter in case the report were true.)

June 27, 1836.

My Lord,

I am extremely sorry that you should have considered my letter as uncourteous; it was certainly not intended to be so; but I did not feel that I could answer your lordship's letter at greater length without going into greater details by way of explanation than its own shortness appeared to me to warrant. Your lordship addressed me in a tone purely formal and official, and at the same time asked a question which the common usage of society regards as one of delicacy,—

* From a Letter to Dr. Hawkins.—"I have been reading the Pusey and Newman Tracts, with no small astonishment; they surpass all my expectations in point of extravagance, and in their complete opposition to the Christianity of the New Testament. But there are some beautiful things in Pusey's Tracts on Baptism, much that is holy and pure, and truly Christian, till, like Don Quixote's good sense in ordinary matters, it all gets upset by some outbreak of his particular superstition."

* This correspondence ended in a resolution of censure moved at the Board of Trustees, which would probably have occasioned Dr. Arnold's resignation had it not been lost. See Letter 140.

justified, I do not say, only by personal friendship, but at least by some familiarity of acquaintance. It was because no such ground could exist in the present case, and because I cannot and do not acknowledge your right officially, as a trustee of Rugby School, to question me on the subject of my real or supposed writings on matters wholly unconnected with the school, that I felt it my duty to decline answering your lordship's question.

It is very painful to be placed in a situation where I must either appear to seek concealment wholly foreign to my wishes, or else must acknowledge a right which I owe it, not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England, absolutely to deny. But in the present case, I think I can hardly be suspected of seeking concealment. I have spoken on the subject of the article in the Edinburgh Review freely in the hearing of many, with no request for secrecy on their part expressed or implied. Officially, however, I cannot return an answer—not from the slightest feeling of disrespect to your lordship, but because my answering would allow a principle which I can on no account admit to be just or reasonable.

138. TO THE SAME. (In reply to a letter of thanks for the last.)

June 30, 1836.

My Lord,

I trust that you will not think me intrusive, if I trouble you once again with these few lines, to express to you my sincere thanks for the last letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you. It is a matter of sincere regret to me, that any part of my conduct should fail to meet your lordship's approbation. If I feel it the less on the present subject than on any other, it is because I have been long compelled to differ from many of my friends whom I esteem most highly; and I fear, considering the vehemence of party feeling at present, to incur their disapprobation also. In such cases, one is obliged to bear the pain without repining,—when a man is thoroughly convinced, as I am, that the opinions which he holds, and the manner in which he upholds them, are in the highest degree agreeable to truth, and in conformity with the highest principle of Christian duty.

139. TO HIS SISTER MRS. BUCKLAND. (After a visit to the Isle of Wight.)

Fox How, July 28, 1836.

. . . I certainly was agreeably surprised rather than disappointed by all the scenery. I admired the interior of the island, which people affect to sneer at, but which I think is very superior to most of the scenery of common countries. As for the Sandrock Hotel, it was most beautiful, and Bonchurch is the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the sea coast on this side of Genoa. Slatwoods was deeply interesting; I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence, and of the growth of the trees in that interval; but Fox

How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me,—the only home of my childhood,—while with them Laleham and Rugby will divide their affections. I had also a great interest in going over the College at Winchester, but I certainly did not desire to change houses with Moberly; no, nor situation, although I envy him the downs and the clear streams, and the southern instead of the midland country, and the associations of Alfred's capital with the tombs of Kings and Prelates, as compared with Rugby and its thirteen horse and cattle fairs. . . . But when I look at the last number of the Rugby Magazine, or at Vaughan or Simpkinson at Thorney How, I envy neither him nor any man, thinking that there is a good in Rugby which no place can surpass in its quality, be the quantity of it much or little.

140. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, Ambleside, July 31, 1836.

It is nearly a month since you left Rugby, and yet I have not written to you nor given you any account of the result of the Trustees' meeting. The result, however, was nothing. Lord Howe brought forward some motion, and they divided on it, four and four; but as there is no casting vote, an equal division causes the failure of any proposal, and accordingly I should have known nothing about it, had it not been for private information. In all that passed publicly, they were all as civil as usual, and did all that I wanted about the school. So that the meeting went off peaceably, and the Exhibitions also went to those whom I could most have wished to have them.

[After describing his journeys and plans in the holidays.] It gave me the greatest pleasure to hear you say, when you left Rugby, that you hoped to repeat your visit, and bring Mrs. Hawkins with you. It is indeed a long time since I have seen you in so much quiet, and life is not long enough to afford such long interruptions of intercourse. And I have also had great pleasure in thinking that the result of your visit confirmed what I had hoped, and has shown that, if we differ on some points, we agree in many more, and that the amount of difference was not so great as both, perhaps, during a long absence had been led to fancy. . . . I was amused to see the names of Pusey and some other strong High Churchmen attached to a petition against one of the Bills drawn on the Church Commissioners' Report. It will be difficult to legislate where the most opposite extremes of parties seem united against the government. There are few men with whom I differ more than the Bishop of Exeter; but I cordially approve of his Amendment on the Marriage Act so far as it goes; only I wish that he had added to the words "in the presence of God," the true sign and mark of a Christian act, "and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." I do not believe that any Unitarian would have objected to it, nor any one else except those who seem to me to be utterly puzzled with the notions of a "civil act," and a "religious act."

141. TO SIR J. FRANKLIN, K.C.B. (Then appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land.)

Fox How, July 20, 1836.

. . . I sometimes think that if the government would make me a Bishop, or principal of a college or school,—or both together,—in such a place as Van Diemen's Land, and during your government, I could be tempted to emigrate with all my family for good and all. There can be, I think, no more useful or more sacred task, than assisting in forming the moral and intellectual character of a new society; it is the surest and best kind of missionary labour. But our colonial society has been in general so Jacobinical in the truest sense of the word; every man has lived so much to and for himself, and the bonds of law and religion have been so little acknowledged as the great sanctions and securities of society,—that one shrinks from bringing up one's children where they must in all human probability become lowered, not in rank or fortune, but in what is infinitely more important, in the intellectual and moral and religious standard by which their lives would be guided.

Feeling this, and holding our West Indian colonies to be one of the worst stains in the moral history of mankind, a convict colony seems to me to be even more shocking and more monstrous in its very conception. I do not know to what extent Van Diemen's Land is so; but I am sure that no such evil can be done to mankind as by thus sowing with rotten seed, and raising up a nation morally tainted in its very origin. Compared with this, the bloodiest exterminations ever effected by conquest were useful and good actions. If they will colonise with convicts, I am satisfied that the stain should last, not only for one whole life, but for more than one generation; that no convict or convict's child should ever be a free citizen; and that, even in the third generation, the offspring should be excluded from all offices of honour or authority in the colony. This would be complained of as unjust or invidious, but I am sure that distinctions of moral breed are as natural and as just as those of skin or of arbitrary caste are wrong and mischievous; it is a law of God's Providence which we cannot alter, that the sins of the father are really visited upon the child in the corruption of his breed, and in the rendering impossible many of the feelings which are the greatest security to a child against evil.

Forgive me for all this; but it really is a happiness to me to think of you in Van Diemen's Land, where you will be, I know, not in name nor in form, but in deed and in spirit, the best and chief missionary.

142. TO THE REV. JAMES HEARN. Rugby, September 14, 1836.

I know not when I have been more delighted by any letter, than by that which I lately received from you. It contains a picture of your present state which is truly a cause for thankfulness, and speak-

ing after the manner of men, it is an intense gratification to my sense of justice, as well as to my personal regard for you, to see a life of hard and insufficiently paid labour well performed, now, before its decline, rewarded with comparative rest and with comfort. I rejoiced in the picture which you gave of your house and fields and neighbourhood; there was a freshness and a quietness about it which always goes very much to my heart, and which at times, if I indulged the feeling, could half make me discontented with the perpetual turmoil of my own life. For Westmorland itself has not to me the perfect peacefulness of the idea of a country parsonage; the house is too new, the trees too young and small, the neighbourhood too numerous, and our stay is too short and too busily engaged, to allow of anything like entire repose at it. It is a most delightful tonic to brace me for the coming half-year; but it does not admit of a full abandonment to its enjoyments, and it is well that it does not. I sometimes look at the mountains which bound our valley, and think how content I could be never to wander beyond them any more, and to take rest in a place which I love so dearly. But whilst my health is so entire, and I feel my spirits still so youthful, I feel ashamed of the wish, and I trust that I can sincerely rejoice in being engaged in so active a life, and in having such constant intercourse with others. Still I can heartily and lawfully rejoice that you are permitted to rest whilst your age and spirits are also yet unbroken, and that the hurry of your journey is somewhat abating, and allows you more steadily to contemplate its close.

. . . Our own two boys are gone to Winchester, and have taken a very good place in the school, and seem very comfortable there; I am sure you will give them your prayers, that they may be defended amidst the manifold temptations of their change of life. I feel as if I could draw the remaining children yet closer around me, and as if I could not enough prize the short period which passes before they go out into life, never again to feel their father's house their abiding home. I turn from public affairs almost in despair, as I think that it will be a long time before what I most long for will be accomplished. Yet I still wish entirely well to the Government, and regard with unabated horror the Conservatives both in Church and State. They are, however, I believe, growing in influence, and so they will do, until there comes a check to our present commercial prosperity, for vulgar minds never can understand the duty of reform till it is impressed on them by the argumentum ad ventrem; and the mass of mankind, whether in good coats or in bad, will always be vulgar-minded.

143. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. (Then at Fox How with his family.)

Rugby, September 23, 1836.

If you have the same soft air that is now breathing round us, and the same bright sun playing on the trees, which are full charged with the freshness of last night's rain, you must, I think, be in a condition

to judge well of the beauty of Fox How. It is a real delight to think of you as at last arrived there, and to feel that the place which we so love is enjoyed by such dear friends, who can enjoy it fully. I congratulate you on your deliverance from Lancaster Castle, and by what you said in your last letter, you are satisfied, I imagine, with the propriety of the verdict. Now you can not only see the mountains afar off, but feel them in eyes, lungs, and mind; and a mighty influence I think it is. I often used to think of the solemn comparison in the Psalm, "the hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about His people." The girdling in of the mountains round the valley of our home is as apt an image as any earthly thing can be of the encircling of the everlasting arms, keeping off evil, and showering all good.

But my great delight in thinking of you at Fox How is mixed with no repining that I cannot be there myself. We have had our holiday, and it was a long and most agreeable one; and Nemesis might well be angry, if I was not now ready and glad to be at work again. Besides, I think that the school is again in a very hopeful state; the set, which rather weighed us down during the last year, is now broken and dispersed; and the tide is again, I trust, at flood, and will, I hope, go on so. You would smile to see the zeal, with which I am trying to improve the Latin verse, and the difficulty, which I find in doing it. But I stand in amaze at the utter want of poetical feeling in the minds of the majority of boys. They cannot in the least understand either Homer or Virgil; they cannot follow out the strong graphic touches which, to an active mind, suggest such infinitely varied pictures, and yet leave it to the reader to draw them for himself on the hint given. But my delight in going over Homer and Virgil with the boys makes me think what a treat it must be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line, and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would after a time almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped as it were in such an atmosphere of brilliance. And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing, as the grosser medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted, because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes us? Shakespeare, with English boys, would be but a poor substitute for Homer; but I confess that I should be glad to get Dante and Goethe now and then in the room of some of the Greek tragedians and of Horace; or rather not in their room, but mixed up along with them. I have been trying something of this in French, as I am now going through, with the Sixth Form, Barante's beautiful Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle. I thought of you the other day, when one of my fellows translated to me that splendid paragraph, comparing Voltaire to the Babouc of one of his own romances, for I think you first showed me the passage many years ago. Now by going through Barante in this

way, one gets it thoroughly, and with a really good book, I think it is a great gain.

144. * TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ. Rugby, October 21, 1836.

. . . As long as you read moderately, and not voraciously, I can consent that your reading should even prevent your coming to Rugby; and I am glad that, by beginning in time, you will escape all excessive pressure at last. You will be rejoicing at the meeting of the scattered members of your society after the Long Vacation. I can well recall the same feeling, deeply associated in my mind with the October tints of the Nettlebed beech woods, through which my road to Oxford, from Kensington and Hampton, always lay. The separation had been long enough to make the meeting more than joyous, and some of my most delightful remembrances of Oxford and its neighbourhood are connected with the scenery of the later autumn; Bagley Wood in its golden decline, and the green of the meadows, reviving for a while under the influence of a Martinmas summer, and then fading finally off into its winter brown. Here our society is too busy, as well as too old, to enjoy in common, though we can work in common; but work after all is but half the man, and they who only work together do not truly live together. . . . I agree with —— in a great deal, and so N—— might ask as he does about Hampden and the Socinians, where I begin to disagree with him. Politically, I do not know that I do disagree as to any principle, and in sympathy with a man's mind in argument, it makes no difference whether he believes the exemplification of your common principles to be found in this party, or in that party; that is a mere question of fact, which we need not impanel a jury to try; meanwhile we are agreed as to the law of the case. . . . But to supply the place of Conscience, with the ἀρχαί of Fanaticism on one hand and of Utilitarianism on the other,—on one side is the mere sign from Heaven, craved by those who heeded not Heaven's first sign written within them:—on the other, it is the idea which, hardly hovering on the remotest outskirts of Christianity, readily flies off to the camp of Materialism and Atheism; the mere pared and plucked notion of "good" exhibited by the word "useful;" which seems to me the idea of "good' robbed of its nobleness,—the sediment from which the filtered water has been assiduously separated. It were a strange world, if there were indeed in it no one ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν εἶδος but that of the ξύμφερον; if κάλον were only κάλον, ὅτι ξύμφερον. But this is one of the peculiarities of the English mind; the Puritan and the Benthamite have an immense part of their nature in common; and thus the Christianity of the Puritan is coarse and fanatical;—he cannot relish what there is in it of beautiful or delicate or ideal. Men get embarrassed by the common cases of misguided conscience; but a compass may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due south if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still the compass, generally speaking, is a true and sure guide, and so is the conscience; and you can trace the deranging influence on the

latter quite as surely as on the former. Again, there is confusion in some men's minds, who say that, if we so exalt conscience, we make ourselves the paramount judges of all things, and so do not live by faith and obedience. But he who believes his conscience to be God's law, by obeying it obeys God. It is as much obedience, as it is obedience to follow the dictates of God's Spirit; and in every case of obedience to any law or guide whatsoever, there always must be one independent act of the mind pronouncing this one determining proposition, "I ought to obey;" so that in obedience, as in every moral act, we are and must be the paramount judges, because we must ourselves decide on that very principle, "that we ought to obey."

And as for faith, there is again a confusion in the use of the term. It is not scriptural, but fanatical to oppose faith to reason. Faith is properly opposed to sense, and is the listening to the dictates of the higher part of our mind, to which alone God speaks, rather than to the lower part of us, to which the world speaks. There is no end to the mischiefs done by that one very common and perfectly unscriptural mistake of opposing faith and reason, or whatever you choose to call the highest part of man's nature. And this you will find that the Scripture never does; and observing this, cuts down at once all Pusey's nonsense about Rationalism; which, in order to be contrasted scripturally with faith, must mean the following some lower part of our nature, whether sensual or merely intellectual;—that is, some part which does not acknowledge God. But what he abuses as Rationalism is just what the Scripture commends as knowledge, judgment, understanding, and the like; that is, not the following a merely intellectual part of our nature, but the sovereign part;—that is, the moral reason acting under God, and using, so to speak, the telescope of faith, for objects too distant for its naked eye to discover. And to this is opposed, in Scriptural language, folly and idolatry and blindness, and other such terms of reproof. According to Pusey, the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah is Rationalism, and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree was a humble man, who did not inquire but believe. But if Isaiah was right, and speaks the words of God, then Pusey, and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree, should learn that God is not served by folly.

145. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART. Rugby, October 29, 1836.

. . . The authority for the statement which you quote is to be found in Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. i. chap. iv., which says that "it was a common practice for several years to appoint laymen, usually mechanics, to read the service in vacant churches." This does not touch the question of the sacraments, nor do I imagine that any layman was ever authorised in the Church of England to administer the Lord's Supper; but lay baptism was allowed by Hooker to be valid, and no distinction can be drawn between one sacrament and the other. Language more to the purpose is to be found in Tertullian,—I think in the Treatise De Corona Militis,—but at any rate he states

first of all that the mode of administering rather than communicating in the Sacrament was a departure from the original practice; and then he explains the origin of the practice by using the word "Præsidentes" not "Sacerdotes" or "Presbyteri;"—that is, the person who presided at the table for order's sake would distribute the bread and wine; and in almost every case he would be an elder, or one invested with a share of the government of the Church, but he did it not as priest, but as president of the assembly; which makes just the whole difference. But, after all, the whole question as to the matter of right, and the priestly power, must be answered out of the New Testament; no one disputes the propriety of the general practice as it now stands; but the Church of England has not said that it adopts this practice because it is essential to the validity of the sacraments and is of divine institution, but leaves the question of principle open; and this of course can only be decided out of the Scriptures. That the Scriptures are clear enough against the priestcraft notion, is to me certain; the more so that nothing is quoted *for it*, but the words of St. Paul, "The bread which we break, the cup which we bless," &c.; words which, quoted as a text, look something to the quoter's purpose, because the ignorant reader may think that "*we*" mean St. Paul and his brother apostles; but if any one from the *text* looks to the *passage*, he will find that the "*we*" is the whole Christian congregation, inasmuch as the words immediately following are, "for we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread." 1 Corinth. x. Yet this *text* I have both seen in books and heard in conversation quoted as a Scripture authority for the exclusive right of the clergy to administer the Communion. Wherefore I conclude, independently of my own knowledge of the New Testament, that such an argument as this would not have been used, if anything tolerable were to be had.

146. * TO DR. GREENHILL. Rugby, October 31, 1836.

I was very much obliged to you for your letter, and much gratified by it. It is a real pleasure to me to find that you are taking steadily to a profession, without which I scarcely see how a man can live honestly. That is, I use the term "profession" in rather a large sense, not as simply denoting certain callings which a man follows for his maintenance, but rather, a definite field of duty, which the nobleman has as much as the tailor, but which he has not, who having an income large enough to keep him from starving, hangs about upon life, merely following his own caprices and fancies; quod factu pessimum est. I can well enough understand how medicine, like every other profession, has its moral and spiritual dangers; but I do not see why it should have more than others. The tendency to Atheism, I imagine, exists in every study followed up vigorously, without a foundation of faith, and that foundation carefully strengthened and built upon. The student in History is as much busied with secondary causes as the student in medicine; the rule "nec Deus intersit," true as it is up to

a certain point, that we may not annihilate man's agency and make him a puppet, is ever apt to be followed too far when we are become familiar with man or with nature, and understand the laws which direct both. Then these laws seem enough to account for everything, and the laws themselves we ascribe either to chance, or the mystifications called "nature," or the "anima mundi," the "spiritus intus alit" of Pantheism. If there is anything special in the atheistic tendency of medicine, it arises, I suppose, from certain vague notions about the soul, its independence of matter, &c., and from the habit of considering these notions as an essential part of religion. Now I think that the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection meets the Materialists so far as this, that it does imply that a body, or an organisation of some sort, is necessary to the full development of man's nature. Beyond this we cannot go; for,—granting that the brain is essential to thought,—still no man can say that the white pulp which you can see and touch and anatomise can itself *think*, and by whatever names we endeavour to avoid acknowledging the existence of mind,—whether we talk of a subtle fluid, or a wonderful arrangement of nerves, or anything else,—still we do but disguise our ignorance; for the act of thinking is one sui generis, and the thinking power must in like manner be different from all that we commonly mean by matter. The question of Free Will is, and ever must be, imperfectly understood. If a man denies that he has a will either to sit or not to sit, to write a note or no, I cannot prove to him that he has one. If again, he maintains that the choosing power in him cannot but choose what seems to it to be good, then this is a great tribute to the importance of good habits, and to the duty of impressing right notions of good on the young mind, all which is perfectly true. And, in the last case, if a man maintains that his nature irresistibly teaches him that what we call good is evil, and vice versâ, then I find at once the value of those passages in Scripture which have been so grievously misused, and I see before me a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction, fitted, as I believe, through its own fault; but if it denies this, then at any rate fitted for destruction and on the sure way to do it.

But no doubt every study requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming "einseitig," or pedantic; and ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become "einseitig;" the intellect growing; the higher reason—the moral and spiritual wisdom —stunted and decaying. You will be thinking that I have been writing a sermon by mistake, instead of a letter, but your letter led me into it. I believe that any man can make himself an Atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but, if he keep this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into Atheism; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving

in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life;—its more than food and raiment.

147. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, November 16, 1836.

I have begun the Thessalonians, and like the work much; but I dread the difficulty of the second chapter of the Second Epistle. You will not care to hear that I have got into the fourth Book of Gaius. But you will not, I hope, find it against your conscience, so far to aid my studies of law, as to get for me a good copy, if you can, of Littleton's work upon which Coke commented. Coleridge recommended it to me as illustrating the early state of our law of real property, with the iniquities of feudality and the Conquest as yet in all their freshness. I am fully persuaded that he, who were to get the law of real property of any country in all its fulness, would have one of the most important indications of its political and social state. We have got Coleridge's Literary Remains, in which I do rejoice greatly. I think with all his faults old Sam was more of a great man than any one who has lived within the four seas in my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, on so many points at least, of particular facts. But yet there are marks enough that his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seems to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or perverted, when it is made the main employment of life. Yet I would fain have more time for contemplation than I have at present; so hard is it τυχεῖν τοῦ μέσου.

148. TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Rugby, November 25, 1836.

. . . Thank you very much for your inclosure against neutrality, which I suspect would be repelled by the state of mind of those for whom it is designed, like a cannon ball by a woolpack. Neutrality seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear. I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason, that they then have a chance at least of appreciating truth keenly; and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy; as, for instance, Peel has an idea about the currency, and a distinct impression about it; and therefore on that point I would trust him for not yielding to clamour; but about most matters, the Church especially, he seems to have no idea, and therefore I would not trust him for not giving it all up to-morrow, if the clamour were loud enough. . . . We look forward with some yearnings to Fox How, and we much wish to know when you will all be coming over. It is but an ostrich-like feeling, but it seems as if I could fancy things to be

more peaceful when I am out of the turmoil, down in Westmorland, and I find that I crave after peace more and more. But it is οὔπω, οὔπω. . . . I shall have occasion soon to set to work at the Celtic languages. Can you get for me, and send me a good Erse grammar; and that book that you were mentioning, about the Welsh being Picts, and not the Aborigines of Wales? I shall want all this for the Gallic invasion of Rome; so beautifully does History branch out into all varieties of questions, and continually lead one into fresh fields of knowledge. I have all but finished my abstract of Gaius' Institutes of the Roman Law, and delight in it.

149. * TO W. C. LAKE, ESQ. Rugby, November 18, 1836.

. . . I am well satisfied with your impressions of Germany. I never have wished to exchange my own country for it, but I feel indignant that, with all our enormous advantages, we continually let the Germans do what ought to be done by us. But I have no temptation, even for one summer, to resign Fairfield for Drachenfels. I dare say that gossiping flourishes among the German women, as smoking does among the men, and I like neither the one nor the other; and their scholars are perhaps instances of the division of labour carried into excess;* they are not enough universal, not enough of men, of citizens, and of Christians. But then I turn and look round, and where can I find what we should most desire on this side of the water either? Where is the knowledge, where the wisdom, and where the goodness, which combine to form a great man? I know of no man who approaches to this character except Whately, and he is taken away from the place where he was wanted, and sent where the highest greatness would struggle in vain against the overpowering disadvantages of his position.

We, in our little world, are going on much as usual, but of this you will hear from Clough more than I could tell you. For myself, I have nearly finished my abstract, or almost translation of Gaius' Institutes, which I thought it necessary to finish before I begun to write about the Twelve Tables. It has answered to me, I think, very well; for, by the mere result of having had my mind so long engaged about the Roman Law, so left, as it were, to soak in it, I have gained a much greater familiarity with it than I could have done by a short and voracious cram of the same number of pages. It has greatly served to increase that sense of reality about the Romans,—that living in a manner amongst them, and having them and their life distinctly before our eyes;—which appears to me so indispensable to one who would

* Extract from a Letter of Chevalier Bunsen, in October, 1836.—"What a strange work Strauss' Leben Jesu appears to me, judging of it from the notices in the 'Studien und Kritiken.' It seems to me to show the ill effects of that division of labour which prevails so much amongst the learned men of Germany. Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question, but having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!"

write their history. This is quiet and interesting, but not exciting reading; other points press me more nearly, and seem to have a higher claim upon me. I have translated nearly half of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, and am disposed to prefer the plan of bringing out these two Epistles first, rather than the Pastoral Epistles. The chronological order of the Epistles is undoubtedly the natural one, and luckily the Epistles to the Thessalonians offer no very suspicious topics; they will not be thought to have been chosen for purposes of controversy, and yet they may really be made to serve my purposes quite as well; for every part of the New Testament gives a picture of Christianity or of some one great feature in it, and every part negatively confutes the Priestcraft heresy, because that is to be found nowhere, insomuch that no man yet ever fell or could fall into that heresy by studying the Scriptures; they are a bar to it altogether, and it is only when they are undermined by traditions and the rudiments of men that the heresy begins to make its way. And it is making its way fearfully, but it will not take the form that Newman wishes, but its far more natural and consistent form of pure Popery. . . .

150. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, November 23, 1836.

. . . I am quite well again, and indeed my attack was short and slight; only so far remarkable to me that I kept my bed one whole day for the first time since 1807, which was as gentle a reminder as could have been given me, that my health cannot be always what it has been. We are all well, and are very glad to hear good accounts of your party. . . . I was in Laleham for five hours on Monday morning, to attend the funeral of my aunt, the last survivor of my mother's household. She was in her eightieth year, and after having been an invalid all her life, yet outlived all her own family, and reached the full age of man. I cannot tell you how solemn a thought it is to have now lost all my relations of the generation preceding our own, and to be thus visibly brought into that generation whose time for departure comes the next.

. . . I am very desirous of going fully into my views about the Church, because there is no subject which I have more studied, and none where I seem to see my way so clearly, or to sympathise more entirely with the Scriptures and with the notions of all great writers on government. I hold the Church to be a most divine institution, and eminently characteristic of Christianity, and my abhorrence of the Priestcraft and Succession doctrines, (I do not mean that they are synonymous,) is grounded on my firm conviction that they are and ever have been in theory and in practice a most formidable device of the great Enemy to destroy the real living Church, and even to drive it out of men's minds, by the false and superstitious idea of a Church which never has and never can overthrow his kingdom. And in this sense,—so far as Popery is priestcraft,—I do believe it to be the very mystery of iniquity, but then it began in the first century, and had no more to do with Rome in the outset, than with Alexandria, Antioch, or

Carthage. The whole confusion of the ideas of priesthood and government,—the taking half a notion from one, and half a notion from the other,—the disclaiming a priesthood and yet clinging to conclusions which are only deducible from the notion of a priesthood,—and the want of familarity with all political questions which characterise all that I have ever seen written on English High Church grounds, may be exposed piece by piece with the utmost ease and certainty. . . . I am for the Church, and against the Priesthood; not for individual licence against the Church.

151. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Rugby, November 28, 1836.

. . . The state of the country interests me as much as ever, but since my correspondence with the Sheffield Courant, I have written nothing on the subject. I do not like the aspect of things at all. An extraordinary period of commercial enterprise threw into the shade for the time all those evils in the state of the labouring population, which I have ever dreaded as the rock fatal to our greatness; but, meanwhile, those evils were not removed, nor in fact attempted to be lessened, except by the Poor Law Act,—a measure in itself wise and just, but which, standing alone, and unaccompanied by others of a milder and more positively improving tendency, wears an air of harshness, and will, I fear, embitter the feelings of the poorer classes still more. Now we are threatened by a most unprincipled system of agitation,—the Tories actually doing their best to Jacobinise the poor, in the hope of turning an outbreak against the Whig government to their own advantage. Then there is the Currency question, full of immense difficulties, which no man can clearly see his way through. And withal the threatened schism between the Whigs and Radicals about the Reform of the House of Lords. Surely there never was such folly as talking about a reform in the House of Lords, when it is very doubtful whether, if Parliament were dissolved, the Tories would not gain a majority even in the House of Commons. It is nonsense to talk of its being a struggle between the aristocracy and the people: if it were so, it would be over in a week, provided they mean by the aristocracy the House of Lords. It is really a great contest between the adherents of two great principles, that of preserving, and that of improving; and he must have studied history to very little purpose, who does not know that in common circumstances the former party is always the most numerous and the strongest. It gets occasionally overpowered, when it has had rope enough given it to hang itself; that is, when it has carried its favourite Conservatism to such a height, that the mass of unreformed evil becomes unendurable, and then there comes a grand reform. But that grand reform once effected, the Conservative instinct again regains its ascendancy, and goes on upon another lease; and so it will ever do, unless some rare circumstances enabled a thoroughly enlightened government to remain long in power; and as such a government cannot rely on being popular;—for reform of evil in the abstract is gall and wormwood alike to men's

indolence, and love of what they are used to, as to their propensities for jobbing,—so it is only accident or despotism that can keep it on its legs. This is the secret of the Tory reaction; because men are all Tories by nature, when they are tolerably well off, and it is only some monstrous injustice or insult to themselves, or some atrocious cruelty, or some great reverses of fortune, that ever make them otherwise. Now I cannot foresee any question likely to arise on which the Government can strongly interest the public mind in England in their favour. Certainly it will not be in the Irish Church or Corporation questions, because the English people do not care about Ireland, nor, to say truth, about any people's rights except their own, and then there is the whole fanatical feeling against the government, and fanaticism is a far stronger feeling than the love of justice, when the wrong is done not to ourselves, but to our neighbour. Therefore, I think that, as it always has been, the Reformers will be beaten by the Conservatives, and then the Conservatives will again go on coiling the rope round their own necks, till in twenty years' time there will be another, not Reform I fear, but convulsion. For, though the Reformers are a weak party, the Destructives are not so, and all evils, whether arising from accident or folly, or misgovernment, serve their purpose. A great man in the Whig government might yet save them perhaps; that is, might keep them in till the king's death, and then they would have a chance, I suppose, of being really supported by the court in a new reign. But a great man I cannot see. . . . What I have said about Tory reaction, you will find strongly confirmed in the history of the French Revolution. After the Terror was over, the Revolution was twice saved only by the army in Vendémiaire, 1795, and in Fructidor, 1797. Twice the counter-revolutionists had gained the ascendancy in the nation.*

152. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, November 30, 1836.

. . . I wish I could sympathise with you in what you say of our old Divines.† I quite agree as to their language; it is delightful to

* "I should like," he said, "to write a book on 'the Theory of Tides,' the flood and ebb of parties. The English nation are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their Conservatism, till mustard poultices are put to their feet. Had it not been for the fires of Smithfield, they would have remained hostile to the Reformation. Had it not been for the butcheries of Jefferies, they would have opposed the Revolution."

† Of the English Divines in general, this was his deliberate opinion:—"Why is it," he said, "that there are so few great works in Theology compared with any other subject? Is it that all other books on the subject appear insignificant by the side of the Scriptures? There appears to me in all the English divines a want of believing, or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false. It is a question which does not seem to occur to them. Butler is indeed a noble exception." As he excepted Butler among the Divines of a later period, so amongst those of the earlier period he excepted Hooker, whose Ecclesiastical Polity, as a whole, he regarded with great admiration, though with great dislike of parts of it. "I long to see something which should solve what is to me the great problem of Hooker's mind. He is the

RUGBY SCHOOL, FROM THE CLOSE, IN WINTER, WITH THE OLD CHAPEL.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

my taste; but I cannot find in any of them a really great man. I admire Taylor's genius, but yet how little was he capable of handling worthily any great question? and, as to interpreters of Scripture, I never yet found one of them who was above mediocrity. I cannot call it a learning worth anything, to be very familiar with writers of this stamp, when they have no facts to communicate: for, of course, even an ordinary man may then be worth reading. I have left off reading our Divines, because, as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many very indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan* to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His Pilgrim's Progress seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it. I think that Milton,—in his "Reformation in England," or in one of his Tracts, I forget which,—treats the Church writers of his time, and their show of learning, utterly uncritical as it was, with the feeling which they deserved.

153. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, December 14, 1836.

. . . The view which you mention, is one into which I suppose no one ever fell, who became a Christian in earnest through the workings of his own mind and heart, and through the Scriptures. That is, suppose a young man, when he begins to think seriously upon life, resolving to turn to God, and studying the Scriptures to learn the way, —it is clear that all this stuff about the true Church would never so much as come into his head. He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ on the one hand, and himself on the other; and that his belonging to this or that Church had really no more to do with the matter, than his being born in France or England, in Westmorland or in Warwickshire. The Scripture notion of the Church is, that religious society should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilisation. But in this great end of a Church, all Churches are now greatly defective, while all fill it up to a certain degree, some less, others more. In proportion as they fulfil it less perfectly, so all that is said in Scripture of divisions, sects, &c., becomes less applicable. It is a great fault to introduce division into an unanimous and efficient

only man that I know, who, holding with his whole mind and soul the idea of the eternal distinction between moral and positive laws, holds with it the love for a priestly and ceremonial religion, such as appears in the Fifth Book."

* His admiration of the Pilgrim's Progress was very great:—"I cannot trust myself," he used to say, "to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate, after his passage through the river of death." And when, in one of the foreign tours of his later years, he had read it through again, after a long interval, "I have always," said he, "been struck by its piety: I am now struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom."

society; but when the social bond is all but dissolved, and the society is no more than nominal, there is no such thing, properly speaking, as creating a division in it. In this simple and Scriptural view of the matter, all is plain; we were not to derive our salvation through or from the Church, but to be kept or strengthened in the way of salvation by the aid and example of our fellow Christians, who were to be formed into societies for this very reason, that they might help one another, and not leave each man to fight his own fight alone. But the life of these societies has been long since gone; they do not help the individual in holiness, and this is in itself evil enough; but it is monstrous that they should pretend to fetter, when they do not assist. This view arises simply from my old enemy, the priestcraft, in this way. The Popish and Oxford view of Christianity is, that the Church is the mediator between God and the individual: that the Church (*i.e.* in their sense, the Clergy) is a sort of chartered corporation, and that by belonging to this corporation, or by being attached to it, any given individual acquires such and such privileges. This is a priestcraft, because it lays the stress, not on the relations of a man's heart towards God and Christ, as the Gospel does, but on something wholly artificial and formal,—his belonging to a certain so-called society: and thus,—whether the society be alive or dead,—whether it really help the man in goodness or not,—still it claims to step in and interpose itself, as the channel of grace and salvation, when it certainly is not the channel of salvation, because it is visibly and notoriously no sure channel of grace. Whereas, all who go straight to Christ, without thinking of the Church, do manifestly and visibly receive grace, and have the seal of His Spirit, and therefore are certainly heirs of salvation. This, I think, applies to any and every Church, it being always true that the salvation of a man's soul is effected by the change in his heart and life, wrought by Christ's Spirit; and that his relation to any Church is quite a thing subordinate and secondary: although, where the Church is what it should be, it is so great a means of grace, that its benefits are of the highest value. But the heraldic or Succession view of the question I can hardly treat gravely; there is something so monstrously profane in making our heavenly inheritance like an earthly estate, to which our pedigree is our title. And really, what is called succession, is exactly a pedigree, and nothing better; like natural descent, it conveys no moral nobleness,—nay, far less than natural descent; for I am a believer in some transmitted virtue in a good breed, but the Succession notoriously conveys none. So that to lay a stress upon it, is to make the Christian Church worse, I think, than the Jewish: but "the sons of God are not to be born of bloods," (*i.e.* of particular races,) "nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man," (*i.e.* after any human desire to make out an outward and formal title of inheritance,) "but of God," (*i.e.* of Him who can alone give the only true title to his inheritance,—the being conformed unto the image of His Son.) I have written all this in haste as to the expression, but not at all in haste as to the matter of it. But the simple point is this: Does our Lord, or do His Apostles, encourage the notion of salvation through the Church? or

would any human being ever collect such a notion from the Scriptures? Once begin with tradition, and the so-called Fathers, and you get, no doubt, a very different view. This the Romanists and the Oxfordists say is a view required to modify and add to that of the Scripture. I believe that because it does modify, add to, and wholly alter the view of the Scripture, that therefore it is altogether false and anti-christian.

154. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Fox How, February 4, 1837.

I have to thank you for your letter, as well as for the papers which you have from time to time been kind enough to send me. . . . I do not think that I am less zealous than formerly; but I feel that, if I write briefly and without giving all the grounds of my opinions, I am constantly misunderstood: and to give the grounds, requires a volume, rather than half a column in the newspaper. For instance, on this very question of Church Rates, how much really is involved in it? If the churches are public buildings for a national object, then how can a minority object to maintaining them? If they are only to be maintained by those who belong to one religious denomination, it strikes, of course, at the very root of any Establishment, because the same principle must apply equally to tithes. I am sure that, sooner or later, what I said in the Church Reform Pamphlet will be verified; either the Church must be more comprehensive, or, if this be impracticable, then an Establishment cannot be maintained: and the next best thing will be, to take care that all the Church property is applied to strictly public purposes, to schools, hospitals, alms-houses, or something of the sort, and that it is not stolen by the landlords. For the only possible way, in which there can be a robbery of public property, is to transfer it to private uses; this is a direct robbery, committed against ourselves and our posterity; but in varying the particular public object to which it is applied, there may be great folly, great wickedness in the sight of God, but not the especial crime of robbery or spoliation.

Your mention of the Article on the Life of Christ, encourages me to allude to it. I heard it spoken of before I had the least idea of its author, and spoken of with regret, not as unorthodox, but as painful to a Christian reader from its purely historical tone. Now I think that this is a reasonable source of pain, supposing the fact to be as stated; because, in such a case, neutrality is almost the same as hostility. To read an account of Christ, written as by an indifferent person, is to read an unchristian account of Him; because no one who acknowledges Him can be indifferent to Him, but stands in such relations to Him, that the highest reverence must ever be predominant in his mind when thinking or writing of Him. And again, what is the impartiality that is required? Is it that a man shall neither be a Christian, nor yet not a Christian? The fact is, that religious veneration is inconsistent with what is called impartiality; which means, that as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither, and are able to judge of both. And

this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is divine, and consequently perfect; for then we should identify ourselves with it, and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it.* If I think that Christ was no more than Socrates, (I do not mean in degree, but in kind,) I can of course speak of Him impartially; that is, I assume at once, that there are faults and imperfections in His character, and on these I pass my judgment: but, if I believe in Him, I am not His judge, but His servant and creature; and He claims the devotion of my whole nature, because He is identical with goodness, wisdom, and holiness. Nor can I for the sake of strangers assume another feeling, and another language, because this is compromising the highest duty,—it is like denying Him, instead of confessing Him. This all passed through my mind when I heard that the Article was written in a purely historical tone, and yet stated the Resurrection as a matter of fact. Now, if the Resurrection be true, Christianity surely is true; and then how can one think of Christ except religiously? A very able and good friend of mine made the same objection to Victor Cousin's tone: "It was," he said, "a patronising of Christianity;" that is, he spoke of it as one who could judge it, and looked upon it, as it were, de loco superiori,—a condition inconsistent altogether with the relations of man to God, when once acknowledged. Will you forgive me for all this,—but there seems to me rather a vague notion prevalent about impartiality and fair judgment in some matters of religion, which is really running into scepticism as to all. There is abundant room for impartiality in judging of religious men, and of men's opinions about religion, just as of their opinions about anything else; but with regard to God and His truth, impartiality is a mere contradiction; and, if we profess to be impartial about all things, it can only be that we acknowledge in none that mark of divinity which claims devout adherence, and with regard to which impartiality is profaneness.

155. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, February 5, 1837.

I must write to you from Fox How, though it is our last evening; and to-morrow we set out to return to Rugby. We have been here just six weeks; and six weeks of greater peace and happiness it would scarcely be possible, I suppose, for any one to pass. In this neighbourhood there has been as yet no influenza; no snow at any time to

* On similar grounds he had a strong feeling against Goethe. "That one word at the end of Faust does indeed make it to my mind a great work instead of a piece of Devilry." "Still," he said, "I cannot get over the introduction. If it had been by one without any relation to God or his fellow-creatures, it would be different—but in a human being it is not to be forgiven. To give entirely without reverence a representation of God is in itself blasphemous." "It is in speaking of God that what we call the Bible, taking it altogether, through and through, has such a manifest superiority to everything else. When the Almighty condescends to make Himself known, it is by an angel, or in some manner that keeps all safe. What can be more magnificent than what is said of the conversation of Abraham before the destruction of Sodom!"

obstruct communication; no rains to keep us within doors, nothing more than the ordinary varieties of winter, containing among them days of such surpassing beauty, that at no time of the year could the country have been more enjoyable. You know the view from the dining-room; it was only a few mornings since, that the clouds broke away from the summit of Fairfield, while we were at breakfast, a little after eight o'clock, and the sun just threw his light upon the crest of the mountain all covered with snow, and gave it the rose colour which you have seen on the Alps; while all the lower points of the hills, and all the side of Loughrigg, wore the infinite variety of their winter colouring of green and grey and gold.

. . .. We have had two of our Sixth Form boys down here, who I thought wanted the refreshment of a mountain country, as they had been working rather too hard. Meanwhile my History has been flourishing; I have been turning to account all my Roman law reading, in a chapter on the Twelve Tables, and I have carried on the story to the year of Rome 350. I am inclined to publish one volume, when I have got to the end of the year 365, the Gaulish invasion; and I shall have plenty of matter for a volume: but whether I am not yielding to a movement of impatience I can hardly say. The natural divisions of the subject appear to me to be the Gaulish Invasion; the Conquest of Italy, after the repulse of Pyrrhus; the Conquest of the World, or of all that could offer any effectual resistance in the Punic and Macedonian wars; the Civil Wars from the Gracchi to Actium; the Maturity of the Empire from Augustus to M. Aurelius; the Decline of the Empire and of Paganism from Commodus to Honorius; the chaos out of which the new creation of modern society has come, from Alaric to Charlemagne. How grand a subject, if it could be written worthily! And how vast a variety of knowledge is required to do it worthily! I constantly feel how overpowering the labour is, and how many advantages I want; yet I feel, too, that I have the love of history so strong in me, and that it has been working in me so many years, that I can write something which will be read, and which I trust will encourage the love of all things noble and just, and wise and holy.

. . . The study of the law is quite to my heart's content, as is the practice of it in your situation. I think if I were asked what station within possibility I would choose, as the prize of my son's well doing in life, I should say the place of an English judge. But then, in proportion to my reverence for the office of a judge, is, to speak plainly, my abhorrence of the business of an advocate. . . . I have been thinking, in much ignorance, whether there is any path to the bench except by the bar; that is, whether in conveyancing, or in any other branch of the profession, a man may make his real knowledge available, like the juris consulti of ancient Rome, without that painful necessity of being retained by an attorney to maintain a certain cause, and of knowingly suppressing truth, for so it must sometimes happen, in order to advance your own argument. I am well aware of the common arguments in defence of the practice; still it is not what I

can myself like. On the other hand, Medicine, in all its branches, I honour as the most beneficent of all professions; but there I dread an incidental evil,—the intense moral and religious degradation of so many medical students, who are, if you may trust report, materialist atheists of the greatest personal profligacy; and then if the profligacy wear out with age, the evil principle will not; and Satan will be but cast out by Satan. . . .

We are going to Oxford, I believe, before we finally settle at Rugby. I do love the place after all, though I sometimes think of the fox's exclamation over the vizor mask—*κάλον πρόσωπον, κ. τ. λ.* Forgive my profaneness to Alma Mater, and do not ascribe it to any academical jealousy in behalf of my new University of London, of which I am a most poor Fellow.

156. TO THE REV. G. CORNISH. Fox How, February 5, 1837.

Even the bustle at Fox How is calmer than the quiet of Rugby. We are going away to-morrow morning, and it is now past ten o'clock; yet I know not when I can sit down to write so peacefully, as I can in this last hour of our last day's sojourn at this most dear and most beautiful home. Thank you very much for your letter. I will not revive matters of dispute; what, if spoken, would be known at once to be half in joke, seems in writing to be all meant in sober earnest; and therefore our discussions shall wait till that day, which, I trust, will yet arrive, when we may again meet, and introduce some of our children to each other. A life of peace is one of the things which I vainly sigh after. If you can live out of the reach of controversy and party, it is a great gain. So a quiet, country parish is a far more attractive thing than the care of a great manufacturing town; but my lot, and, I believe, my duty have thrown me, as it were, into the manufacturing town; and I must contend for what I earnestly believe to be truth. Do you suppose that I could not resign myself with delight to the quiet of this valley, and the peace of these mountains, if so it might be? And we have been enjoying it for the last six weeks thoroughly. The climate has been better than in almost any part of England. We had no snow here to stop communication for half an hour; and since the snow went away from all but the mountain tops, the colouring of the country has been delicious. We have had our full share of walking; whilst all the morning, till one o'clock, I used to sit in one corner of the drawing-room, not looking towards Fairfield lest I should be constantly tempted from my work, and there I worked on at the Roman History and the Twelve Tables, and Appius Claudius, and Cincinnatus, and all the rest of them.

My wife, thank God, has been wonderfully well and strong, and climbs the mountains with the rest of us. And little Fan, who was three years old in October, went over Loughrigg with us to Rydal the other day—though her little feet looked quite absurd upon the rough mountain side, and the fern-stalks annoyed her, as Gulliver was puzzled by the Brobdignag cornfield. . . .

We were, in the course of the summer, in the Isle of Man, and in Ireland. I admired Dublin and its bay, and the Wicklow Sugar Loaf, and the blue sea of Killiney Bay. But to my astonishment, the "Emerald Isle" was a very parched and dusty isle in comparison with Westmorland, and the Three Rock Mountain, though beautiful with its granite rocks and heath, had none of the thousand springs of our Loughrigg. Of the people I saw little or nothing.

We expect to be in Oxford one day this week, before we settle at Rugby for our long half-year. I wonder whether I could find your tree in Bagley Wood, on which you once sat exalted? Do you ever see or hear of old Dyson, or of Ellison? or do you hear from Tucker? Coleridge, as you perhaps know, was a month at this house in the summer with all his family;—then, on their way to town, they came to us at Rugby, and there met Professor Buckland; so that, after an interval of many years, I was again one of an old Corpus trio. It is eleven o'clock, and we are off at eight to-morrow, so good night.

157. TO REV. J. HEARN. Yarrow Bridge, Chorley, Feb. 6, 1837.

. . . I call all this Judaising a direct idolatry,—it is exalting the Church and the Sacraments into the place of Christ, as others have exalted His mother, and others in the same spirit exalted circumcision. There is something almost ludicrous, if the matter were not too serious, in the way in which —— speaks of Calvin and the best and ablest of his followers, and some of the great living writers of Germany, whom he must know, as of men labouring under a judicial blindness. "This people who knoweth not the law," *i.e.* as interpreted by the tradition and doctors of the Church, "are accursed." It is vain to argue with such men, only when they ascribe a judicial blindness to Calvin and Zuingle, or to Tholuck, Nitzsch, and Bunsen, one cannot but be reminded of those who "with lies made the heart of the righteous sad, whom God had not made sad," or of those who denied St. Paul's apostleship and spirituality, because he was not one of the original twelve Apostles, and because he would not preach circumcision.

No man doubts that a strictly universal consent would be a very strong argument indeed; but then by the very fact of its being disputed, it ceases to be universal; and general consent is a very different thing from universal. It becomes then, the consent of the majority; and we must examine the nature of the minority, and also the peculiar nature of the opinions or practices agreed in, before we can decide whether general consent be really an argument for or against the truth of an opinion. For it has been said, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you;" and then it would be equally true of such a generation or generations, that it was, "Woe to that opinion in which all men agree."

Now I believe that the Apostles' Creed may be taken as a specimen of truths held by the general consent of Christians; for everything there (except the Descent into Hell which was a later insertion) is in almost the very words of Scripture. It is just like St. Paul's short

creed in 1 Corinthians xv.: "I delivered unto you that which I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried," &c. But this Creed will no more suit ——'s turn than the Scriptures themselves will. It says not a word of priesthood or succession,—it does not even say a word of either Sacrament. The points for which —— needs the consent of the Church, are points on which the principal ecclesiastical writers, from whom he gleans this consent, had all a manifest bias; partly from their own position as ministers, partly from the superstitious tendencies of their age. And after all how few are those writers! Who would think of making out the universal consent of the Christian world from the language of ten or a dozen bishops or clergy who happened to be writers? Who will bear witness to the opinions of the Bithynian Church, of whose practice Pliny has left so beautiful a picture? Or who would value for any Church, or for any opinion, the testimony of such a man as Tertullian? But, after all, consent would go for nothing where it is so clearly against Scripture. All in Asia were turned away from Paul even in his lifetime. [No wonder] then, if after his death they could not bear his doctrines, and undermined them while they were obliged outwardly to honour [them]. The operation of material agency to produce a spiritual effect [is not] more opposed to reason than it is directly denied by our Lord, on the grounds which —— would call rationalistic, if I were to use them. I refer to what He says of the impossibility of meat defiling a man, or water purifying him; and the reason assigned to show that meat cannot morally defile is of course equally valid to show that it cannot morally strengthen or cleanse. I believe it might be shown that the efficacy of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been weakened directly by the superstitions about it; that in proportion as a value was attached to the *elements*, as they were called, so the real Christian Sacramentum,—each man pledging himself to Christ and to his brethren, upon the symbols of his redemption and sanctification,—became less and less regarded; whilst superstitions made the Sacrament less frequent, and thus have inflicted a grievous injury on the spiritual state of every Church.

158. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, March 3, 1837.

. . . About the grammars, I am inclined to think that the common Eton grammars, purged of their manifest faults, would answer better than anything else. I am more and more in favour of a Latin rather than an English grammar, and I think that the simpler and more dogmatical the rules are, the better. That is best in a boy's grammar which can be easiest remembered, and understood enough to be applied practically; the explanation of the principles of grammar belongs to a more advanced age.

By "manifest faults," I mean such as calling "hic, hæc, hoc," an article; or teaching boys to believe that there is such a word as ἔτυπον, or such an Aorist to λέγω as ἔλεγον, and other monstrosities. And I

think such corrections might be made easily. But let us save "Verba dandi et reddendi," &c., and, if I dared, I would put in a word for "As in præsenti," perhaps even for "Propria quæ maribus." Is not this a laudable specimen of Toryism? Or is it that we are Reformers in our neighbours' trade and Conservatives in our own?

159. TO GEORGE PRYME, ESQ., M.P. Rugby, March 8, 1837.

I thank you much for your letter:—I had regarded your intended motion respecting the Universities with the deepest interest, and feel therefore extremely obliged to you for allowing me to express some of my views on the matter to you. As to the great question of all, the admission of Dissenters, it is so mixed up with the still greater question of the Church, that I hardly know how to separate them:—and besides, I imagine that nothing on this point could be carried now. But there are three points at Oxford, which, though of very different importance, might all, I think, be noticed with advantage.

1st. The system of fines;—I do not mean as regards the tenant, but as regard those members of the College Foundations who do not belong to the governing body. It is the practice I believe to divide the Corn Rents either equally, or in certain fixed proportions fixed by the Founder, among all the members of the Foundation;—but the fines, which form always a large proportion of the gross income of the College, are divided exclusively by the governing body amongst themselves; where this governing body includes all the Fellows, as at Oriel, Corpus, and New College, then those who do not share the fines are only the Scholars and Probationer Fellows; but where it consists of what is called a seniority, seven, or whatever number it be, of the senior Fellows, then all the Fellows not on the seniority are excluded; and this is the case at Brasenose. Now the question is, whether this is according to the Founders' intentions, or whether it has been legalised by any subsequent statute—of the realm, I mean, not of the University. The fines originally were a direct bribe paid by the tenant to the Bursar or Treasurer of the college, for letting him renew on favourable terms:—subsequently the bursars were not allowed to keep it all to themselves, but it was shared by all those with whom lay the power of either granting or refusing the renewal. But still if the college property be notoriously underlet, because a great part of the rent is paid in the shape of fines, those who are entitled to a certain share in the proceeds are manifestly defrauded if they are not allowed their proportion of the fines also. This question only affects the members of the several foundations as individuals;—still it has always struck me as a great unfitness, that a system should go on with such a primâ facie look of direct fraud about it.

2nd. All members of foundations are required to take an oath to maintain the rights of the college, &c., and amongst other things they swear that if expelled by the college they will not appeal to any court of law. This oath is imposed at Winchester College, or was in my

time, on every boy as soon as he was fifteen. I object utterly on principle to any private society administering an oath to its members at all,—still more so to boys:—but even if it were a promise or engagement, the promise of not appealing to the King's Courts is monstrous, and savours completely of the spirit of secret societies, who regard the law as their worst enemy. The University has lately repealed some of its oaths—but it still retains far too many.

3rd. The University should be restored,—that is, the monopoly of the colleges should be taken away,—by allowing any Master of Arts, according to the old practice of Oxford, to open a hall for the reception of students. The present practice dates, I think, from the age of Elizabeth,—when the old halls had fallen into decay;—and then the gift of the headship of the existing halls was placed in the Chancellor's hands, and every member of the University was required to be a member of some college, or of one of these recognised halls. The evils of the present system, combined with a statute passed, I believe, within the present century, obliging every undergraduate under three years' standing to sleep in college, are very great. The number of members at a college is regulated therefore by the size of its buildings, and thus some of the very worst colleges have the greatest number of votes in Convocation, and consequently the greatest influence in the decisions of the University. I am obliged to be brief,—but this point is, I am sure, of the greatest importance, and might open the door to much good. I am not at all able to answer for all the details of the matters which I have mentioned, and you know how readily the enemy would exult if he can detect the slightest inaccuracy in detail, and how gladly he will avail himself of such a triumph to lead away men's minds from the real question. But I think all the three points which I have named are of importance. I am delighted that you should take up this question. No man ought to meddle with the Universities who does not know them well and love them well; they are great and noble places,—and I am sure that no man in England has a deeper affection for Oxford than I have,—or more appreciates its inimitable advantages. And therefore I wish it improved and reformed—though this is a *therefore* which men are exceedingly slow to understand.

160. TO CRABBE ROBINSON, ESQ. (Who had written to him fearing he would not continue in the new University unless more were done in the examinations as to Theology, than could or would be effected.)

March 15, 1837.

. . . First be assured that I will do nothing hastily, that I wish most earnestly well to the London University, and look upon it as so great a possible means of good, that nothing but what will appear to me imperious duty shall tempt me to leave it. Neither have I the least thought or wish of conciliating the Tories; on the contrary, I regret nothing so much as the possibility of appearing to agree with

them in anything; neither, in fact, can I believe that I ever shall be so far mistaken.

Secondly, I have no wish to have Degrees in Divinity conferred by the London University or to have a Theological Faculty; I am quite content with Degrees in Arts. But then let us understand what Arts are.

If *Arts* mean merely logic, or grammar, or arithmetic, or natural science, then of course a degree in Arts implies nothing whatever as to a man's moral judgment or principles. But open the definition a little farther,—include poetry or history or moral philosophy,—and you encroach unavoidably on the domain of moral education; and moral education cannot be separated from religious education, unless people have the old superstitious notion of religion, either that it relates to rites and ceremonies, or to certain abstract and unpractical truths. But, meaning by Religion what the Gospel teaches one to mean by it, it is nothing more nor less than a system directing and influencing our conduct, principles, and feelings, and professing to do this with sovereign authority, and most efficacious influence. If then I enter on the domain of moral knowledge, I am thereby on the domain of religious knowledge; and the only question is, what religion am I to follow? If I take no notice of the authority and influences of Christianity, I unavoidably take a view of man's life and principles from which they are excluded, that is, a view which acknowledges some other authority and influence,—it may be of some other religion, or of some philosophy, or of mere common opinion or instinct;—but, in any case, I have one of the many views of life and conduct, which it was the very purpose of Christ's coming into the world to exclude. And how can any Christian man lend himself to the propagating or sanctioning a system or moral knowledge which assumes that Christ's law is not our rule, nor His promises our motive of action? This, then, is my principle, that moral studies not based on Christianity must be unchristian, and therefore are such as I can take no part in.

On the other hand, I allow as fully as you can do, that the University should include Christians of every denomination without the slightest distinction. The differences between Christian and Christian are not moral differences, except accidentally; and that is what I meant in that passage in the Church Reform Pamphlet which you, in common with many others, have taken in a sense which I should wholly disclaim. An Unitarian, as such, is a Christian; that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes His words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian; and, though I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet that is a question of interpretation, and no more; the purpose of his heart and mind is to obey and be guided by Christ, and therefore he is a Christian. But I believe,—if I err as to the matter of fact I shall greatly rejoice,—that Unitarianism happens to contain many persons who are only Unitarians negatively, as not being Trinitarians; and I question whether these follow Christ with enough of sincerity and obedience to entitle them to be called Christians.

Then comes the question of practicability. Here undoubtedly I am met at a disadvantage, because the whole tendency of the last century, and of men's minds now, is to shun all notions of comprehension; and as the knot was once cut by persecution, so it is to be cut now by toleration and omission.

But it is an experiment undoubtedly worth trying, whether for the sake of upholding the Christian character of our University, we ought not to venture on ground, new indeed in England, just at present, but which is of the very essence of true Christianity. With all Christians except Roman Catholics the course is plain, namely, to examine every candidate for a degree in one of the Gospels and one of the Epistles out of the Greek Testament. I would ask of every man the previous question, "To what denomination of Christians do you belong?" and according to his answer, I would specially avoid touching on those points, on which I as a Churchman differed from him. I should probably say to him aloud, if the examination were public, "Now I know that you and I differ on such and such points, and therefore I shall not touch on them; but we have a great deal more on which we agree, and therefore I may ask you so and so." With the Roman Catholics there might be a difficulty, because they might possibly object to being examined by heretics, or in the Scriptures; but if so, where would be the difficulty of adding a Catholic to the number of Fellows, on purpose for this object; or where would be the difficulty of requiring from the candidate, being a Catholic, a certificate of proficiency in religious knowledge from his own priest or Bishop? What you state about doctrines might be a very good argument against examining in any Articles or Creeds, but would not affect the examination in a book or books of the Scripture; and so again with evidences, I should not care about this; though neither do I see that your reference to Chalmers makes a valid objection; because you will and must have Examiners who differ on fifty points of taste, of politics, and of philosophy; but this signifies nothing, as long as they are sensible men; and, if they are not, the whole thing must break down any way. But the comparative value of external and internal Evidence is not a point which forms the characteristic difference between any one sect and another; it may therefore be noticed without any delicacy, just like any moot point in history; and an Examiner may express his judgment on it, though of course with such reserve and moderation as he may think fit. If you say that all points which have ever been disputed are to be avoided, you reduce your examiners to such mere cyphers as would deprive them of all weight and dignity. Certainly I shall feel myself as in a certain degree appointed to moderate and form the minds of those who come to me for academical honours. I ought to express my judgment on many matters as that of a man qualified to instruct them, and as entitled to an authority with them. You will not suppose I mean an infallible authority. If our office be not intended to be this, it will be a great mistake, and indeed a total solecism, as far as regards education. I am perfectly aware of the delicacy of our task as well as of its import-

ance, and I think I would undertake to manage it discreetly; but much must be left to us. Let them choose the best men they can find, and then let them trust them fully, and turn them out if they do not like them.

161. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, April 21, 1837.

. . . Our one day's visit to Oxford was very delightful, it was full of kindlinesses without anything of a contrary sort; and it made me wish that I could see the place and its residents oftener. I am so thoroughly fond of it, that I can quite trust myself in my earnest desire to see it reformed; indeed, I should care about its reform much less if I did not value it so highly. From Oxford we came back to our work as usual. . . . From that time forward we have never been quite alone, and we are expecting other friends in May and June, so that our half-year will, as usual, I suppose, end in a crowd; and then I trust we may meet in something like summer in Westmorland, and find you established in your house, and enjoying the magnificence of the view and the snugness of that delicious glady field behind, which lives most vividly in my memory. . . .

I have read nothing but books connected with my own business, so I am sadly ignorant of what is doing in the publishing world. Jacob Abbott's last work, "The Way to do Good," will I think please you very much; with some Americanisms, not of language but of mind, it is yet delightful to read a book so good and so sensible; so zealous for what is valuable; so fair about what is indifferent. I have also looked through some of the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches. He is different enough certainly from Abbott, but the work gives one a favourable impression of him morally, I think, as well as intellectually:* there is a frankness and kindliness about his letters generally which is very attractive, and one admires the activity and comprehensiveness of view which could take in so much and so execute it. You would be interested in Sir E. Codrington's strange attack upon Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and gratified by the strong feeling generally expressed in Sir Pulteney's favour, and in admiration of his character. . . .

I shall like to hear your remarks on the weather. I never remember anything to equal it; but I find from the Gentleman's Magazine that 1799 was very nearly as bad, and from Evelyn's Memoirs that 1658 was rather worse. The wind was northerly for nearly six months, and on the second of June, old style, the season was as cold as winter. It is certainly so at present; and what is remarkable is, that the wind blows equally cold from all points of the compass. I connect the constant north-west winds with the Magnetic Pole, and as all phenomena of weather have to do with electricity and volcanic action, I should

* His impression of the Duke of Wellington's character was in fact considerably raised by this work, and a volume of the Dispatches was one of the books which most frequently accompanied him when travelling.

not be surprised to hear of something extraordinary in the way of earthquakes or eruptions before the end of the year. This is a sad dull letter, but my life affords but little variety.

162. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (C.) Rugby, April 5, 1837.

I take this opportunity to answer your kind and interesting letter, for which I beg you to accept my best thanks. I can hardly answer it as I could wish, but I did not like to delay writing to you any longer. Your account of yourself and of that unhealthy state of body and mind under which you have been labouring, was very touching to me. I rejoice that you were recovering from it, but still you must not be surprised if God should be pleased to continue your trials for some time longer. It is to me a matter of the deepest thankfulness, that the fears, which I at one time had expressed to you about yourself, have been so entirely groundless: we have the comfort of thinking that, with the heart once turned to God, and going on in His faith and fear, nothing can go very wrong with us, although we may have much to suffer and many trials to undergo. I rejoice too that your mind seems to be in a healthier state about the prosecution of your studies. I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realised; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man, than a perverted or over-valued one. Men retain their natural quickness and cleverness, while their reason and judgment are allowed to go to ruin, and thus they do work their minds and gain influence, and are pleased at gaining it; but it is the undisciplined mind which they are exercising, instead of one wisely disciplined. I trust that you will gain a good foundation of wisdom in Oxford, which may minister in after-years to God's glory and the good of souls; and I call by the name of wisdom,—knowledge, rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God. Remember the words, "Every scribe instructed to the kingdom of God, is like unto a house-holder who bringeth out of his treasure, things *new and old;*" that is, who does not think that either the first four centuries on the one hand, nor the nineteenth century on the other, have a monopoly of truth; but who combines a knowledge of one with that of the other, and judges all according to the judgment which he has gained from the teaching of the Scriptures. I am obliged to write more shortly than I could wish; let me hear from you when you can, and see you when you can, and be sure that, whether my judgments be right or wrong, you have no friend who more earnestly would wish to assist you in that only narrow road to life eternal, which I feel sure that you by God's grace are now treading.

163. TO BISHOP OTTER. Rugby, April 30, 1837.

I venture to address you, and I trust to your forgiveness for so doing, on a subject on which we have a common interest, the new University of London; and I am the more induced to address you particularly, as I understand that you are disposed to take an active part in the arrangements to be made; as you have had practical experience in education; and as you are one of the few members of our profession who happen to belong to the University. I imagine, also, that the particular department with which I am likely to be concerned, will be that in which you too will be most interested, the Examination for Degrees in Arts. And I find that a committee was to be appointed yesterday, to draw up something of a plan on this subject. I hope to be in town very shortly, but my visit must necessarily be very brief, and I feel that I should much further my views, if I could explain them to your Lordship beforehand, and above all, if, as I hope, I shall be so happy as to find that you agree with them.

I need not say that I cordially agree with the principle of the University that it recognises no sectarian distinctions. But while I fully allow this, I also find it expressly declared in our charter, that we are founded for the advancement of "Religion and Morality." And this seems to lead to the exact conclusion which I most earnestly approve of, that we are to be a Christian University, but not a Romanist one, nor a Protestant, neither exclusively Church of England, nor exclusively dissenting. "Religion," in the king's mouth, can mean only Christianity; in fact, no Christian can use it in any other sense without manifest inconsistency. Again, must it not follow that if we enter at all upon moral science, whether it be Moral Philosophy or History, we must be supposed to have some definite notions of moral truth? Now those notions are not, I suppose, to be the notions of each individual Examiner; we must refer to some standard. I suppose that a man could hardly get a degree in physical science if he made Aristotle's Physics his standard of truth in those matters. Now there are many views of moral truth, quite as false as those of Aristotle on physical science; but what are we to take for our standard of truth? We must, it seems to me, have some standard, in whatever we profess to examine, and what can that standard be to any Christian, except what he believes to be God's revealed will? It seems to me that we cannot recognise any other standard of moral truth without directly renouncing Christ as our Master.—Further, Mr. Lieber, who wrote a little book of his Reminiscences of Niebuhr, who is now engaged in one of the American colleges in Carolina, and has published some exceedingly good papers on the system there pursued, lays it down as a matter of common sense, that,—without entering into the religious question,—a knowledge of the Christian Scriptures must form a part of the merely intellectual education of all persons in Christian countries. He says, I think most truly, that Christianity has so coloured all our institutions, and all our literature, and has in

so many points modified or even dictated our laws, that no one can be considered as an educated man who is not acquainted with its authoritative documents. He considers that a liberal education without the Scriptures, must be, in any Christian country, a contradiction in terms.

My conclusion is, that we are bound in some way or other to recognise this truth. We may, indeed, give Degrees in Law and in Medicine, without acknowledging it; so we may also in physical science; so we may also in pure science and philology. None of these things, nor all of them together, constitute education. But if we profess to give Degrees in Arts, we are understood, I think, as giving our testimony that a man has received a liberal education. And the same result follows from our examining on any moral subject, such as History or Moral Philosophy; because it is precisely moral knowledge, and moral knowledge only, which properly constitutes education.

The University of Bonn,—the only one of the Prussian universities with the system of which I happen to be acquainted,—is open, as you know, to Catholics and Protestants equally. But both have their Professors and their regular courses of religious instruction. Now as we do not teach at present, but only examine, and as we confer no degrees in Theology, our difficulty will be of a far simpler kind. It may be met, I think, perfectly easily in two or three different manners. I suppose that, for any of the reasons stated above, our Bachelor of Arts' Degree must imply a knowledge of the Christian Scriptures. But then, as we are not to be sectarian, neither you and I on the one hand, nor any of our Dissenting colleagues on the other, have any right to put their own construction on this term, "knowledge of the Scriptures." I think that an Unitarian knows them very ill, and he would think the same of us. But we agree in attaching an equal value to a "knowledge of the Scriptures," each of us interpreting the phrase in his own way.

I would propose, then, two or three modes of ascertaining every candidate's knowledge of the Scriptures, in his own meaning of the term. First, in imitation of the University of Bonn, there might be members of the Senate of different denominations of Christians to examine the members of their own communions. Practically, this would involve no great multitude; I doubt if it would require more than three divisions, our own Church, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians. I doubt if the orthodox Dissenters, as they are called, would have any objection to be examined by you or me in such books of the New Testament as they themselves chose to bring up, when they were required to subscribe to no Articles or Liturgy, and were examined as persons whose opinions on their own peculiar points of difference were not tolerated merely, but solemnly recognised; so that there would be neither any suspicion of compromise on their part, nor of attempts at proselytism on ours.

Secondly, we might even do less than this, and merely require from every candidate for a Degree in Arts, a certificate, signed by two ministers of his own persuasion, that he was competently instructed in Christian knowledge as understood by the members of their com-,

munion. This is no more than every young person in our own church now gets, previously to his Confirmation. I think this would be a very inferior plan to the former, inasmuch as the certificates might in some cases be worth very little; but still it completely saves the principle recognised in our Charter, and indispensable, I think, to every plan of education, or for the ascertaining of the sufficiency of any one's education in a Christian country,—that Christian knowledge is a necessary part of the formation and cultivation of the mind of every one.

Thirdly, we might, I am sure, do what were best of all, and which might produce benefits in the course of time, more than could be told. All Protestants acknowledge the Scriptures as their common authority, and all desire their children to study them. Let every candidate for a Degree bring up at his own choice some one Gospel, and some one Epistle in the Greek Testament. Let him declare, on coming before us, to what communion he belongs. We know what are the peculiar views entertained by him as such, and we would respect them most religiously. But on all common ground we might examine him thoroughly, and how infinite would be the good of thus proving, by actual experience, how much more our common ground is than our peculiar ground. I am perfectly ready to examine to-morrow in any Unitarian school in England, in presence of parents and masters. I will not put a question that should offend, and yet I will give such an examination as should bring out, or prove the absence of what you and I should agree in considering to be Christian knowledge of the highest value. I speak as one who has been used to examine young men in the Scriptures for twenty years nearly, and I pledge myself to the perfect easiness of doing this. Our examinations, in fact, will carry their own security with them, if our characters would not; they will be public, and we should not and could not venture to proselytise, even if we wished it. But the very circumstance of our having joined the London University at the risk of much odium from a large part of our profession, would be a warrant for our entering into the spirit of the Charter with perfect sincerity. I have no sufficient apology to offer for this long intrusion upon your patience, but my overwhelming sense of the importance of the subject. It depends wholly, as I think, on our decision on this point, whether our success will be a blessing or a curse to the country. A Christian, and yet not sectarian University, would be a blessing of no common magnitude. An University that conceived of education as not involving in it the principles of moral truth, would be an evil, I think, no less enormous.

164. TO THE REV. H. HILL. (In answer to questions about Thucydides.)

Rugby, May 25, 1837.

. . . My experience about Thucydides has told me that the knowledge required to illustrate him may be taken at anything you please, from Mitford up to omne scibile. I suppose that the most direct illustrations are to be found in Aristophanes, the Acharnians, the Peace,

the Birds, and the Clouds; as also in the speech of Andocides de Mysteriis. For the Greek, Bekker's text, in his smaller edition of 1832, and a good Index Verborum, though bad is the best, are, I think, the staple. You may add, instead of a Lexicon, Reiske's Index Verborum to Demosthenes, and Mitchell's to Plato and Isocrates, with Schweighäuser's Lexicon Herodoteum. Buttman's larger Greek Grammar is the best thing for the forms of the Verbs; as for Syntax, Thucydides, in many places, is his own law.

We talk about going to Rome, which will be a virtuous effort if I do go, for my heart is at Fox How. Yet I should love to talk once again with Bunsen on the Capitol, and to expatiate with him on the green upland plain of Algidus.

I congratulate you—and I do not mean it as a mere façon de parler—on your Ordination.

165. *TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ. Rugby, September 13, 1837.

. . . The first sheet of the History is actually printed, and I hope it will be out before the winter. But I am sure that it will disappoint no one so much as it will myself; for I see a standard of excellence before me in my mind, which I cannot realise; and I mourn over the deficient knowledge of my book, seeing how much requires to be known in order to write History well, and how soon in so many places the soil of my own knowledge is bored through, and there is the barren rock or gravel which yields nothing.

I could write on much, but my time presses. I am anxious to know your final decision as to profession; but I do not like to attempt to influence you. Whatever be your choice, it does not much matter, if you follow steadily our great common profession, Christ's service. Alas! when will the Church ever exist in more than in name, so that this profession might have that zeal infused into it which is communicated by an "Esprit de Corps;" and, if the "Body" were the real Church, instead of our abominable sects, with their half priestcraft, half profaneness, its "Spirit" would be one that we might desire to receive into all our hearts and all our minds.

166. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. Rugby, September 25, 1837.

. . . I have to thank you for two very kind letters, as also for a volume of C——'s Sermons. . . . Do you know that C—— was an old Oxford pupil of mine in 1815? and a man for whom I have a great regard, though I am afraid he thinks me a heretic, and though he has joined that party which, as a party, I think certainly to be a very bad one. But, if you ever see C——, I should be much obliged to you if you would give him my kind remembrances. It grieves me to be so parted as I am from so many men with whom I was once intimate. I feel and speak very strongly against their party, but I always consider the party as a mere abstraction of its peculiar character as a party, and as such I think it detestable; but take any

individual member of it, and his character is made up of many other elements than the mere peculiarities of his party. He may be kind-hearted, sensible on many subjects, sincere, and a good Christian, and therefore I may love and respect him, though his party as such,—that is, the peculiar views which constitute the bond of union amongst its members,—I think to be most utterly at variance with Christianity. But I dare say many people, hearing and reading my strong condemnations of Tories and Newmanites, think that I feel very bitterly against all who belong to those parties; whereas—unless they are merely Tories and Newmanites—I feel no dislike to them, and in many instances love and value them exceedingly. Hampden's business seemed to me different, as there was in that something more than theoretical opinions; there was downright evil acting, and the more I consider it, the more does my sense of its evil rise. Certainly my opinion of the principal actors in that affair has been altered by it towards them personally. I do not say that it should make me forget all their good qualities, but I consider it as a very serious blot in their moral character. . . . But I did not mean to fill my letter with this, only the thought of C—— made me remember how much I was alienated from many old friends, and then I wished to explain how I really did feel about them, for I believe that many people think me to be very hard and very bitter; thinking so, I hope and believe, unjustly.

167. *TO DR. GREENHILL. Rugby, September 18, 1837.

. . . I shall be anxious to hear what you think of Homœopathy, which my wife has tried twice with wonderful success, and I once with quite success enough to encourage me to try it again. Also I shall like to hear anything fresh about Animal Magnetism, which has always excited my curiosity. But more than all I would fain learn something of malaria, and about the causes of pestilential disease, particularly of Cholera. It is remarkable, that while all ordinary disease seems to yield more and more to our increased knowledge, pestilences seem still to be reserved by God for His own purposes, and to baffle as completely our knowledge of their causes, and our power to meet them, as in the earliest ages of the world. Indeed, the Cholera kills more quickly than any of the recorded plagues of antiquity; and yet a poison so malignant can be introduced into the air, and neither its causes nor its existence understood; we see only its effects. Influenza and Cholera, I observe, just attack the opposite parts of the system; the former fastening especially on the chest and sensorium, which are perfectly unaffected, I believe, in Cholera. As to connecting the causes of either with any of the obvious phenomena of weather or locality, it seems to me a pure folly to attempt it; as great as the folly of ascribing malaria to the miasmata of aquatic plants. I shall be very much interested in hearing your reports of the latest discoveries in these branches of science; Medicine, like Law, having always attracted me as much in its study as it has repelled me

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in practice; not that I feel alike towards the practice of both; on the contrary, I honour the one, as much as I abhor the other; the physician meddles with physical evil in order to relieve and abate it; the lawyer meddles with moral evil rather to aggravate it than to mend. . . . Yet the study of Law is, I think, glorious, transcending that of any earthly thing.

168. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ. Rugby, November 18, 1837.

I trust that I need not assure you that I feel as deeply interested as any man can do in the welfare of our University, and most deeply should I grieve if any act of mine were to impair it. But then I am interested in the University, so far as it may be a means towards effecting certain great ends; if it does not promote these, it is valueless; if it obstruct them, it is actually pernicious. So far I know we are agreed; but then to my mind the whole good that the University can do towards the cause of general education depends on its holding manifestly a Christian character; if it does not hold this, it seems to me to be at once so mischievous, from giving its sanction to a most mischievous principle, that its evil will far outweigh its good. Now the education system in Ireland, which has yet been violently condemned by many good men, is Christian, though it is not Protestant or Catholic; their Scripture lessons give it the Christian character clearly and decisively. Now are we really for the sake of a few Jews, who may like to have a Degree in Arts,—or for the sake of one or two Mahomedans, who may possibly have the same wish, or for the sake of English unbelievers, who dare not openly avow themselves,—are we to destroy our only chance of our being even either useful or respected as an Institution of national education? There is no difficulty with Dissenters of any denomination; what we have proposed has been so carefully considered, that it is impossible to pretend that it bears a sectarian character; it is objected to merely as being Christian, as excluding Jews, Turks, and misbelievers.

Now,—considering the small numbers of the two first of these divisions, and that the last have as yet no ostensible and recognised existence, and that our Charter declares in the very opening that the end of our institution is the promotion of *religion* and morality,—I hold myself abundantly justified in interpreting the subsequent expressions as relating only to all denominations of Her Majesty's Christian subjects, and in that sense I cordially accede to them. Beyond that I cannot go, as I have not the smallest doubt that it is better to go on with our present system, with all its narrowness and deficiencies, than to begin a pretended system of national education on any other than a Christian basis. As to myself, therefore, my course is perfectly clear. If our report be rejected on Wednesday,—I mean as to its Christian clauses,—I certainly will not allow my name to be affixed to it without them; nor can I assist any farther in preparing a scheme of Examination which I should regard as a mere evil. It would be the first time that education in England was avowedly unchristianised

for the sake of accommodating Jews or unbelievers; and as, on the one hand, I do not believe that these are so numerous as to be entitled to consideration even on points far less vital, so, if they were ever so numerous, it might be a very good reason why the national property should be given to their establishments and taken from ours, but nothing could ever justify a compromise between us and them in such a matter as education. . . .

I am quite sure that no earnest Christian would wish the Gospels and Acts, and the Scripture History, to be excluded, because they were in some instances understood differently. It was a sure mark of the false mother when she said, "Let the child be neither mine nor thine, but divide it;" the real mother valued the child very differently. I can see, therefore, in this question, no persons opposed to us whom I should wish to conciliate,—no benefits in the University, if it bears no marks of Christianity which I should think worth preserving. It will grieve me very much if we in the last result take a different view of this matter.

169. TO THE REV. TREVENEN PENROSE (his brother-in-law).

Rugby, November 20, 1837.

I have long since purposed to write to you, and at last I hope I shall be able to do it. I always read your additions to the Journal with great interest, and they never fail to awaken in me many thoughts of various kinds, but principally, I think, a strong sense of the blessing which seems to follow your father's house, and of the true peace, which, for seventeen years, I can testify, and I believe for many more, has continually abided with it. And this peace I am inclined to value above every other blessing in the world; for it is very far from the "Otium" of the Epicurean, and might indeed be enjoyed anywhere; but in your case outward circumstances seem happily to have combined with inward, and other people have rarely, I believe, so large a portion of the one or of the other. I am not disposed to quarrel with my own lot, nevertheless, it is not altogether peaceful, and this great concern oppresses me more as I grow older, and as I feel more deeply the evils I am powerless to quell. *You* see much hardness, perhaps, and much ignorance, but then you see also much softness, if nowhere else, yet amongst the sick; and you see much affection and self-denial amongst the poor, which are things to refresh the heart; but I have always to deal with health and youth, and lively spirits, which are rarely soft or self-denying. And where there is little intellectual power, as generally there *is* very little, it is very hard to find any points of sympathy. And the effect of this prevalent mediocrity of character is very grievous. Good does not grow, and the fallow ground lies ready for all evil.

170. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ. Rugby, November 28, 1837.

. . . The whole question turns upon this:—whether the country understood, and was meant to understand, that the University of

London was to be open to all Christians without distinction, or to all men without distinction. The question which had been discussed with regard to Oxford and Cambridge, was the admissibility of Dissenters; which in common speech does not mean, I think, Dissenters from Christianity; no one argued, so far as I know, for the admission of avowed unbelievers. I thought that the University of London was intended to solve this question, and I therefore readily joined it. I thought that whatever difficulties were supposed to exist with respect to the introduction of the Greek Testament, related to Dissenters only, and, as such, I respected them; and our plan, therefore, waiving the Epistles, requires only some one Gospel and the Acts; that is, any one who is afraid of the Gospel of St. John, may take up St. Luke, or St. Mark; and St. Luke and the Acts have been translated by the Irish Board of Education, and are used in the Irish schools with the full consent of Catholics and Protestants; nor do I imagine that any Protestant Dissenters could consistently object to either. I do not see the force of the argument about the College in Gower Street; because we admit their students to be examined for degrees, we do not sanction their system, any more than we sanction the very opposite system of King's College. Nor does it follow, so far as I see, that University College must have a Professor of Theology, because we expect its members to have a knowledge of the elements of Christianity. University College hopes—or has not yet ventured to say it does not hope—that its students are provided with this knowledge before they join it. But I should protest, in the strongest terms, against its being supposed that our University is to be merely an University College with a Charter: if so, undoubtedly I would not belong to it for an hour. You say that we are bringing in the Greek Testament by a side wind, in putting it in amongst the Classical writers: but, if by Classics we mean anything more than Greek and Latin Grammar, they are just the one part of our Examination which embraces points of general education: for instance, we have put in some recommendations about Modern History, which, if Classics be taken to the letter, are just as much of a departure from our province, as what we have done about the Greek Testament. On the whole, I am quite clear as to my original position, namely, that if you once get off from the purely natural ground of physical science, Philology, and pure Logic,—the moment, in short, on which you enter upon any moral subjects,—whether Moral Philosophy or History,—you must either be Christian or Antichristian, for you touch upon the ground of Christianity, and you must either take it as your standard of moral judgment,—or you must renounce it, and either follow another standard, or have no standard at all. In other words, again, the moment you touch on what alone is education,—the forming of the moral principles and habits of man,—neutrality is impossible; it would be very possible, if Christianity consisted really in a set of theoretical truths, as many seem to fancy; but it is not possible, inasmuch as it claims to be the paramount arbiter of all our moral judgments; and he who judges of good and evil, right and wrong, without reference to its authority,

virtually denies it. The Gower Street College I therefore hold to be Antichristian, inasmuch as it meddles with moral subjects,—having lectures in History,—and yet does not require its Professors to be Christians. And so long as the Scriptures were held to contain divine truth on physical science, it was then impossible to give even physical instruction neutrally;—you must either teach it, according to God's principles, (it being assumed that God's word had pronounced concerning it,) or in defiance of them. I hope we may meet on Saturday: I know that you are perfectly sincere, and that L—— is so; nevertheless, I am persuaded that your argument goes on an over-estimate of the theological and abstract character of Christianity, and an under-estimate of it as a moral law; else how can L—— talk of a clergyman being in a false position in belonging to the University, if he does not think that the position is equally false for every Christian: if it be false for me, it is false for you, except on the priestcraft notion, which is as unchristian, in my opinion, as the system in Gower Street. Indeed, the two help one another well.

171. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Rugby, December 6, 1837.

. . . I am afraid that I did no service to the Hertford Reformer; for what I sent them was, I knew, too general and discursive for a newspaper; but they would insert all my articles, and I felt that they would not thank me for any more such, and I thought that I could not manage to write what really would be to their purpose. You must not misunderstand me, as if I thought that my writings were too good for a newspaper; it is very much the contrary, for I think that a newspaper requires a more condensed and practical style than I am equal to,—such, perhaps, as only habit and mixing more in the actual shock of opinions can give a man. My writing partakes of the character of my way of life, which is very much retired from the highway of politics, and of all great discussions, though it is engaged enough with a busy little world of its own. . . .

I was much gratified in the summer by going over to France for about ten days, at the end of the holidays, with my wife and three eldest children. Seven years had elapsed since I had been in France last, so that many things had quite an appearance of novelty, and I fancied that I could trace the steady growth of everything from the continuance of peace, and the absence of most of those evils which in times past so interfered with national prosperity. We went to Rouen, Evreux, and Chartres, and then came back through Versailles and Paris. I admired Paris, as I always had done, and we had very fine weather; but I had no time to call on anybody, even if all the world had not been in the country. This little tour I owed to the election, which brought me up from Westmorland to Warwickshire to vote, and it was so near the end of the holidays, that it did not seem worth while to go back again. I watched the elections with great interest, but not with much surprise. In 1831, when I wrote for the Sheffield Courant, I shared the common opinion as to the danger which threat-

ened all our institutions from the force of an ultra-popular party. But the last six years have taught me,—what the Roman History ought indeed to have shown me before,—that when an aristocracy is not thoroughly corrupted, its strength is incalculable; and it acts through the relations of private life, which are permanent, whereas the political excitement, which opposes it, must always be short-lived. In fact, the great amount of liberty and good government enjoyed in England, is the security of the aristocracy: there are no such pressing and flagrant evils existing, as to force men's attention from their own domestic concerns, and make them cast off their natural ties of respect or of fear for their richer or nobler neighbours; and as for Ireland, the English care not for it one groat.

172. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, December 8, 1837.

I have asked Hull to send you the two first printed sheets of my History. You had promised to look at the manuscript, and, if you agree with me, you will find it pleasanter to read print than writing. Specially will you notice any expressions in the Legends which may seem to you to approach too near to the language of our translation of the Bible. I have tried to avoid this, but, in trying to write in an antiquated and simple language, that model with which we are most familiar will sometimes be followed too closely; and no one can deprecate more than I do anything like a trivial use of that language which should be confined to one subject only. I hope and believe that I have kept clear of this; still I would rather have your judgment on it; I think you will at the same time agree with me that the Legends ought to be told as Legends, and not in the style of real history. We had a four hours' debate at the University, and a division in our favour with a majority of one. But the adversary will oppose us still step by step; and they are going to ask the Attorney-General's opinion, whether we can examine in the Greek Testament without a breach of our charter!!! A strange Charter surely for the Defender of the Faith to grant, if it forbids the use of the Christian Scriptures.

173. †TO REV. T. J. ORMEROD. (After speaking of the affair of the Archbishop of Cologne.)

Fox How, December 18, 1837.

. . . Certainly there is no battle in which I so entirely sympathise as in this of the Christian Church, against the Priestcraft-Antichrist. And yet this is not quite true, for I sympathise as cordially in its battle against the other Antichrist; the Antichrist of Utilitarian unbelief, against which I am fighting at the London University. If —— persuades the Government to sanction his views, it will be a wrench to me to separate from the only party that hitherto I have been able to go along with; and to be obliged to turn an absolute political Ishmaelite, condemning all parties, knowing full well what to shun, but finding nothing to approve or sympathise with. But so I suppose

it ought to be with us, till Christ's kingdom come, and both the Antichrists be put down before Him.

174. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, December 20, 1837.

We have been here since Saturday afternoon, and I think it has rained almost ever since; at this moment Wansfell and Kirkstone and Fairfield are dimly looming through a medium which consists, I suppose, as much of water as of air; the Rotha is racing at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, and the meadows are becoming rather lake-like. Notwithstanding, I believe that every one of us, old and young, would rather be here than anywhere else in the world.

I thank you very heartily for your letter, and, in this precious leisure time of the holidays, I can answer it at once and without hurry. Your judgment as to the Legends, determines me at once to recast that whole first chapter. I wish, however, if it is not giving you too much trouble, that you would get the manuscript, and read also the chapter about the banishment of the Tarquins and the battle by the Lake Regillus. I think that you would not find it open to the same objections; at least Wordsworth read it through with a reference merely to the language, and he approved of it; and I think that it is easier and more natural than the first chapter. But I have not, and I trust I shall not, shrink from any labour of alteration, in order to make the work as complete as I can; it will, after all, fall infinitely short of that model which I fancy keenly, but vainly strive to carry into execution. With regard to the first chapter, you have convinced me that it is faulty, because it is not what I meant it to be. But as to the principle, I am still of opinion, that the Legends cannot be omitted without great injury, and that they must not be told in my natural style of narrative. The reason of this appears to me to be, the impossibility of any man's telling such stories in a civilised age in his own proper person, with that sincerity of belief, nay, even with that gravity which is requisite to give them their proper charm. If I thought that they contained really an historical skeleton, disguised under fabulous additions, it would of course be easy to give the historical outline as history in my own natural language, and to omit, or to notice with a grave remark as to their fabulousness, the peculiar marvels of the stories. This was done by Goldsmith, Rollin, &c. But I wish to give not the supposed facts of the stories, but the stories themselves in their oldest traceable form; I regard them as poetry, in which the form is quite as essential as the substance of the story. It is a similar question, and fraught with similar difficulties, to that which regards the translation of Homer and Herodotus. If I were to translate Herodotus, it were absurd to do it in my common English, because he and I do not belong to analogous periods of Greek and English literature; I should try to translate him in the style of the old translation of Comines rather than of Froissart; in the English of that period of our national cultivation which corresponds to the period of Greek cultivation at which he wrote. I might and prob-

ably should do this ill: still I should try to mend the execution without altering my plan; and so I should do with these Roman stories. For instance, the dramatic form appears to me quite essential; I mean the making the actors express their thoughts in the first person, instead of saying what they thought or felt as narrative. This, no doubt, is the style of the Bible: but it is not peculiar to it; you have it in Herodotus just the same, because it is characteristic of a particular state of cultivation, which all people pass through at a certain stage in their progress. If I could do it well, I would give all the Legends at once in verse, in the style and measure of Chapman's Homer; and that would be the best and liveliest way of giving them, and liable to no possible charge of parodying the Bible. The next best way is that which I have tried and failed in executing; but I will try again; and if it is not too much trouble, I will ask you to look at the new attempt. I feel sure, and I really have thought a great deal upon this point,—that to give the story of the white sow, of the wolf suckling the twins, of Romulus being carried up to heaven, &c., in my own language, would be either merely flat and absurd, or else would contain so palpable an irony as to destroy the whole effect which one would wish to create by telling the stories at all.

For the other and greater matter of the University, I think it is very probable that I shall have to leave it; but I cannot believe that it is otherwise than a solemn duty to stand by it as long as I can hope to turn it to good. Undoubtedly we must not do evil that good may come; but we may and must bear much that is painful, and associate with those whom we disapprove of, in order to do good. What is the evil of belonging to the University à priori? There is no *avowed* principle in its foundation which I think wrong; the comprehension of all *Christians*, you know, I think most right; if more be meant, I think it most wrong; but this is the very point which I am trying to bring to issue; and, though my fears of the issue outweigh my hopes, yet while there is any hope I ought not to give up the battle.

175. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Fox How, January 23, 1838.

I had intended to answer your kind letter of the 21st of November long before this time; I reserved it for the leisure of Fox How, and I have found, as is often the case, that the less I have to do, the less I do of anything. Now our holidays are fast wearing away, and in little more than a week we shall leave this most delightful home; a home indeed so peaceful and so delightful, that it would not be right to make it one's constant portion; but after the half-years at Rugby, which now begin to be quite as much as I can well bear, the rest seems to be allowed; and I drink it in with intense enjoyment, and I hope with something of the thankfulness which it claims. . . .

To London I must go, on account of our meeting of the London University on the 7th, when the question of Scriptural Examination

will be discussed. It was curious to me, knowing my character at Oxford, to hear myself charged, at our last meeting in December, with wishing to engross the University of London for the Established Church, as the other Universities were engrossed by it already. The opposition is very fierce. . . . I could not examine a Jew in a history of which he would not admit a single important fact, nor could I bear to abstain systematically from calling our Lord by any other name than Jesus, because I must not shock the Jew by implying that He was the Christ. . . . The prevailing evils in the University of Oxford are, to be sure, rather of a different character from those of the University of London. . . . But you have done much good with the statutes, and I delight to hear about the prospect of the six scholarships.

I have been engaged in tiresome disputes about my History with the booksellers, and they are only just settled. The first volume will now, I suppose, go to press speedily, and I have begun the second. It is delightful work, when I can get on with it without interruption, as is the case here. Besides this, I have done little except reading Newman's book about Romanism and Protestantism, and Bishop Sanderson's work on the Origin of Government, which Pusey refers to in the Preface to his Sermons. The latter work does not raise my opinion of its author; it contains divers startling assertions, admirably suited to the purposes of text quoters, which appear to advocate pure despotism; but then they are so qualified, that at last one finds nothing surprising in them, except the foolishness or the unfairness of putting them out at first in so paradoxical a form.* . . . I think, by what I hear, the cold in Oxford must have been more severe than with us. I have not seen our thermometer lower than 14, at which it stood at 9 a.m. last Saturday, in a northern aspect. But we have had no snow in the valleys till Sunday, and the water in the house has never frozen. . . . The hills have been very hard to walk on, all the streams being hard frozen, and the water which generally is steeping all the surface of the slopes being now sheets of ice. But the waterfalls and the snowy mountain summits, backed by the clear blue sky, have been most beautiful.

176. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN. (On the affair of the Archbishop of Cologne.)

Fox How, January 27, 1838.

. . . When I consider the question I am more and more at a loss to guess how it can be satisfactorily solved. How can truth and error be brought into harmony? This Marriage question is admirably fitted for showing the absurdity of the favourite distinction between spiritual things and secular. Every voluntary moral action is to a Christian both the one and the other. "Spiritual" and "ritual" differ utterly. Mere ritual observances may be separated from

* Of Mr. Newman's book he says, in another letter, "Parts of it I think very good,"—[the allusion here was especially to Lecture xii., Scripture the record of our Lord's teaching,]—"parts as bad as bad can be."

secular actions, but ritual observances are not a Christian's religion. A Christian's religion is co-extensive with his life, and how can he in the general tenor of his life obey two masters—the King and the Pope; how can he at once obey the rightful authorities of the Christian Church and the usurped authority of Priestcraft? I lament the very expressions in which the actual dispute is described. It is represented as a contest between the Church and the Government, or between the Church and the State; in which case I think that all Christians would be bound to obey the Church, and, if the State's commands are incompatible with such obedience, to submit to martyrdom. But in truth, *you* are the Church, and the Archbishop of Cologne represents the Church's worst enemy, the spirit of priesthood. It is Korah the Levite, falsely pretending to be a priest, and in that false pretension rebelling against Moses. But this mingled usurpation and rebellion, —this root of anarchy, fraud, and idolatry—is the very main principle of all popery, whether Romish or Oxonian, whether of the Archbishop of Cologne, or of Pusey and Newman. How either you or we can preserve the Church from it, I do not see; but from the bottom of my heart do I "wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," in this most holy cause.

Connected with this is Rothe's book, which I have read with great interest. His first position—that the State and not the Church, (in the common and corrupt sense of the term,) is the perfect form under which Christianity is to be developed,—entirely agrees with my notions. But his second position,—that the Church in the corrupt sense, that is, a priestly government, transmitted by a mystical succession from one priest to another, is of apostolical origin,—seems to me utterly groundless. It may be, that the Apostles, after the destruction of Jerusalem, if any of them survived it, made the government of the Church more monarchical, and less popular; and that they were very anxious to commit it to persons of their own choice, or chosen by those who had been so. But this does not touch the point. Different states of society require governments more or less despotic, and that the Church should be governed according to the principles of Christianity as set forth by the Apostles, is most certain. The mischief of the false Church notion consists in its substitution of the idea of priesthood for that of government, and as a consequence, deriving the notion of a mystical succession throughout all time, which does not and cannot preserve the spirit of the Apostles' principles, but paralyses the free action of the Church, and introducing a principle incompatible with all sound notions of law and government, at one time crushes the Church with its tyranny, and at another distracts it with its anarchy. I am convinced that the whole mischief of the great Antichristian apostacy has for its root the tenet of "a priestly government transmitted by a mystical succession from the Apostles."

177. * TO A. H. CLOUGH, ESQ. Fox How, January 29, 1838.

I hope to see you before another week is over ; still as in my short visits to Oxford I see everybody in some hurry, I wished to send these few lines by Hill to thank you for a very kind letter which I received from you in November, and which you might perhaps think I had altogether forgotten. I was very much obliged to you for it, and pray believe that, whenever you can write to me, your letters will give me the greatest interest and pleasure. I delight in your enjoyment of Oxford, and in what you say of the union amongst our Rugby men there. But I cannot think that you are yet thoroughly acquainted with the country about Oxford, as you prefer the Rugby fields to it. Not to mention Bagley Wood, do you know the little valleys that debouch on the Valley of the Thames behind the Hinkseys; do you know Horspath, nestling under Shotover; or Elsfield, on its green slope, or all the variety of Cumnor Hill; or the wider skirmishing ground by Beckley, Stanton St. John's, and Forest-hill, which we used to expatiate over on whole holidays?

As for the school, Tickell's success was most welcome and most beneficial; the railway and the multitude of coaches will I suppose bring with them their anxieties; but it is of no use to anticipate them beforehand. I trust with God's blessing we shall continue to go on doing some good, restraining some evil, but we shall ever do too little of the former, and leave too much of the latter in vigour, to allow of any feeling of self-satisfaction. But I have an unmixed pleasure in thinking of many of those who have been and who are still with us: and this pleasure more than makes up for many cares. I was very glad to have Burbidge here, and delighted to see how he enjoyed the country. You may be sure that we shall be very glad to have you and him in our neighbourhood in the summer, if his castle is ever built. I have been at work steadily, and have begun the second volume of my History: the first will I suppose now go to press without any farther delays. We are all well, and unite in kindest regards to you.

178. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART. Rugby, February 16, 1838.

You may perhaps have seen in the papers an account of our meeting at the London University; but at any rate I will keep my promise, and give you my own report of it. Every single member of the Senate except myself was convinced of the necessity, according to the Charter, of giving the Jews Degrees; all were therefore inclined to make an exemption in their favour as to the New Testament Examination, and thus to make that Examination not in all cases indispensable. Most were disposed to make it altogether voluntary, and that was the course which was at last adopted. The Examination is not to be now restricted to any one part of the New Testament, and it is to be followed by a certificate of a man's having simply passed it, and a class paper for those who are distinguished in it. I think that it will be passed so generally, as to mark very much those who do not

pass it; and in this way it will do good. It also saves the University from the reproach of neglecting Christianity altogether. But it does not maintain the principle which I wished; and as on the one hand I think it neither fair nor of any use to go on agitating the question with every one against me, so, on the other, I have no satisfaction in belonging to a body whose views are so different from mine; and I should leave them at once, were I not anxious to see something of the working of our Scriptural Examination, and, if possible, to try to settle it on a good footing. After we left you at Bowness, we had no farther adventures. When we came to Lyth, the snow was all gone, and between Lancaster and Preston the roads were quite dirty. We slept at Yarrow Bridge, embarked on the railway the next day at Warrington, and got safe home by about ten o'clock. Our visit to Oxford was very delightful; we saw great numbers of my old pupils, and met with a very kind reception from every one. Have you yet got Pusey's Sermon, or seen the review of it in the Edinburgh Review? That article was written, I am told, by Merivale, the Political Economy Professor; I have looked at it, and like its tone and ability, though I do not think that it takes the question on the highest ground. From Oxford we went to London, where my two days were passed, one at the University, and the other at Mr. Phillips's room, where I sat for my portrait. Then we went down to Laleham, from whence I paid a visit to Eton, a place which has always a peculiar interest for me. And now we are as regularly settled at our work as if we had never stirred from Rugby, and looking forward to the speedy opening of the Railway to Birmingham, to effect which, we have six hundred men working night and day, as hard as the frost will let them. I rejoice in the prospect of a peaceful settlement of the affair of the Caroline; it is not easy to make out the facts exactly, nor, if I knew the truth, am I quite sure as to the law. But one is glad to find the American Government disposed to act justly and in a friendly spirit; and the Buffalo and the Canada Orangemen will not, if this be the case, be able to involve the two countries in war. Alas, for all our evergreens, if these biting east winds last much longer. Poor Murphy's reputation must be pretty well at an end now.

179. TO THE BISHOP OF NORWICH. Rugby, February 17, 1838.

The result of the meeting of the London University, on the 7th, has placed me personally in a situation of great embarrassment; and I venture to apply to you, to learn whether you, on your own part, also feel the same difficulty. On the one hand, the Senate were unanimous in their opinion, that the admission of unbelievers of all sorts to Degrees in Arts could not be resisted under the terms of the Charter, that I should not think it becoming to agitate the question again. And I think that the voluntary examination which we have gained is really a great point, and I am strongly tempted to assist, so far as I can, towards carrying it into effect. But, on the other hand, the University has solemnly avowed a principle to which I am totally opposed,

—namely, that Education need not be connected with Christianity; and I do not see how I can join in conferring a degree on those who, in my judgment, cannot be entitled to it; or in pronouncing that to be a complete education, which I believe to be no more so than a man without his soul or spirit is a complete man. Besides, my continuing to belong to the University, may be ascribed to an unwillingness to offend the Government from interested motives; all compliances with the powers that be being apt to be ascribed to unworthy considerations. Yet, again, *you* will believe me, though Newman probably would not, when I say, that I feel exceedingly unwilling to retire on such grounds as mine, while three Bishops of our Church do not feel it inconsistent with their duty to remain in the University: it seems very like presumption on my part, and a coming forward without authority, when those, who have authority, judge that there is no occasion for any protest. My defence must be, that the principle to which I so object, and which appears to me to be involved by a continuance in the University, may not appear to others to be at stake on the present occasion: that I am not professing, therefore, or pretending to be more zealous for Christianity than other members of the Senate, but that what appears to me to be dangerous appears to them to be perfectly innocent; and that they naturally, therefore, think most of the good which the University will do, while I fear that all that good will be purchased by a greater evil, and cannot, therefore, take any part in the good, as I should wish to do, because, to my apprehension, it will be bought too dearly. On the whole, my leaning is towards resigning; and then I think that I ought to do it speedily, as my own act, and not one into which I may seem to have been shamed by the remonstrances or example of others—of King's College, for instance; if, as seems possible, they may renounce all connexion with us after our late decision.

180. TO REV. J. E. TYLER. February 17, 1838.

You will feel, I think, the exceedingly difficult situation in which I am placed. I am personally very anxious to resign; but the engine is so powerful, that I hardly dare to abandon all share in the guidance of it, while there is any chance of turning it to good. I feel also, that the decision of King's College would greatly assist in determining me how to act. If they break off all connexion with us, and thus leave us wholly in the condition of an University for men of one party only, I should be in haste to be gone: but if they stay on, and are willing to avail themselves of our religious Examination, I should like to stay on too, to make that Examination as good as I could. If you know what Hugh Rose's sentiments are on this point, will you have the goodness to write me a few lines about it? Your Consecration Sermon for the Bishop of Salisbury never reached me, or otherwise I hope that I should have had the grace to thank you for it long ere now. I used to think that we agreed well, but I heard that you had been shocked by my Church Reform Pamphlet; and many men with whom I once agreed have been scared in these later days, and have, as I think,

allowed their fears to drive them to the wrong quarter for relief. I could tell you readily enough with what parties I disagreed—namely, with all. My own τελειότατον τέλος I shall never see fulfilled, and what is the least bad, δευτέρος πλοῦς, I hardly know. . . . I heard of your bad illness, and was glad to find that you were recovered again. I, too, have felt lately that I am not so young as when we skirmished in the common room at Oriel, or speared on Shotover; but God gives me still so much health and strength, that I have no excuse for not serving Him more actively.

181. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (D.) Rugby, February 28, 1838.

. . . Some passages of your letter have, I confess, alarmed me, as seeming to show that you do not enough allow for the effect of the local influences around you; that questions assume an unreal importance in your eyes, because of their accidental magnitude within the immediate range of your own view; that you are disposed to dispute great truths, because in the society into which you happen to be thrown, it has become the fashion to assail them. Now, I remember that in Henry Martyn's Journal, written when he was in Persia, there is a passage to this effect: "I reviewed the evidence in proof of the falsehood of Mahomedanism, and found it clear and convincing." It was natural that to him, living in Persia, Mahomedanism should have acquired an importance of which we in Europe can form no idea; it was natural that he should endeavour to satisfy himself of the falsehood of that which we in England may dismiss from our minds with little hesitation. But I think it would have startled us, had we found him attaching so much weight to the goodness and the ability of the Persian Imaums around him, as to conceive it possible that they might be right, and that he might find himself obliged to abandon his faith in Christ, and adopt Islam. Now, you will forgive me for saying that a passage in your letter did startle me nearly as much, when—impressed as it seems by the local and present authority of Newmanism—you imagined the possibility that you might be forced to look elsewhere than in the New Testament for the full picture of Christianity; that you might, on the supposed result of reading through certain books, written in the second and third centuries, be inclined to adopt the views of St. Paul's Judaizing opponents, and reject his own. I think that you state the question fairly—that it does in fact involve a choice between the Gospel of Christ, as declared by Himself and by His Apostles, and that deadly apostacy which St. Paul in his lifetime saw threatening,—nay, the effects of which, during his captivity, had well-nigh supplanted his own Gospel in the Asiatic Churches, and which, he declares, would come speedily with a fearful power of lying wonders. The Newmanites would not, I think, yet dare to admit that their religion was different from that of the New Testament; but I am perfectly satisfied that it is so, and that what they call Ecclesiastical Tradition, contains things wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of our Lord, of St. Paul, of St. Peter, and of St. John. And it

DR. ARNOLD.

From the Bust by Boehm, in New Big School, Rugby.

is because I see these on the one side, and on the other not the writings merely of fallible men, but of men who, even in human matters, are most unfit to be an authority, from their being merely the echo of the opinions of their time, instead of soaring far above them into the regions of eternal truth; (the unvarying mark of all those great men who are and have been—not infallible indeed—but truly *an authority*, claiming à priori our deference, and making it incumbent on us to examine well before we pronounce in the peculiar line of their own greatness against them)—because the question is truly between Paul and Cyprian; and because all that is in any way good in Cyprian, which is much, is that which he gained from Paul and from Christianity,—that I should not feel myself called upon, except from local or temporary circumstances, to enter into the inquiry. And, if I did enter into it, I should do it in Martyn's spirit, to satisfy myself, by a renewed inquiry, that I had unshaken grounds for rejecting the apostacy, and for cleaving to Christ and to His Apostles; not as if by possibility I could change my Master, and having known Christ and the perfections of His Gospel, could ever, whilst life and reason remained, go from Him, to bow down before an unsightly idol.

And what is there à priori to tempt me to think that this idol should be a god? This, merely,—that in a time of much excitement, when popular opinions in their most vulgar form were very noisy, and seemed to some very alarming, there should have arisen a strong reaction, in which the common elements of Toryism and High Church feeling, at all times rife in Oxford, should have been moulded into a novel form by the peculiar spirit of the place,—that sort of religious aristocratical chivalry so catching to young men, to students and to members of the aristocracy,—and still more, by the revival of the spirit of the Nonjurors in two or three zealous and able men, who have given a systematic character to the whole. The very same causes produced the same result after the Reformation, in the growth and spread of Jesuitism. No man can doubt the piety of Loyola and many of his followers; yet, what Christian, in England at least, can doubt that, as Jesuitism, it was not of God; that it was grounded on falsehood, and strove to propagate falsehood? So, again, the Puritans led to the Nonjurors; zealous, many of them, and pious, but narrow minded in the last degree, fierce and slanderous; and, even when they were opposing that which was very wrong, meeting it with something as wrong or worse. Kenn, and Hickes, and Dodwell, and Leslie, are now historical characters; we can see their party in its beginning, middle, and end, and it bears on it all the marks of an heresy and of a faction, whose success would have obstructed good, and preserved or restored evil. Whenever you see the present party acting as a party, they are just like the Nonjurors,—busy, turbulent, and narrow-minded; with no great or good objects, but something that is at best fantastic, and generally mischievous. That many of these men, as of the Nonjurors and of the Jesuits, are far better than their cause and principles I readily allow; but their cause is ever one and the same—a violent striving for forms and positive institutions, which, ever since

Christ's Gospel has been preached, has been always wrong,—wrong, as the predominant mark of a party; because there has always been a greater good which needed to be upheld, and a greater evil which needed to be combated, even when what they upheld was good, and what they combated was bad. And if this same spirit infected the early Church also, as from the circumstances of the times and the position of the Church it was exceedingly likely to do,—if it infected all the eminent ecclesiastical leaders, whose power and influence it was so eminently fitted to promote,—if they by their credit, (in many respects most deserved,) persuaded the Church to adopt it,—shall we dignify their error by the specious name of the "Consent of Antiquity," and call it an "Apostolical Tradition," and think that it should guide us in the interpretation of Scripture; when we see distinctly in the Scripture itself that this very same spirit was uniformly opposed to our Lord and His Apostles, and when it is one of the commonest sophisms which History exposes, that the principle of error which a great truth had dislodged, should disguise itself in the outward form, and borrow the nomenclature of the system which had defeated it; and then assert that its nature is changed, and that the truth no longer condemns it, but approves it? "If we had lived in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers in the blood of the Prophets." "Paul rightly condemned trusting to circumcision, but baptism is quite another thing." Whereas all the Newmanite language about baptism might be, and probably was, used by the Jews and Judaisers about circumcision; the error in both is the same; *i.e.* the teaching that an outward bodily act can have a tendency to remove moral evil; or rather, the teaching that God is pleased to act upon the spirit through the body, in a way agreeable to none of the known laws of our constitution; a doctrine which our Lord's language about meats not defiling a man, "because they do not go into the heart, but into the belly," puts down in every possible form under which it may attempt to veil itself.

182. *TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ. Rugby, March 4, 1838.

You have my most hearty congratulations on your success in the Examination, which I believe few will more rejoice at than I do. I cannot regret your being bracketed with another man; for, judging by my own feelings about you, his friends would have been much grieved if he had been below you; and when two men do so well, there ought, according to my notions, to be neither a better nor a worse of them. Thank you much for your kindness in sending the Class paper, and for your Declamation, which I like very much. How glad shall I be to see you when your Medal Examination is over, and when, the preparation for life being ended, you will begin to think of life, its actual self. May it be to us both, my dear Vaughan, that true life which begins and has no end in God. My wife and the children fully share in our joy on your account, and join in kindest remembrances.

183. TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON, (Chancellor of the University of London.)

Rugby, March 17, 1838.

I fear that I may be too late in offering the following suggestions, but I had not observed the progress of the Committees, till I found by the reports, which I received this morning, that a resolution had been passed, but not yet, I believe, confirmed, to adopt the recommendation of the Vice-Chancellor, that the examinations should be conducted entirely through the medium of printed papers. I think that is a point on which the experience of Oxford, entirely confirmed in my judgment by my own experience here, is well deserving of consideration,—because we habitually use and know the value of printed papers, and we know also the advantages to be derived from a vivâ voce examination, of which Cambridge has made no trial. I think that these advantages are much too great to be relinquished by us altogether.

1st. The exercise of extempore translation is the only thing in our system of education, which enables a young man to express himself fluently and in good language without premeditation. Wherever it is attended to, it is an exercise of exceeding value; it is, in fact, one of the best possible modes of instruction in English composition, because the constant comparison with the different idioms of the languages, from which you are translating, shows you in the most lively manner the peculiar excellences and defects of our own; and if men are tried by written papers only, one great and most valuable talent, that of readiness, and the very useful habit of retaining presence of mind, so as to be able to avail oneself without nervousness of all one's knowledge, and to express it at once by word of mouth, are never tried at all.

2nd. Nothing can equal a vivâ voce examination for trying a candidate's knowledge in the contents of a long history or of a philosophical treatise. I have known men examined for two hours together vivâ voce in Aristotle, and they have been thus tried more completely than could be done by printed papers; for a man's answers suggest continually further questions; you can at once probe his weak points; and, where you find him strong, you can give him an opportunity of doing himself justice, by bringing him out especially on those very points.

3rd. Time is saved, and thereby weariness and exhaustion of mind to both parties. A man can speak faster than he can write, and he is relieved by the variety of the exercise.

4th. The éclat of a vivâ voce examination is not to be despised. When a clever man goes into the schools at Oxford, the room is filled with hearers of all ranks in the University. His powers are not merely taken on trust from the report of the examiners; they are witnessed by the University at large, and their peculiar character is seen and appreciated also. I have known the eloquence of a man's translations from the poets and orators and historians, and the clear-

ness and neatness of his answers in his philosophical examination, long and generally remembered, with a distinctness of impression very different from that produced by the mere knowledge that he is in the first class. And in London, the advantages of such a public vivâ voce examination would be greater of course than anywhere else, because the audience might be larger and more mixed.

5th. Presence of mind is a quality which deserves to be encouraged —nervousness is a defect which men feel painfully in many instances through life. Education should surely attach some reward to a valuable quality which may be acquired in great measure by early practice, and should impose some penalty or some loss on the want of it. Now, if you have printed papers, you effectually save a man from suffering too much from his nervousness; but if you have printed papers *only*, you do not, I think, encourage as you should do the excellence of presence of mind, and the power of making our knowledge available on the instant.

6th. It is an error to suppose that no exact judgment of a man can be formed from a vivâ voce examination. Like all other things, such an examination requires some attention and some practice on the part of those who conduct it; but all who have had much experience in it are well aware that, combined with an examination on paper, it is entirely satisfactory. In fact, either system, of papers or of vivâ voce examination, if practised exclusively, does but half try the men. Each calls forth faculties which the other does not reach equally.

As it is not in my power to be present at the next meetings of the University, I have ventured to say thus much by letter. I trust that I shall not be thought presumptuous in having done so.

184. *TO DR. GREENHILL. Rugby, May 15, 1838.

I have been lately writing and preaching two sermons on the subject of prophecy, embodying some views which you may perhaps have heard from me six years since, for they have been long in my mind, although I never put them out fully in writing. I have some thoughts of publishing them now, in Oxford, with something of a Preface, developing the notions more fully. But, ere I do this, as I have never found anything satisfactory on the subject, I wish to learn from one who admires and knows pretty thoroughly, the writings both of the early Christian writers and of those of the Church of England, what he would recommend, as containing a good view of the nature and interpretation of prophecy. This I know you can learn from Pusey, and I should be much obliged to you to ask him; nor should I object to your saying that you are asking for me; only you need not say anything of my intended publication, which indeed is a very hypothetical intention after all. I wish sincerely to read what Pusey, and those who think with him, consider as good on any subject; on this particular one, I do not know that their views would differ from mine. My small respect for those writers whom Pusey admires has been purely the result of experience: whenever I have read them, I have

found them wanting. I should be very honestly glad to find some one amongst them who would give me the knowledge which I want.

We are all tolerably well, but the weather is almost painful to me; —it seems to inflict such suffering on all nature.

185. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, May 18, 1838.

The first volume of Rome will be out on Wednesday, and you will receive your copy, I hope, immediately. I ask for your congratulations on the termination of this part of my labours, whatever may be the merits or success of the book. One object of publishing it in separate volumes, is, that the sensible criticisms on the first may be of use to its successors. I hope that I shall have some such, and I shall receive them very thankfully. I want hints as to points which require examination, for I may pass over things through pure ignorance, because I may know nothing about them; but as to the great point,—the richness and power of the narrative,—to that no criticism can help me; my own standard, I believe, is as high as any man's can be, and my inability to come up to it or near it in my execution constantly annoys me. Yet I hope and think that you will on the whole like the book; you will not sympathise with all the sentiments about Aristocracy, but I think, if you ever see the subsequent volumes, you will find that I have not spared the faults of Democracy. Still I confess that Aristocracy as a predominant element in a government, whether it be aristocracy of skin, of race, of wealth, of nobility, or of priesthood, has been to my mind the greatest source of evil throughout the world, because it has been the most universal and the most enduring. Democracy and tyranny, if in themselves worse, have been, and I think ever will be, less prevalent, at least in Europe; they may be the Cholera, but aristocracy is Consumption; and you know that in our climate Consumption is a far worse scourge in the long run than Cholera. The great defect of the volume will be the want of individual characters, which was unavoidable, but yet must lower the interest and the value of the history. The generalities on which I have been obliged to dwell, from the total want of materials for painting portraits, are a sad contrast to those inimitable living pictures with which Carlyle's History of the French Revolution abounds.

[After speaking of the London University.] What the end will be I can scarcely tell, but I have no pleasure in remaining in the University, and yet I do not like to leave it till the very last moment. It makes me feel very lovingly to Rugby, where I seem to have, in principle at least, what I most like,—that is, a place neither like the University of London, nor yet like Oxford, . . . where we are not ashamed of Christianity or of the Church of England, while we have no sympathy with those opinions and feelings which possess the majority of the clergy, from Archbishop Howley downwards.

186. TO THE BISHOP OF NORWICH. Rugby, June 7, 1838.

I am much obliged to you for the information contained in your letter. I have always objected to the Rule which you have marked A; whereas I agree with Rule B, if by "peculiarity of doctrinal views" be meant the peculiar opinions of any denomination of Christians. But Rule A seems to me to be needlessly offensive. As the theological examination is not necessary to the Degree, no one surely but Christians would wish to pass it; and why should we say that we do not intend to imply any man's belief in Christianity? I, for one, could never examine any man in the New Testament, if I thought that he did not believe it, or was not in a state of mind in which he was honestly and respectfully acquiring a knowledge of it with a view to his religious belief. I have always thought that to examine in it merely as a matter of curious information was a very great profaneness.

Again, have you thought anything more of what Archbishop Whately suggested to Dr. Jerrard, through Dr. Dickenson, that the certificate of a man's Degree should notice his having passed the theological Examination. Now I see that the theological Examination is to follow the Degree, so that this cannot be done; and the Degree is to all intents and purposes complete before the theological Examination even comes into question. And, when I find from Hugh Rose's letter to Hare, in answer to some inquiries of mine, that he will care little whether the students of King's College pass our Examination in theology or no, I am greatly afraid that our Examination will fail practically, as well as in principle, to make a marked distinction between the Christian and unchristian students of our University:—the one great point which Warburton dreads, and I deem essential.

I cannot disguise from myself that the University of London, in its public capacity, cannot be considered as a Christian institution, although it may happen that all its branches individually may be Christians; and therefore I must withdraw from it. Living at such a distance as I do, I can be of no practical use; and, if I could, I feel that the practical good to the extent which alone would be possible, would be dearly bought by my acquiescence in a principle which I so strongly disapprove.

To see my hopes for this new University thus frustrated, is one of the greatest disappointments I have ever met with. But I cannot be reconciled to such a total absence of all confession of the Lord Jesus, and such a total neglect of the command to do all things in His name, as seems to me to be hopelessly involved in the constitution of our University.

As to the manner of my resignation, I would fain do it in the quietest manner possible, consistent with the simple declaration of the reasons which led me to it. I suppose that the proper way would be to write a short letter to the Chancellor.

187. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (D.)—ON DIFFICULTIES IN SUBSCRIPTION.

Fox How, June 22, 1838.

. . . My own answer must be clear to you from my own practice. I do not believe the damnatory clauses in Athanasian Creed, under any qualification given of them, except such as substitute for them propositions of a wholly different character. Those clauses proceed on a false notion, which I have* elsewhere noticed, that the importance of all opinions touching God's nature is to be measured by His greatness; and that therefore erroneous notions about the Trinity are worse than erroneous notions about Church government, or pious frauds, or any other disputed point on which there is a right and a wrong, a true and a false, and on which the wrong and the false *may* indeed be highly sinful; but it does not follow that they *must* be; and their sinfulness does not depend upon their wrongness and falsehood, but on other circumstances in the particular mind of the person holding them. But I read the Athanasian Creed, and have and would again subscribe the Article about it, because I do not conceive the clauses in question to be essential parts of it, or that they were retained deliberately by our Reformers after the propriety of retaining or expunging them had been distinctly submitted to their minds. They retained the Creed, I doubt not, deliberately; to show that they wished to keep the faith of the general Church in matters relating to the Arian, Macedonian, Nestorian, Eutychian, and Socinian controversies; and as they did not scruple to burn Arians, so neither would they be likely to be shocked by the damnatory clauses against them; but I do not imagine that the Article about the Creed was intended in the least to refer to the clauses, as if they supposed that a man might embrace the rest of the Creed, and yet reject them. Nor do I think that the Reformers, or the best and wisest men of the Church since, would have objected to any man's subscription, if they had conceived such a case; but would have said, "What we mean you to embrace is the belief of the general Church, as expressed in the Three Creeds, with regard to the points,—many of them having been much disputed,—on which those Creeds pronounce;—the degree of blamableness in those who do not embrace this belief is another matter, on which we do not intend to speak particularly in this Article." I do not think that there is anything evasive or unfair in this. I do not think that it even requires in its defence,—what is yet most true,—that Church subscriptions *must* be taken in their widest rather than in their strictest sense, except on points where they were especially intended to be stringent, and to express the opposite of some suspected opinion. Yet, when you speak of others throwing your subscription in your teeth, you may surely say that it does indeed require the utmost laxity of interpretation to reconcile Newmanism with a subscription to our Articles, because there, on points especially disputed, such as the

* Postscript to "Principles of Church Reform," p. 9. For the limitation to this statement, see, amongst other passages, Sermons, vol. iii. p. 140.

Authority of Tradition, and the King's Supremacy, the Church of England and the Newmanites are directly at variance. As far as Keble or Newman are concerned, the most decided Socinian might subscribe the Articles as consistently as they do; but this of course is not the point, and my opinion as to the damnatory clauses, as it is much older than the rise of Newmanism, so it stands on grounds far different from a mere argumentum ad hominem, and is, I think, perfectly right, considered simply on the merits of the case.

. . . When the faults of the London University revive all my tenderness for Oxford, then the faults of Oxford repel me again, and make it impossible to sympathise with a spirit so uncongenial. Wherefore I wish the wish of Achilles, when he looked out upon the battle of the ships, and desired that the Greeks and Trojans might destroy one another, and leave the field open for better men.

We had a very prosperous journey, and arrived here yesterday evening about nine o'clock. The place is most beautiful; but the rain is falling thick.

188. TO T. F. ELLIS, ESQ. Rugby, August 29, 1838.

Independently of the real pleasure, which it would give me to be of any service to a friend of yours, I have that admiration of Mr. Macaulay's writings, and have derived so much pleasure from them, that it would be but a matter of simple gratitude to do anything in my power towards facilitating his observations during his stay at Rome. I was there myself so very short a time, that I was able only to look at the mere outline of things; and it was my object to go to as many of the higher points as I could, in and about Rome, that by getting the landscape from a number of different points I might better understand the bearings of its several parts towards one another. For instance, I went to the top of the dôme of St. Peter's; to that of the tower of the Capitol; to the Monte Mario; the terrace of the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio, (on the old Janiculum,) that of the Convent of S. Gregorio, I think it is, on the Cœlian, (from which you look upon the reverse of the Esquiline, just at the place where the street of the Carinæ ran along,) to the old mound of Ser. Tullius; to the summits of the Aventine and Palatine, &c.; by which I always fancy that I have retained a more distinct and also a more lively and picturesque image of Rome than I could otherwise have gained within the same space of time; and if I were to go again, I think I should do the same thing. Out of Rome I should recommend, as near objects, Tivoli, of course, and the Alban hills, and especially Palestrina (Præneste). If I could get there again, I should wish especially to take the upper road from Rome to Naples, by Palestrina, Anagni, Frosinone, and the valley of the Garigliano. This is every way a most interesting line, and it might easily include Arpino. I am not sure where you would best come out upon the plain of Naples. I should try to get by S. Germano and Monte Cassino, into the great road from Naples, across to the

Adriatic; and so to descend by the Valley of the Voltorno, either upon Capua, or straight by Carazzo and Caserta.

Much must depend on the state of the banditti, which is always known on the spot. If they are well put down, as I believe they are, the upland valleys in the central Apennines are most attractive. I had a plan once of turning off from the great road at Terni, then ascending the valley of the Velino to Rieti, and making my way through what they call the Cicolano,—the country of the Aborigines of Cato,—down upon Alba and the Lake Fucinus; from thence you can go either to Rome or Naples, as you like. The neighbourhood of Alba is doubly interesting, as it is close by the field of Scurzola, the scene of Conradin's defeat by Charles of Anjou. In Etruria I would make any efforts to get to Voltera, which is accessible enough, either from Leghorn or from Sienna. If Mr. Macaulay is going into the kingdom of Naples, he will find Keppel Craven's recent book, "Travels in the Abruzzi," &c., exceedingly useful,—as a regular guide, I have not met with a better book. Does he know Westphal's book on the Campagna? lengthy, but full of details, which are carefully done.

189. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. (Two letters, as being closely connected with each other, are here joined.)

(A.) Fox How, August 5, 1838.

. . . Just before the holidays, I had a letter from Cardwell, in which he mentioned that there was some scheme for enlarging the sphere of the Degree Examination. I should rejoice at this, but I more desire your old plan of an Examination at entrance, which would be so great a benefit at once to you and to us. With regard to the Examinations, I hear a general complaint of the variableness of the standard; that new Examiners lay the main stress on the most different things; with some Scholarship is everything, with others History, with others the Aristotle, &c. Now it is a very good thing that all these should have their turn, and should all be insisted upon; but I think that some notice should be given beforehand, and that a new Examiner should state, like the Prætors at Rome, what points he intended particularly to require: for at present, the men say that they are often led to attend to one thing, from the experience of the last Examination, and then a new Examiner attaches the greatest importance to something else.

(B.)

. . . I hear that you are thinking of extending the range of your Examinations at Oxford, at which I wish you all manner of success. I do not think that you need in the least to raise the standard of your classes, but a pass little go, or even great go, is surely a ridiculous thing, as all that the University expects of a man after some twelve or fourteen years of schooling and lecturing. I think, too, that physical science can nowhere be so well studied as at Oxford, because the whole spirit of the place is against its undue ascendancy; for instance.

Anatomy, which in London is dangerously, as I think, made one of the qualifications for a degree, might be, I imagine, profitably required at Oxford, where you need not dread the low morals and manners of so many of the common medical students. . . .

I have read Froude's volume,* and I think that its predominant character is extraordinary impudence. I never saw a more remarkable instance of that quality than the way in which he, a young man, and a clergyman of the Church of England, reviles all those persons whom the accordant voice of that Church, without distinction of party, has agreed to honour, even perhaps with an excess of admiration.

190. † TO THE REV. W. K. HAMILTON. Rugby, October 5, 1838.

Will you thank Wordsworth for his specimen of his Grammar when you write to him? I am glad that he writes it in Latin, being fully convinced that an English Grammar will never be remembered with equal tenacity.

You are indeed too much of a stranger to us, and it would delight us to see you here again, or still more to see you in Westmorland. But I know the claims of your parish upon your time; as well as those of your relations. Only, whenever you can come to us, let me beg that you will not let slip the opportunity. . . .

. . . There seems to me to be a sort of atmosphere of unrest and paradox hanging around many of our ablest young men of the present day, which makes me very uneasy. I do not speak of religious doubts, but rather of questions as to great points in moral and intellectual matters; where things which have been settled for centuries seem to be again brought into discussion. This restless love of paradox, is, I believe, one of the main causes of the growth of Newmanism; first, directly, as it leads men to dispute and oppose all the points which have been agreed upon in their own country for the last two hundred years; and to pick holes in existing reputations; and then, when a man gets startled at the excess of his scepticism, and finds that he is cutting away all the ground under his feet, he takes a desperate leap into a blind fanaticism. I cannot find what I most crave to see, and what still seems to me no impossible dream, inquiry and belief going together, and the adherence to truth growing with increased affection, as follies are more and more cast away.

But I have seen lately such a specimen of this and of all other things, that are good and wise and holy, as I suppose can scarcely be matched again in the world. Bunsen has been with us for six days with his wife and Henry. It was delightful to find that my impression of his extraordinary excellence had not deceived me; that the reality even surpassed my recollection of what he was eleven years ago.

* *i.e.* the first volume of the first part of Froude's Remains. The other three volumes he had not read.

191. TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON (Chancellor of the University of London).

Rugby, November 7, 1838.

It is with the greatest regret that, after the fullest and fairest deliberation which I have been able to give to the subject, I feel myself obliged to resign my Fellowship in the University of London.

The Constitution of the University seems now to be fixed, and it has either begun to work, or will soon do so. After the full discussion given to the question, on which I had the misfortune to differ from the majority of the Senate, I felt that it would be unbecoming to agitate the matter again, and it only remained for me to consider whether the institution of a voluntary Examination in Theology would satisfy, either practically or in theory, those principles which appeared to me to be indispensable.

I did not wish to decide this point hastily, but after the fullest consideration and inquiry, I am led to the conclusion that the voluntary Examination will not be satisfactory. Practically I fear it will not, because the members of King's College will not be encouraged by their own authorities, so far as I can learn, to subject themselves to it; and the members of University College may be supposed, according to the principles of their own society, to be averse to it altogether. But, even if it were to answer practically better than I fear it will do, still it does not satisfy the great principle that Christianity should be the base of all public education in this country. Whereas with us it would be no essential part of one system, but merely a branch of knowledge which any man might pursue if he liked, but which he might also, if he liked, wholly neglect, without forfeiting his claim, according to our estimate, to the title of a completely educated man.

And further, as it appeared, I think, to the majority of the Senate, that the terms of our Charter positively forbade that which in my judgment is indispensable; and as there is a painfulness in even appearing to dispute the very law under which our University exists; there seems to me an additional reason why, disapproving as I do very strongly of that which is held to be the main principle of our Charter, I should withdraw myself from the University altogether.

I trust I need not assure your Lordship or the Senate, that I am resigning my Fellowship from no factious or disappointed feeling, or from any personal motives whatever. Most sincerely shall I rejoice if the University does in practice promote the great interests, to which the principle appears to me to be injurious. Most glad shall I be if those whose affection to those interests is, I well know, quite as sincere and lively as mine, shall be found to have judged of their danger more truly as well as more favourably.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, NOVEMBER, 1838, TO SEPTEMBER, 1841.

IT is impossible to mistake the change which once more passed over his state of mind during these last years of his life—the return, though in a more chastened form, of the youthful energy and serenity of the earlier part of his career at Rugby—the Martinmas summer succeeding to the dreary storms with which he had been so long encompassed; and recalling the more genial season, which had preceded them, yet mellowed and refined by the experience of the intervening period.

His whole constitution seemed to have received a new spring; "The interest of life," to use his own description of middle age,* "which had begun to fade for himself, revived with vigour in behalf of his children." The education of his own sons in the school—his firmer hold of the reins of government—his greater familiarity with the whole machinery of the place,—the increasing circle of pupils at the Universities, who looked upon him as their second father;—even the additional bodily health which he gained by resuming in 1838 his summer tours on the continent,—removed that sense of weariness by which he had been at times oppressed amidst his heavy occupations, and bound him to his work at Rugby with a closer tie than ever.

But it was not only in his ordinary work that a new influence seemed to act upon him in the determination which he formed to dwell on those positive truths on which he agreed with others, rather than to be always acting on the defensive or offensive.

To this various causes had contributed,—the weariness of the contest of the last four years,—the isolation in which he found himself placed after his failure in the London University,—the personal intercourse, now, after an interval of eleven years, renewed with his friend the Chevalier Bunsen,—the recoil, which he felt from the sceptical tone of mind which struck him as being at once the cause and effect of the new school of Oxford Theology. It was in this spirit that he struck out all the political allusions of his notes on Thucydides, which were now passing through a second edition, "not," he said, "as abhorring the evils against which they were directed, less now than I did formerly, but because we have been all of us taught by the lessons of the last nine years, that, in political matters more especially, moderation and comprehensiveness of views are the greatest wisdom."† So, again, in the hope of giving a safer and more sober direction to the excitement then prevailing in the country on the subject of National

* Sermons, vol. iv. p. 115.

† The whole passage in which this occurs (noticing a severe attack upon him, introduced into an article in the Quarterly Review by "a writer for whom he entertained a very sincere respect") well illustrates his feelings at this time. (Note on Thucyd. ii. 40, 2nd ed.)

Education, he published a Lecture delivered in 1838 before the Mechanics' Institute at Rugby, on the Divisions of Knowledge; "feeling that while it was desirable on the one hand to encourage Mechanics' Institutes on account of the good which they can do, it was no less important to call attention to their necessary imperfections, and to notice that great good which they cannot do." His "Two Sermons on Prophecy, with Notes," which were published in the same year, and which form the most complete and systematic of any of his fragments on Exegetical Theology, he regarded as a kind of peace-offering, "in which it was his earnest desire to avoid as much as possible all such questions as might engender strife,—that is to say, such as are connected with the peculiar opinions of any of the various parties existing within the Church." And it must have been a pleasure to him to witness the gradual softening of public feeling towards himself, not the least perhaps in that peaceful visit of one day to Oxford, to see his friends the Chevalier Bunsen and the aged Poet Wordsworth receive their degrees at the Commemoration of 1839, when he also had the opportunity of renewing friendly connections, which the late unhappy divisions had interrupted.

His wish for a closer sympathy and union of efforts amongst all good men was further increased, when, in 1839-40, his attention was again called to the social evils of the country, as betraying themselves in the disturbances of Chartism, and the alarm which had possessed him in 1831-32 returned, though in a more chastened form, never to leave him. "It haunts me," he said, "I may almost say night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see antislavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and of heathenism are existing amongst ourselves. But no man seems so gifted, or to speak more properly, so endowed by God, with the spirit of wisdom, as to read this fearful riddle truly; which most Sphinx-like, if not read truly, will most surely be the destruction of us all." To awaken the higher orders to the full extent of the evil, was accordingly his chief practical aim, whether in the Letters which he addressed to the "Hertford Reformer," or in his attempts to organise a Society for that purpose, as described in the ensuing correspondence. "My fear with regard to every remedy that involves any sacrifices to the upper classes, is, that the public mind is not enough aware of the magnitude of the evil to submit to them. 'Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?' was the question put to Pharaoh by his counsellors; for unless he did know it, they were aware that he would not let Israel go from serving him."

Most of all were these feelings exemplified in his desire, now more strong than ever, for the revival of what he believed to be the true idea of the Church. "I am continually vexed," he writes in 1840, "at being supposed to be a maintainer of negatives—an enemy to other systems or theories, with no positive end of my own. I have told you how it wearies me to be merely opposing Newmanism, or this thing or that thing: we want an actual truth, and an actual good. I wish to deliver myself, if I can, of my positive notions,—to state that

for which I long so eagerly; that glorious Church which Antichrists of all sorts hate and are destroying. If any one would join me in this, I should rejoice; many more, I feel sure, would agree with me, if they saw that the truth was not destructive nor negative, but most constructive, most positive." His desire for removing any particular grievances in the ecclesiastical system was proportionably diminished. The evil to be abated, the good to be accomplished, appeared to him beyond the reach of any single measure; and though in 1840 he signed a Petition for alteration in the subscription to the Liturgy and Articles, yet it had so little bearing on his general views as not to be worth mention here, except for the purpose of explaining any misapprehension of his doing so. It was planned and drawn up entirely without his participation, and was only brought to his notice by the accident of two of the principal movers being personal friends of his own. Whatever scruples * he had once had on the subject, had been

* "This seems the fittest place for noticing a previous passage in his life, connected with the subject of subscription. The graver difficulties, which Mr. Justice Coleridge has noticed as attending his first Ordination, never returned after the year 1820, when he seems to have arrived at a complete conviction both of his conscience and understanding, that there was no real ground for entertaining them. The morbid state of mind into which he was thrown, from various causes, at his entrance on life, makes it difficult to ascertain the exact nature of these doubts, or the exact view which he took of them himself: but the recollection of those friends who best remember him at the time just specified, warrants the conclusion that, whatever they were, he was ultimately freed from them by the joint effect of a healthier frame of mind, when he had entered on practical life, and of the conviction that the view which he eventually adopted was less encumbered with difficulties than any other. It was on wholly distinct grounds that, during the inquiries which he prosecuted at Laleham, there arose in his mind scruples on one or two minor questions, which appeared to him for a long time to present insuperable obstacles to his taking any office which should involve a second subscription to the Articles. "I attach," he said, "no importance to my own difference, except that, however trifling to the point, and however gladly I would waive it altogether, still, when I am required to acquiesce in what I think a wrong opinion upon it, I must decline compliance." On these grounds he long hesitated to take Priest's Orders, at least unless he had the opportunity of explaining his objections to the Bishop who ordained him: and it was in fact on this condition that, after his appointment to Rugby, while still in Deacon's orders, he consented to be ordained by the Bishop of his diocese, at that time Dr. Howley; as appears from the following extracts from letters, of which the first states his intention with regard to another situation in 1826, which he fulfilled in 1828, in the interval between his election at Rugby, and his entrance upon his office. 1. "As my objections turn on points which all, I believe, would consider immaterial in themselves, I would consent to be ordained, if any Bishop would ordain me on an explicit statement of my disagreement on those points. If he would not, then my course would be plain; and there would be an end of all thought of it at once." 2. "I shall, I believe, be ordained Priest on Trinity Sunday, being ordained by the Bishop of London. I wished to do this, because I wished to administer the Sacrament in the chapel at Rugby, and because, as I shall have in a manner the oversight of the chaplain, I thought it would be scarce seemly for me as a Deacon, to interfere with a Priest; and after a long conversation with the Bishop of London, I do not object to be ordained."

This was the last time that he was troubled with any similar perplexities; and in later years, as appears from more than one letter of this period, he thought that he had, in his earlier life, overrated the difficulties of subscription. The particular subject of his scruples arose from his doubt, founded chiefly on internal evidence,

long since set at rest; and it was merely from his unwillingness to let others bear alone what he conceived to be an unjust odium, that he joined in a measure, from which he would at this period have been naturally repelled, both by his desire to allay those suspicions against him which he was now so anxious to remove, and by his conviction that the objects which he most wished to attain lay entirely in another direction.

But in proportion to the strength of his belief that these objects, whether social or religious, lay beyond the reach of any single measure, or of any individual efforts, was the deep melancholy which possessed him, when he felt the manifold obstacles to their accomplishment. His favourite expression ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα πὲρ μηδένος κρατέειν, —"the bitterest of all griefs, to see clearly and yet to be able to do nothing,"—might stand as the motto of his whole mind, as often before in his life, so most emphatically now. The Sermon on "Christ's Three Comings," in the fifth volume, preached in 1839, truly expresses his sense of the state of public affairs;—and in looking at the general aspect of the religious world, "When I think of the Church," he wrote in 1839, "I could sit down and pine and die." And it is remarkable to observe the contrast between the joyous tone of his sermons on Easter Day, as the birthday of Christ's Religion, and the tone of subdued and earnest regret which marks those on Whit Sunday, as the birthday of the Christian Church:—"Easter Day we keep as the birthday of a living friend; Whit Sunday we keep as the birthday of a dead friend."

Of these general views, the fourth volume of Sermons, entitled "Christian Life, its Course, its Helps, and its Hindrances," published in May, 1841, is the most complete expression. It is true, indeed, that in parts of it the calmer tone of the last few years is disturbed by a revival of the more polemical spirit, which, in the close of 1840, and the beginning of 1841, was again roused against the Oxford school of Theology. That school had in the interval made a rapid progress, and in some important points totally changed its original aspect: many of those who had at first welcomed it with joy, were now receding from it in dismay; many of those who had at first looked upon it with contempt and repugnance, were now become its most active adherents. But he was not a man whose first impressions were easily worn off: and his feelings against it, though expressed in a somewhat different form, were not materially altered; he found new grounds of offence

whether the Epistle to the Hebrews did not belong to a period subsequent to the Apostolical age. It may be worth while to mention, that this doubt was eventually removed by an increased study of the Scriptures, and of the early Christian writers. In the ten last years of his life he never hesitated to use and apply it as one of the most valuable parts of the New Testament: and his latest opinion was inclining to the belief that it might have been written, not merely under the guidance of St. Paul, but by the Apostle himself. The only other difficulty, at this time, to which, however, he attached less importance, and which did not practically affect him in his situation as Head-master, was the indiscriminate use of the Baptismal and Burial Services. On this point, also, his later opinion is expressed in Serm. IV. 391.

in the place of old ones that were passing away; and the Introduction to this volume,—written at a time when his indignation had been recently roused by what appeared to him the sophistry of the celebrated Tract 90, and when the public excitement on this question had reached its highest pitch,—contains his final and deliberate protest against what he regarded as the fundamental errors of the system.

Yet, even in this, he brought out more strongly than ever the positive grounds on which he felt himself called upon to oppose it. "It is because my whole mind and soul repose with intense satisfaction on the truths taught by St. John and St. Paul, that I abhor the Judaism of the Newmanites,—it is because I so earnestly desire the revival of the Church that I abhor the doctrine of the priesthood." And this volume, as a whole, when taken with the one which has been already noticed as preceding it a few years before, may be said to give his full view of Christianity in its action,—not on individuals, as in the first volume, or on schools as in the second,—but on the world at large. But whereas the Sermons selected from the ordinary course of his preaching, in the third volume, speak rather of the Christian Revelation in itself,—of its truths, its evidences, and its ultimate objects,—so the fourth, as its title expresses, was intended to convey the feeling so strongly impressed on his mind during this last period, that these objects would be best attained by a full development of the Church or Christian society, whether in schools, in parishes, or in States.

192. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. Rugby, November 23, 1838.

It would be a great shame if I were to put off writing to you till the holidays, and especially after the long and kind letter which I have received from you. I was purposing to write long ago, and to return both to you and Mrs. Hearn my wife's and my own sincere thanks for your kind hospitality to us at Hatford, and to assure you that we both enjoyed our visit exceedingly, and have often since recalled it to our memories; sometimes, I fear, with almost a disposition to envy you the peacefulness and the comfort of your very delightful Parsonage; the image of which, as I knew it would, has haunted me at times almost painfully, like the phantoms of green fields which visit the sailor when he is attacked with sickness far out at sea. When one is well, there is a kindling pleasure in being borne rapidly over the great sea, and living in all the stir of the great highway of nations. But when health fails, then what before was pleasantly exciting becomes harassing; and one indulges in a fond craving for rest. Here, thank God, I have not suffered from failing health, but I have been much annoyed with the moral evils which have come under my notice; and then a great school is very trying. It never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts

and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure also to be enough of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age are mighty tamers and chastisers. But, with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful, than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain or infirmity or privation; but springing up as by God's immediate planting, in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world as well as for Heaven. All this has very much driven the Newmanites out of my head; and indeed, while I am here, I see and hear very little of them, but I quite think they are a great evil, and I fear a growing one; though on this point I find that opinions differ.

. . . I could not express my sense of what Bunsen is without seeming to be exaggerating; but I think if you could hear and see him, even for one half-hour, you would understand my feeling towards him. He is a man in whom God's graces and gifts are more united than in any other person whom I ever saw. I have seen men as holy, as amiable, as able: but I never knew one who was all three in so extraordinary a degree, and combined with a knowledge of things new and old, sacred and profane, so rich, so accurate, so profound, that I never knew it equalled or approached by any man.

November 28th.—This letter has waited for five days, and I must now manage to finish it. I have been much distressed, also, by the accounts of the alarming agitation which is going on in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire; an agitation not political merely, but social, complaining of the unequal reward of labour, and inveighing against capital and capitalists in no gentle terms. Believing this to be peculiarly our sore spot, any irritation in it always disturbs me; and I have been tempted to write again on the subject, as I did in 1831 in the Sheffield Letters. One man's writing can do but little, I know; but there is the wish, "liberare animam meam," and the hope that all temperate and earnest writing on such a subject must do good as far as it is read,—must lead men to think and feel quietly, if it be but for a moment. My history gets on but slowly, but still it does make some progress, as much as I can expect here. I am trying to learn a little Hebrew, but I do not know whether I shall be able to make much of it; it is so difficult to find time to learn, and so irksome to remember, the minute rules about the alteration of the vowels. But I should like, on many accounts, to make some progress in it. Is it not marvellous that they can now read the old Egyptian readily, and understand its grammar? It combines, as I hear, some of the characteristic peculiarities of the Semitic languages with others belonging to the Indo-Germanic family, as if it belonged to a period previous to the branching off of these two great families from their common stock. But these Egyptian discoveries are likely to be one

of the greatest wonders of our age. What think you of actual papyrus MSS as old as the reign of Psammetichus? and these, too, in great numbers, and quite legible.

193. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, November 9, 1838.

. . . I thank you very much for your valuable notes on my MS. about the Church. I am sure you will believe me when I say that on such a matter especially, "pæne religio mihi est aliter ac tu sentire." And in one main point you agree with the Archbishop of Dublin, who is a man so unlike you, and yet so able, that your agreement on any point is of very great weight. You interpret, I think, as he does, our Lord's words, "that his kingdom was not of this world," and you hold that the Church may not wield the temporal sword. This is undoubtedly the turning-point of the whole question; and if you are right in these positions, it follows undoubtedly that the Church never can be a sovereign society, and therefore can never be identical with a Christian State.

Now I want to know what principles and objects a Christian State can have, if it be really Christian, more or less than those of the Church. In whatever degree it differs from the Church, it becomes, I think, in that exact proportion unchristian. In short, it seems to me that the State must be "the world," if it be not "the Church;" but for a society of Christians to be "the world" seems monstrous. Nor can I understand, if this be so, how any Christian can take a part, otherwise than as passively obeying, in the concerns of Government. If ἡ πολιτεία ἡμῶν ἐν οὐρανῷ, then we are in the world as ξένοι or μέτοικοι, and should not be "curiosi in alienâ republica." I think, then, that St. Paul's command to the Christians of Corinth would apply to us, and that we ought never to carry a cause into any other than ecclesiastical courts; for, if the civil courts are not really Church courts, they are not the courts of the ἅγιοι, but of the world; and the world cannot and ought not to judge between Christian and Christian.

When Christ said that His kingdom was not of this world, and forbade James and John to call down fire from heaven, &c., His meaning seems to me to have been this, that moral and religious superiority, *i.e.* the being Christians, did not confer any title to physical and external dominion.* The saints, as such, are not to claim to exercise power; and this, I think, is the bar to religious persecution, because it is not the possession of religious superiority that warrants us in exercising physical power over other men. This bars the fanatical doctrine, that the earth belongs to God's saints: it bars also, as I think, all minor phases of the same doctrine; and especially, I think, it condemns the maintaining by force a Protestant Establishment in a Roman Catholic country, as we do in Ireland.

* "Was Theodosius right or wrong in changing the temples into churches? Wrong, if he did it because in his belief Christianity was the only true faith,—right, if he did it because the Roman world was become Christian, and chose to have its public worship Christian also."—MS. Comments on Archbishop Whately's Kingdom of Christ.

But,—government being in itself good, and declared to be God's instrument for the punishment of evil and the advancement of good,—what possible objection can there be to its being exercised by Christians, when they become possessed of it according to the ordinary laws of human society? And if Christians exercise it they must do it either on the principles of the world, or of the Church; but it can be only on the latter, for otherwise they would be false Christians.

Again, the ἔργον of a Christian State and Church is absolutely one and the same; nor can a difference be made out which shall not impair the Christian character of one or both; as, *e.g.* if the ἔργον of the State be made to be merely physical or economical good, or that of the Church be made to be the performing of a ritual service.

It is said that the State can never be kept sufficiently pure to be worthy of being considered as the Church; but this to me is a confusion. Purity and extent, whether as Church or State, are to a certain degree incompatible. A large Church relaxes discipline, and, for this very reason, F—— will not belong to the Church of England. On the other hand, States can and have enforced the greatest strictness of life, as at Sparta; and the law can always insist upon anything which is called for by public opinion. To make public opinion really Christian is difficult; but it is a difficulty which exists as much in a Church as in a Christian state; those who are nominal Christians in one relation will be so in the other. I could add much more on this point; but this will be enough to show you that I do not differ from you without consideration. But, as the book is in no danger of being published yet, there will be ample time to go over the question again fully, and also to add those explanations which the naked statements in the MS. seem to require.

Another point, on which I do not seem as yet fully to enter into your views, relates to what you say of the Sacraments. I do not quite understand the way in which you seem to connect the virtue of external ordinances with the fact of the Incarnation. My own objection to laying a stress on the material elements,—as distinct from the moral effect of the Communion, or of the becoming introduced into the Christian Society,—is very strong, because I think that such a notion is at variance with the essential character of Christianity. I am sure that in this we agree; but yet I think that we should express ourselves differently about the Sacraments, and here I believe that you have got hold of a truth which is as yet to me dark; just as I cannot understand music, yet nothing doubt that it is my fault, and not that of music.

194. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Fox How, January 12, 1839.

. . . When I found how entirely I agreed with your Sermon on Private Judgment, it struck me that I had taken rather too indifferently the sort of vague odium which has been attached to my opinions, or supposed opinions, for the last ten years in Oxford; that I had forfeited a means of influence which I might have had, and

which would have been a valuable addition to what I have enjoyed among my own pupils at Rugby. I do not mean anything political, nor indeed as to the right or the wrong of my opinions on any matter, because I have held them decidedly and expressed them openly, and people who differ from me will of course think me wrong. But I think I have endured too quietly a suspicion affecting me more directly professionally; a suspicion of heterodoxy such as was raised against Hampden, and which would exclude me from preaching before the University; an office to which otherwise I think I should have a fair claim, from my standing, and from my continued connexion with the University through the successive generations of my pupils. Now this suspicion is, I contend, perfectly unfounded in itself, and at the present moment it is ridiculous; because the Newmanites are far more at variance with the Articles, Liturgy, and Constitution of the Church of England than any clergymen have been within my memory; and yet even those who most differ from them do not endeavour, so far as I know, to hinder them from preaching in Oxford. I am perfectly aware that my opinion about the pretended Apostolical succession is different from that of most individual clergymen, but I defy any man to show that it is different from the opinion of the Church of England; and, if not, it is fairly an open question on which any man may express his own opinion peaceably; and he is the schismatic who would insist upon determining in his own way what the Church has not determined. But in what is commonly called *doctrine*, as distinct from discipline, I do not think that anything can be found in any of my sermons, published or not published, which is more at variance with the doctrines of the Church than what is to be found in the sermons of any other man who has written as many; and not only so, but I think there is no *negative* difference; that is, I think there would be found no omission of any points which the Reformers would have thought essential, bating some particular questions which were important then, and are now gone by. I am perfectly willing to bear my portion of odium for all that I really have written, and the Newmanites may fairly speak against my opinions as I do against theirs. But a vague charge of holding, not *wrong*, but technically *unorthodox* opinions, affects a man's professional usefulness in a way that in any other profession would be thought intolerable; and, in fact, in other professions men would be ashamed or afraid to breathe it. I have gone on with it quietly for a long time, partly because no charge has ever been brought against me which I could answer, and partly because, whilst I was so fully engaged at Rugby, I was not practically reminded of it. But as I grow older, and the time is approaching more and more when I must, in the natural course of things, be thinking of leaving Rugby, and when I see a state of things in Oxford which greatly needs the help of every man interested about the University,—when I see that you are doing a great deal of good, and without any question of your orthodoxy, so far as I know, and yet know that in my constant preaching there is as little that anybody could call heterodox as in yours,—it makes me feel that I ought not

silently to bear a sort of bad name, which to man or dog is little better than hanging; and that it would be desirable, if there really is a similar feeling against me to that which exists against Hampden, to get it if possible into some tangible shape. I wish you would think of this matter a little, and give me your judgment. We are all well and enjoying this rest, which enables me to work and to gain refreshment at the same time.

195. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Fox How, January 20, 1839.

. . . I have often thought of you and the Courant during this new excitement of the operative population. Most gladly would I join in any feasible attempt to check this terrible evil, which men seem to regard as so hopeless that they would rather turn their eyes away from it, and not look at it till they must. But that "*must*" will come, I fear, but too soon; simply because they will not look at it now. . . . I am inclined to think, that the Poor Law, though I quite believe it to be in itself just in its principle, has yet done more moral harm, by exasperating the minds of the poor, than it can possibly have done good. I am very far, however, from wishing to return to the old system; but I think that the Poor Law should be accompanied by an organised system of Church charity, and also by some acts designed in title, as well as in substance, for the relief of the poor, and that by other means than driving them into economy by terror. Economy itself is a virtue which appears to me to imply an existing previous competence; it can surely have no place in the most extreme poverty; and for those who have a competence to require it of those who have not, seems to me to be something very like mockery. . . . I shall be in London, I hope, on the 6th, and shall be staying at No. 1, Tavistock Square. If I can see you either there, or by calling on you in Ludgate Street, it will give me much pleasure.

196. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, February 25, 1839.

. . . I read and have got Gladstone's book, and quite agree with you in my admiration of its spirit throughout; I also like the substance of about half of it; the rest of course appears to be erroneous. But it must be good to have a public man writing on such a subject, and it delights me to have a good protest against that wretched doctrine of Warburton's that the State has only to look after body and goods. "Too late," however, are the words which I should be inclined to affix to every plan for reforming society in England; we are engulfed, I believe, inevitably, and must go down the cataract; although ourselves, *i.e.* you and I, may be in Hezekiah's case, and not live to see the catastrophe.

I thank you very much for your truly kind offer of assistance about the Roman History. If any man were reading Augustine or any other writer for his own purposes, and took notes of such points as you mention, there is no doubt that his notes would be very useful to me;

but there is this objection against asking anybody to read for my purposes, that the labour saved to me might not be in proportion to that which I was imposing on him. Such notes as you suggest would be like an exceedingly good index; but they must rather guide my own researches than supersede them; for it is, I think, absolutely necessary to look through for oneself all the most important works which relate to one's period of history. I shall save myself many or most of the Byzantine writers by stopping at any rate in the eighth century, and confining myself chiefly to the Latin Empire.

. . . I think that, hard as the Agrarian questions are, they connect themselves with one almost harder, namely, "How can slavery be really dispensed with?" It is, of course, perfectly easy to say that we will have no slaves, but it is not quite so easy to make all the human inhabitants of a country what free citizens ought to be; and the state of our railway navigators and cotton operatives is scarcely better for themselves than that of slaves, either physically or morally, and is far more perilous to society. It is when I see all these evils, which I believe the Church was meant to remove, that I groan over that fatal system which has so utterly destroyed it; that system of substituting unrealities for realities, which Newman and his party are striving to confirm and to propagate. But I feel, also, that even a sham is better to most minds than nothing at all; and that Newmanism ought not to be met with negatives, by trying to prove it to be false, but by something positive, such as the real living Church would be. And how is the Church to be revived? So Newmanism, I suppose, will grow and grow, till it provokes a reaction of infidelity, and then infidelity will grow and grow, till up starts Newmanism again in such form as it may wear in the twentieth or twenty-first century.

197. TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ. Rugby, February 27, 1839.

. . . The stir about Church matters, of which Gladstone's book is a symptom, interests me, of course, and on the whole delights me. Anything on such a point is, I believe, better than the mere ignorance of indifference. But I am more and more anxious to organise, I do not say a party, for I dislike all parties; but a system of action for those who earnestly look to the Church as the appointed and only possible means of all earthly improvement for society, whether in its larger divisions or in its smaller. Nothing can or ought to be done by merely maintaining negatives; I will neither write nor talk if I can help it *against Newmanism*, but *for* that true Church and Christianity, which all kinds of evil, each in its appointed time, have combined to corrupt and destroy. It seems to me, that a great point might be gained by urging the restoration of the Order of Deacons, which has been long, quoad the reality, dead. In large towns many worthy men might be found able and willing to undertake the office out of pure love, if it were understood to be not necessarily a step to the Presbyterial order, nor at all incompatible with lay callings. You would get an immense gain by a great extension of the Church,—

by a softening down that pestilent distinction between clergy and laity, which is so closely linked with the priestcraft system,—and by the actual benefits, temporal and spiritual, which such an additional number of ministers would ensure to the whole Christian congregation. And I believe that the proposal involves in it nothing which ought to shock even a Newmanite. The Canon Law, I think, makes a very wide distinction between the Deacon and the Presbyter; the Deacon according to it, is half a Layman; and could return at any time to a lay condition altogether; and I suppose no one is so mad as to maintain that a minister abstaining from all secular callings is a matter of necessity, seeing that St. Paul carried on his trade of tentmaker even when he was an Apostle. Of course the Ordination Service might remain just as it is; for in fact no alteration in the law is needed;—it is only an alteration in certain customs which have long prevailed, but which have really no authority. It would be worth while, I think, to consult the Canon Law and our own Ecclesiastical Law, so far as we have any, with regard to the Order of Deacons. I have long thought that some plan of this sort might be the small end of the wedge, by which Antichrist might hereafter be burst asunder like the Dragon of Bel's temple.

198. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ. Rugby, March 15, 1839.

I have just received a letter from Sir John Franklin, who, as you know, is Governor of Van Diemen's Land, accompanied by one from the Colonial Office, asking me to recommend some man as Head Master of a great school in Van Diemen's Land, which it is wished to establish on the very highest scale, in the hope that it may hereafter become a College or University for that part of the world. [After stating the nature of the situation.] He enters at length and with all his heart into the plan; and from what he tells me of the capabilities and the wants of the situation, I know of no man whom I could so much wish to see intrusted with it as yourself, if you should feel disposed to let me name you to Lord Normanby. It is a most noble field, and in Franklin himself you will have a fellow-labourer, and a Governor with and under whom it would do one's heart good to work. He wants a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar,—a member of one of our Universities,—a man of ability and of vigour of character,—to become the father of the education of a whole quarter of the globe; and to assist, under God's blessing, and with the grace of Christ's Spirit, in laying the foundations of all good and noble principles, not only in individual children, but in an infant nation, which must hereafter influence the world largely for good or for evil. And I think that, if you could feel disposed to undertake this great missionary labour, you would work at it in the spirit of Christ's servant, and would become the instrument of blessings, not to be numbered, to thousands, and would for yourself obtain a *κάρπον ἔργου*, such as can rarely be the fortune of the most ambitious. Let me know your mind as soon as you can decide on a matter which you, I am sure, will not

treat lightly. Give my kindest regards to your father, towards whom I feel more guilty than towards any one else; for I am afraid that he and your mother will not thank me for making such a proposal. But I believe you to be so eminently the man for such an undertaking, that I could not acquit myself of my commission to the Government without naming it to you. Your brother is very well, and writing Greek verse close by my side, seeing that it is Fourth Lesson. I hope that you can give me good accounts of your brother Charles.

199. TO THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE. (Relating to the College in Van Diemen's Land.)

Rugby, March 19, 1839.

. . . Some expressions in your letter lead me to ask whether, if the person appointed to the School were not in orders, there would be an objection on the part of the Government to his entering into them before he left England? Because, I think that many persons best fitted to carry on the work of education, would be actually unwilling to engage in it, unless they were allowed to unite the clerical character with that of the teacher. This feeling is, I confess, entirely my own. Even in a far lower point of view, as to what regards the position of a schoolmaster in society, you are well aware that it has not yet obtained that respect in England, as to be able to stand by itself in public opinion as a liberal profession; it owes the rank which it holds to its connexion with the profession of clergyman, for that is acknowledged universally in England to be the profession of a gentleman. Mere teaching, like mere literature, places a man, I think, in rather an equivocal position; he holds no undoubted station in society by these alone; for neither education nor literature have ever enjoyed that consideration and general respect in England, which they enjoy in France and in Germany. But a far higher consideration is this, that he who is to educate boys, if he is fully sensible of the importance of his business, must be unwilling to lose such great opportunities as the clerical character gives him, by enabling him to address them continually from the pulpit, and to administer the Communion to them as they become old enough to receive it. And in a remote colony it would be even more desirable than in England, that the head of a great institution for education should be able to stand in this relation to his pupils; and I am quite sure that the spirit of proselytism, which some persons appear so greatly to dread, would no more exist in a good and sensible clergyman, than in a good and sensible layman. Your master must be a member of some Church or other, if he is not a minister of it; if he is a sincere member of it, and fitted to give religious instruction at all, he must be anxious to inculcate its tenets; but, if he be a man of judgment and honesty, and of a truly Catholic spirit, he will find it a still more sacred duty not to abuse the confidence of those parents of different persuasions who may have intrusted their children to his care, and he will think besides

that the true spirit of a Christian teacher is not exactly the spirit of proselytism. I must beg to apologise for having trespassed on your time thus long.

200. * TO E. WISE, ESQ. Rugby, March 20, 1839.

Your letter gave me very great pleasure, and I was really obliged to you for writing at such length, and giving me a full account of all the circumstances of your present situation. Everything in a position like yours depends on the disposition and character of the family; and where these are good and kind, the life of a tutor may be as pleasant, I think, as it is useful and respectable. . . .

I trust that your health is completely restored, and that you will be able to read gently, without feeling it a matter of necessity; a sensation which I suppose must aggravate the pressure greatly when a man is reading, and feels himself not strong. But, on the other hand, you need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge, tells immediately upon them; and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond, instead of from a spring. And whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter.

201. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ. (On the death of his brother, Charles Gell.) Rugby, April 5, 1839.

Your letter ought not to grieve me, but it was a shock for which I was not prepared, as I had not dreamed that your brother's departure was so near. The thoughts of him will be amongst the most delightful of all my thoughts of Rugby pupils; so amiable and so promising here, and so early called to his rest and glory. I do feel more and more for my pupils, and for my children also, that I can readily and thankfully see them called away, when they are to all human appearance assuredly called home. This is a lesson which advancing years impress very strongly. We can then better tell how little are those earthly things of which early death deprives us, and how fearful is the risk of this world's struggle. May God bless us through His Son, and make us to come at last, be it sooner or later, out of this struggle conquerors.

202. TO THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE. July 1, 1839.

. . . Nothing can be more proper than that the Head Master or Principal of the proposed School should be subject to the control of the Governor, or of the Bishop, should there be one in the colony. I am only anxious to understand clearly whether he is to be in any

degree under the control of any local Board, whether lay or clerical; because, if he were, I could not conscientiously recommend him to undertake an office which I am sure he would shortly find himself obliged to abandon. Uniform experience shows, I think, so clearly the mischief of subjecting schools to the ignorance and party feelings of persons wholly unacquainted with the theory and practice of education, that I feel it absolutely necessary to understand fully the intentions of the Government on this question.

203. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, May 8, 1839.

[After speaking of a decision respecting the Foundationers in Rugby School.] The world will not know that it makes no earthly difference to me in a pecuniary point of view, whether a boy is in the lower school or the upper; and that if I had discouraged the lower school, and especially the Foundationers, who do not interfere with the number of boarders, I should have been quarrelling with my own bread and butter. Lord Langdale did not understand the difference which I had always made between Non-foundationers and Foundationers, as I have indeed always advised people not to send their sons as boarders under twelve, but have never applied the same advice to Foundationers living under their parents' roof. But it is so old a charge against masters of Foundation Schools, that they discourage the Foundationers, in order to have boarders who pay them better, that I dare say Lord Langdale and half the world will believe that I have been acting on this principle; and my old friends of the Tory newspapers are quite likely to gibe at me as liking a little jobbery in my own particular case, as well as other pretended Reformers. Even you, perhaps, do not know that I receive precisely as much money for every Foundationer, if he be only a little boy in the first form, as I do for any Non-foundationer at the head of the school; so that I have a direct interest—since all men are supposed to act from interest—in increasing the number of Foundationers, and no earthly interest or object in diminishing them. I think you will not wonder at my being a little sensitive on the present occasion, for a judge's decision is a very different thing from an article in a common newspaper; and, as I believe that nothing of the latter sort has ever disturbed my equanimity, so I should not wish to regard the former lightly So I should very much like to hear from you what you think is to be done,—if anything. After all, I could laugh heartily at the notion of my being suspected of a little snug corruption, after having preached Reform all my life.

204. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART. Rugby, May 10, 1839.

. . . Your absence will be a sad blank in our Westmorland visits, if we are still allowed to continue them. But seven years is a long term for human life, and so long have we been permitted to go down summer and winter, and return with all our family entire and in good

health; so that I cannot but fancy that something or other may happen to break this happy uniformity of our lives.

. . . The state of public affairs is not inviting, and I rejoice that we take in no daily paper. It is more painful than enough to read of evils which one can neither cure nor palliate. The real evil which lies at the bottom of the Chartist agitation, is, I believe, too deep for any human remedy, unless the nation were possessed with a spirit of wisdom and of goodness, such as I fear will never be granted to us after we have for so many centuries neglected the means which we have had. So far from finding it hard to believe that repentance can be ever too late, my only wonder is that it should ever be otherwise than too late, so instantaneous and so lasting are the consequences of any evil once committed. I find it very hard to hinder my sense of this from quite oppressing me and making me forget the many blessings of my own domestic condition. But perhaps it comes from my fondness for History, that political things have as great a reality to my mind, as things of private life, and the life of a nation becomes distinct as that of an individual. We are going to have a confirmation here, by the Bishop of Worcester, next month in the chapel, as I wished to have one every two years at least, for otherwise many of the boys go abroad and are never confirmed at all. And I think that we shall have a third painted window up in the chapel, before the holidays. . . .

205. TO ARCHDEACON HARE. Fox How, June 21, 1839.

. . . I am sure that you will have sympathised with me in the delight which I have felt in reading Niebuhr's Letters; that letter in particular to a Young Student in Philology, appears to me invaluable. I think that you and Thirlwall have much to answer for in not having yet completed your translation of the third volume of the History. It is only when that volume shall have become generally known, that English readers will learn to appreciate Niebuhr's excellence as a narrator. At present I am continually provoked by hearing people say, that he indeed prepared excellent materials for an historian, but that he did not himself write History.

I am obliged to superintend a new edition of my Thucydides, which interferes rather with the progress of my History. And the first volume of Thucydides is so full of errors, both of omission and commission, that to revise it is a work of no little labour.

You would rejoice in the good that Lee is doing at Birmingham; I do not think that there is, in all England, a man more exactly in his place than he is now.

206. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (E.) Fox How, June 22, 1839.

I was much obliged to you for your last kind letter, and I would have answered it immediately had it not arrived just at our most busy time, at the close of the summer half-year. I do not wonder at your interest about the friend whom you speak of, and should be very glad to be of any assistance to you in the matter. Priestley's statements,

as you probably know, were answered by Horsley, and I believe sufficiently answered; but neither of the controversialists was very profound, or, as I should fear, very fair; and but little real benefit can be derived from the works of either. Priestley's arguments now would be repeated nowhere, I suppose, but in England, and in England only amongst a sect so destitute of theological and critical learning as the Unitarians. It goes on two assumptions: first, that the Christian Church of Jerusalem held Unitarian opinions; and secondly, that the Church of Jerusalem was the standard by which the tenets of the other Churches were to be measured. Now the second of these assumptions is clearly wrong, and the first is probably so; but we have very small evidence as to the opinions of the Church of Jerusalem, and so a dispute may be maintained for ever on that point, by those who would confine their attention to it, and who do not see that the real stress of the question lies elsewhere. But the Epistles of Ignatius are a decided proof that neither he nor the Churches of Asia were Unitarian; and his language is the more to be valued, because it is evidently not controversial, nor does he ever dream of dwelling on Christ's Divinity as a disputed point, but as a thing taken by all Christians for granted. I do not understand, however, how an Unitarian can consistently transfer the argument from the Scripture to the opinion of the early Church. As he rejects the authority of the Church, without scruple, where it is clearly to be ascertained, and where it speaks the opinions of Christians of all parts of the world, through more than seventeen centuries, it is idle to refer to the single Church of Jerusalem during a period of twenty or thirty years, unless he can show that that Church was infallible, and its decisions of equal weight with those of the Scripture. If he says that St. Paul and St. John corrupted the purity of the true Gospel, which was kept only by St. James and the Church of Jerusalem,—that no doubt would be an intelligible argument; but to accept St. Paul and St. John as inspired Apostles, and then to plead the opinions of the Church of Jerusalem against them, is an absurdity. And as for the Unitarian interpretations of St. Paul and St. John, they are really such monstrosities of extravagance, that to any one used to the critical study of the ancient writers, they appear too bad to have been ever maintained in earnest. And thus, wherever Unitarianism has existed, together with any knowledge of criticism or philology, as in Germany, it has at once assumed that the Apostles were not infallible, and that they overrated the dignity of Christ's Person. So impossible is it to doubt what St. John meant in so many passages of his Gospel, and what St. Paul meant in so many passages of his Epistles. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find that you still enjoy your situation, and that being the case, you are likely, I think, to find it more and more agreeable, the longer you hold it.

207. TO REV. G. CORNISH. Fox How, July 6, 1839.

. . . As I believe that the English universities are the best places in the world for those who can profit by them, so I think for the idle

and self-indulgent they are about the very worst, and I would far rather send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe* it, except to the great number of exciting books of amusement, like Pickwick and Nickleby, Bentley's Magazine, &c., &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for History and for Poetry.

I went up to Oxford to the Commemoration, for the first time for twenty-one years, to see Wordsworth and Bunsen receive their degrees; and to me, remembering how old Coleridge inoculated a little knot of us with the love of Wordsworth, when his name was in general a bye-word, it was striking to witness the thunders of applause, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the theatre by Undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike.

208. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, August 23, 1839.

I intend this letter to reach you on the 25th of August, a day which has a double claim on my remembrance; for it is my little Susy's birthday also, and I wish it to convey to you, though most inadequately, my congratulation to Mrs. Bunsen and all your family on the return of that day, and my earnest wishes for all happiness for you and for them; and, so far as we may wish in such matters, my earnest desire that you may be long spared to your friends, your family, your country, and above all to Christ's Holy Catholic Church, in whose cause I know you are ever labouring, and which at this hour needs the utmost service of all her true members, amidst such various dangers as now threaten her from within and from without. I am glad to think that this one birthday more you will pass in England.

We shall see you and *all your family*, I confidently trust, ere very long. Meanwhile you will be glad to hear that —— and I enjoyed our journey greatly, and, although we saw but little of Italy, yet that the South of France even surpassed our expectations, and the physical benefit to my health and strength was as complete as I could desire. Arles interested me exceedingly; it was striking to see the Amphitheatre and Theatre so close to each other, and the two marble pillars still standing in the proscenium of the theatre, reminded me of the Forum at Rome. I was also much struck with the deserted Port of Frejus, and the mole and entrance tower of the old harbour, rising now out of a plain of grass. The famous plain of stones, or plain of Craue, was very interesting, for it lies now in precisely the same state as it was 2300 years ago, or more, when it was made the scene of one of the adventures of Hercules; and the remarkably Spanish character of the town, population, and neighbourhood of Salon, between Arles

* See Sermons, vol. iv. pp. 39-41.

and Aix, was something quite new to me. In Italy we only went from Nice to Turin, by the Col di Tenda, and certainly in my recollections of this year's tour, all images of beauty and interest are connected with France rather than with Italy. The intense drought had spoiled everything, and the main Alps themselves, as seen in a perfectly clear morning from the neighbourhood of Turin, exhibited scarcely more than patches of snow on their summits; the effect of a long range of snowy summits was completely gone. Still I had a great delight in setting foot once more, if it was but in a mere corner of Italy; sights which I had half forgotten have taken again a fresh place in my memory; the style of the buildings—the "congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis"—the cultivation of the valleys—the splendour of the churches—nay, the very roguery and lying of the people, and their marvellous ignorance—rose up before me again as something which I did not wish to lose altogether out of my memory.

I paid a long visit to Letronne at Paris, and Peyrou at Turin. Both were very civil and agreeable, and gave me several of their works. Peyrou had received many letters from Niebuhr, which he showed to me with seeming pleasure—but he had never seen him. It was sad to me to find that he too had a lively sense of the grievous ignorance of English writers on points of philology. He mentioned to me with dismay, and read to me extracts from, a Coptic dictionary lately published, proh pudor! at Oxford, which I had never seen, or even heard of the writer's name, nor do I remember it now—but it was worthy to rank with ——'s extravagances about the Keltic languages. I tried hard at Provence to find a Provençal Grammar, but I could not succeed, and they told me there was no such thing; they only showed me a grammar for teaching French to Provençals, which they wanted to persuade me was all the same thing. It seems that the Provençal language is less fortunate than the Welsh, in having wealthy and educated persons desirous of encouraging it. I could not find that it was at all used now as a written language, although it seemed to me to be as distinct from French as Italian is.

[After questions relating to Sillig's Edition of Pliny.] I have read your speech at Oxford, and admire your indefatigable exertions to see and hear everything in England. But I feel the state of public affairs so deeply that I cannot bear either to read, or hear, or speak, or write about them. Only I would commend them to God's care and deliverance, if the judgment is not now as surely fixed as that of Babylon.

209. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, September 25, 1839.

I do not know where this letter may find you, but I hope that it may be at Ottery; and that you may be enjoying to the full your rest from work, and the society of your family, and the actual beauty and old recollections of your home. We have been at work now nearly seven weeks, so that the holidays live but in remote memory, and I am very far from wishing them to come again very speedily; for

they imply that a half-year is gone, and there is so much that I would fain do, that I cannot wish time to pass away very quickly. The South of France put me into the best bodily condition in which I can almost ever remember to have been; and happily the effect of such a medicine does not immediately evaporate; it really seems to wind up the machine for three or four months. . . The Roman remains at Arles, the papal remains at Avignon, and the Spanish-like character of the country between Arles and Aix were exceedingly interesting. I thought of old days when I used to read Southey's raptures about Spain and Spaniards as I looked out on the street at Salon, where a fountain was playing under a grove of plane trees, and the population were all in felt hats, grave and quiet, and their Provençal language sounding much more like Spanish than French. Then we had the open heaths covered with the dwarf ilex and the Roman pine, and the rocks actually breathing fragrance from the number of their aromatic plants.

We arrived at Rugby from London in the afternoon of the day on which the school opened; and when we reached the station, we found there my wife and all her party from Fox How, who had arrived barely five minutes before us, so that we actually all entered our own house together. We had a very large admission of new boys, larger than I ever remember since I have been at Rugby, so that the school is now, I believe, quite full. And since that time we have gone on working much as usual; only Thucydides is still upon hand, and interferes with the History, and will do so, I fear, for another month.

I have just got the fourth volume of your Uncle's Literary Remains, which makes me regard him with greater admiration than ever. He seems to hold that point which I have never yet been able to find in any of our English Divines, and the want of which so mars my pleasure in reading them. His mind is at once rich and vigorous, and comprehensive and critical; while the ἦθος is so pure and so lively all the while. He seems to me to love Truth really, and therefore Truth presented herself to him not negatively, as she does to many minds, who can see that the objections against her are unfounded, and therefore that she is to be received; but she filled him, as it were, heart and mind, embuing him with her very self, so that all his being comprehended her fully and loved her ardently; and that seems to me to be true wisdom. . . .

It was just at the foot of the Col di Tenda that I got hold of an English newspaper containing a charge of yours, in which the Chartists were noticed. I was glad to find that your mind had been working in that direction; and that you spoke strongly as to the vast importance of the subject. I would give anything to be able to organise a Society "for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom." Men do not think of the fearful state in which we are living; if they could once be brought to notice and to appreciate the evil, I should not even yet despair that the remedy may be found and applied; even though it is the solution of the most difficult problem ever yet proposed to man's wisdom, and the greatest

triumph over selfishness ever yet required of his virtue. A society might give the alarm, and present the facts to the notice of the public. It was thus that Clarkson overthrew the Slave trade; and it is thus, I hope, that the system of Transportation has received its death-blow. I have desired Fellowes to send you one of the copies of a Lecture which I once showed you, about the Divisions of knowledge, and which I have just printed, in the hope of getting it circulated among the various Mechanics' Institutes, where something of the kind is, I think, much wanted. Let me hear from you when you can.

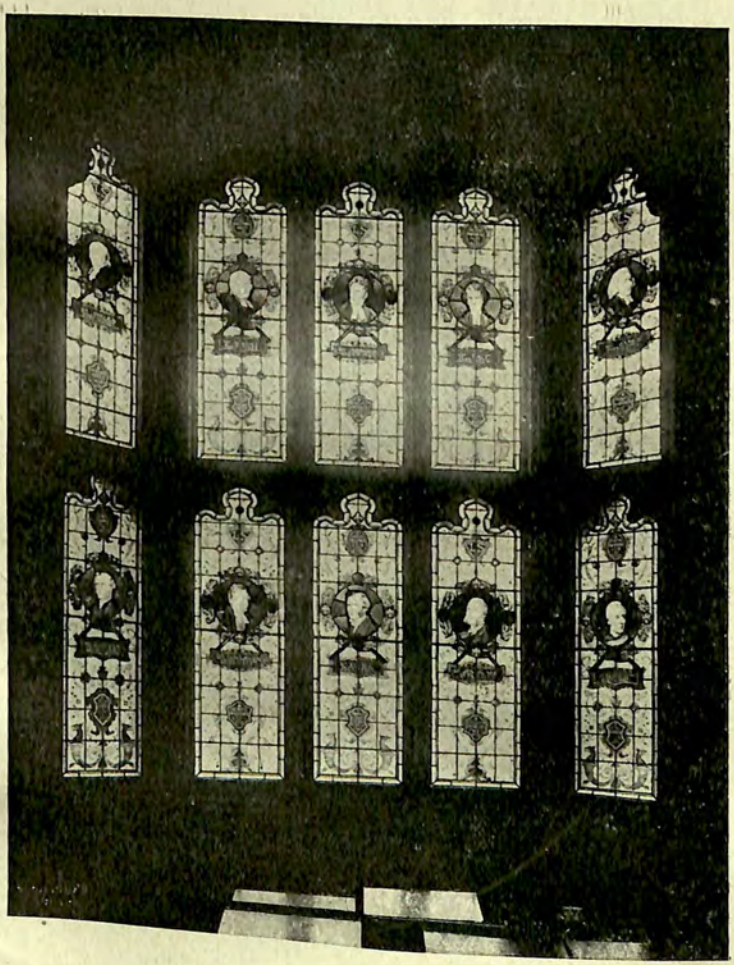
210. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY. Rugby, September 9, 1839.

. . . Our tour was most delightful, and put me into such a perfect state of health as I never can gain from anything but travelling abroad, where one can neither read nor write, nor receive letters; and therefore the mind is perfectly at rest, while the body is constantly enjoying air and exercise, light food, and early hours.

I never before saw so much of the Mediterranean, and the weather was so perfect that it never could have been more enjoyable. I thought of you particularly when we were out in a boat in the midst of Toulon Harbour, and rowing under the stern of the Montebello, which seemed to me a very fine looking three-decker. We went over the Arsenal, which I thought very inferior to Portsmouth, but the magnificence of the harbour exceeds anything that I had ever seen,—how it would stand in your more experienced, as well as better judging eyes, I know not. . . . Provence far surpassed my expectations; the Roman remains at Arles are magnificent; and the prisons in the Pope's Palace, at Avignon, were one of the most striking things I ever saw in my life. In the selfsame dungeon the roof was still black with the smoke of the Inquisition fires, in which men were tortured or burnt; and, as you looked down a trapdoor into an apartment below, the walls were still marked with the blood of the victims whom Jourdan Coupe Tête threw down there into the Ice-house below in the famous massacre of 1791. It was very awful to see such traces of the two great opposite forms of all human wickedness, which I know not how to describe better than by calling them Priestcraft and Benthamism, or, if you like, White and Red Jacobinism.

I am still in want of a master, and I shall want another at Christmas, but I cannot hear of a man to suit me. . . . We are also in almost equal distress for a pony for my wife; and there, too, we want a rare union of qualities; that he should be very small, very quiet, very surefooted, and able to walk more than four miles an hour. If you hear of any such marvel of a pony in your neighbourhood, I would thankfully be at the expense of its transit from the Isle of Man to Rugby; for to be without a pony for my wife interferes with our daily comfort more than almost any other external inconvenience could do.

I was over at Birmingham twice during the meeting of the British Association, and James Marshall was there the whole week. Murchison convinced Greenough and De la Beche, on the spot, that they,



WINDOW IN THE SIXTH FORM SCHOOL

COMMEMORATING THE HEADMASTERS OF RUGBY; DR. ARNOLD'S PORTRAIT IN THE CENTRAL LIGHT OF THE UPPER ROW.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

must recolour all their geological maps; for what were called the Grey Wackes of North Devon, he maintains to be equivalent to the coal formation; and the limestones on which they rest are equivalent to the old Red Sandstone, which now is to be sandstone no more,—seeing that it is often limestone—but is to be called the Devonian System. Lord Northampton, as Chairman, wound up the business on the last day in the Town Hall by a few Christian sentences, simply and feelingly put, to my very great satisfaction.

211. *TO J. L. HOSKYNS, ESQ. (In answer to a question on the Preface to the third volume of Sermons.)

Rugby, September 22, 1839.

It is always a real pleasure to me to keep up my intercourse with my old pupils, and to be made acquainted not only with what is happening to them outwardly, but much more with what is going on in their own minds; and in your case I owe you specially any assistance which it may be in my power to render, as I appear to have unconsciously contributed to your present difficulty. If you were going into the Law, or to study Medicine, there would be a clear distinction between your professional reading and your general reading; between that reading which was designed to make you a good lawyer or physician, and that which was to make you a good and wise man. But it is the peculiar excellence of the Christian ministry, that there a man's professional reading and general reading coincide, and the very studies which would most tend to make him a good and wise man, do therefore of necessity tend to make him a good clergyman. Our merely professional reading appears to me to consist in little more than an acquaintance with such laws, or Church regulations, as concern the discharge of our ministerial duties, in matters external and formal. But the great mass of our professional reading is not merely professional, but general; that is to say, if I had time at my command, and wished to follow the studies which would be most useful to me as a Christian, without reference to any one particular trade or calling, I should select, as nearly as might be, that very same course of study which to my mind would also be the best preparation for the work of the Christian ministry.

That the knowledge of the Scriptures is the most essential point in our studies as men and Christians, is as clear to my mind as that it is also the most essential point in our studies as clergymen. The only question is, in what manner is this knowledge to be best obtained. Now—omitting to speak of the moral and spiritual means of obtaining it, such as prayer and a watchful life, about the paramount necessity of which there is no doubt whatever—our present question only regards the intellectual means of obtaining it, that is, the knowledge and the cultivation of our mental faculties, which may best serve to the end desired.

Knowledge of the Scriptures seems to consist in two things, so essentially united, however, that I scarcely like to separate them even in thought: the one I will call the knowledge of the contents of the

Scriptures in themselves; the other the knowledge of their application to us, and our own times and circumstances. Really and truly I believe that the one of these cannot exist in any perfection without the other. Of course we cannot apply the Scriptures properly without knowing them; and to know them merely as an ancient book, without understanding how to apply them, appears to me to be ignorance rather than knowledge. But still in thought we can separate the two, and each also requires in some measure a different line of study.

The intellectual means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures in themselves are, I suppose, Philology, Antiquities, and Ancient History; but the means of acquiring the knowledge of their right application are far more complex in their character, and it is precisely here, as I think, that the common course of theological study is so exceedingly narrow, and therefore the mistakes committed in the application of the Scriptures, are, as it seems to me, so frequent and so mischievous. As one great example of what I mean, I will instance the questions, which are now so much agitated, of Church authority and Church government. It is just as impossible for a man to understand these questions without a knowledge of the great questions of law and government generally, as it is to understand any matter that is avowedly political; and therefore the Politics of Aristotle and similar works are to me of a very great and direct use every day of my life, wherever these questions are brought before me; and you know how often these questions are mooted, and with what vehemence men engage in them. Historical reading it appears that you are actually engaged in, but so much of History is written so ill, that it appears to me to be desirable to be well acquainted with the greatest historians, in order to learn what the defects of common History are, and how we should be able to supply them. It is a rare quality in any man to be able really to represent to himself the picture of another age and country; and much of History is so vague and poor that no lively images can be gathered from it. There is actually, so far as I know, no great ecclesiastical historian in any language. But the flatnesses and meagreness and unfairness of most of those who have written on this subject may not strike us, if we do not know what good history should be. And any one very great historian, such as Thucydides, or Tacitus, or Niebuhr, throws a light backward and forward upon all history; for any one age or country well brought before our minds teaches us what historical knowledge really is, and saves us from thinking that we have it when we have it not. I will not cross my writing, so I must continue my say in another sheet.

The accidental division of my paper suits well with the real division of my subject. I have stated what appears to me to be the best means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures, both in themselves, and in their application to ourselves. And it is this second part which calls for such a variety of miscellaneous knowledge; inasmuch as, in order to apply a rule properly, we must understand the nature and circumstances of the case to which it is to be applied, and how they

differ from those of the case to which it was applied originally. Thus there are two states of the human race which we want to understand thoroughly; the state when the New Testament was written, and our own state. And our own state is so connected with, and dependent on the past, that in order to understand it thoroughly we must go backwards into past ages, and thus, in fact, we are obliged to go back till we connect our own time with the first century, and in many points with centuries yet more remote. You will say then, in another sense from what St. Paul said it, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and I answer, "No man;" but, notwithstanding, it is well to have a good model before us, although our imitation of it will fall far short of it. But you say, how does all this *edify?* And this is a matter which I think it is very desirable to understand clearly.

If death were immediately before us,—say that the Cholera was in a man's parish, and numbers were dying daily,—it is manifest that our duties,—our preparation for another life by conforming ourselves to God's will respecting us in this life,—would become exceedingly simple. To preach the Gospel, that is, to lead men's faith to Christ as their Saviour by His death and resurrection; to be earnest in practical kindness; to clear one's heart of all enmities and evil passions; this would be a man's work, and this only; his reading would, I suppose, be limited then to such parts of the Scriptures as were directly strengthening to his faith, and hope and charity, to works of prayers and hymns, and to such practical instructions as might be within his reach as to the treatment of the prevailing disease.

Now can we say, that in ordinary life our duties can be made thus simple? Are there not, then, matters of this life which must be attended to? Are there not many questions would press upon us in which we must act and advise, besides the simple direct preparation for death? And it being God's will that we should have to act and advise in these things, and our service to Him and to His Church necessarily requiring them; is it right to say, that the knowledge which shall teach us how to act and advise rightly with respect to them is not *edifying?*

But may not a man say, "I wish to be in the Ministry, but I do not feel an inclination for a long course of reading; my tastes, and I think my duties, lead me another way?" This may be said, I think, very justly. A man may do immense good with nothing more than an unlearned familiarity with the Scriptures, with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of his parish, and devoting himself to intercourse with men rather than with books. I honour such men in the highest degree, and think that they are among the most valuable ministers that the Church possesses. A man's reading, in this case, is of a miscellaneous character, consisting, besides the Bible and such books as are properly devotional, of such books as chance throws in his way, or the particular concerns of his parish may lead him to take an interest in. And, though he may not be a learned man, he may be that which is far better than mere learning—a wise man, and a good man.

All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence is, that if he read at all—in the sense of studying—he should read widely and comprehensively; that he should not read exclusively or principally what is called Divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort—when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name—is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man's mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and, while he is in reality grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine. Let a man read nothing, if he will, except his Bible and Prayer Book, and the chance reading of the day; but let him not, if he values the power of seeing truth and judging soundly, let him not read exclusively or predominantly the works of those who are called divines, whether they be those of the first four centuries, or those of the sixteenth, or those of the eighteenth or seventeenth. With regard to the Fathers, as they are called, I would advise those who have time to read them deeply, those who have less time to read at least parts of them; but in all cases preserve the *proportions of your reading*. Read along with the Fathers, the writings of men of other times and of different powers of mind. Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one;—as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true,—but he, who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man, but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this. I have now given you the principles, which I believe to be true, with respect to a clergyman's reading.

If you can come to Rugby in your way to Oxford, I will add anything in my power to the details; at any rate I shall be delighted to see you here, and I shall have great pleasure in giving you an introduction to Hamilton, who, I am sure, would value your acquaintance much.

212. * TO T. BURBIDGE, ESQ. (Travelling in Switzerland.)

Rugby, October 2, 1839.

. . . Vaughan has just got his fellowship at Trinity, and Howson, I am sorry to say, has not. Freeman has been staying with us for some days, and we all like him more and more. And in the course of the next fortnight, I suppose that we shall see several of our friends from Oxford and Cambridge, just before the time of their gathering. Our weather has been sadly capricious; for the last ten days it has been much better, and I bathed in the Waterfall yesterday; but to-day it is again broken, and is cold and rainy. I watch with a most intense interest the result of the harvest, believing that the consequences of a bad crop may be most serious; and having also a belief

that there are many symptoms about of one of those great periods of judgment which are called the Comings of our Lord; periods which I could bear with far greater equanimity, if the distracted state of the Church, or rather the non-existence of the Church for very many of its highest objects, did not make it so hard to find sympathy. Those men at Oxford look upon me as a heretic,—and though I hope and believe that I could feel almost entire sympathy with them, if we were together in mere suffering, or death, yet in life and in action I necessarily shrink from them when I see them labouring so incessantly, though I doubt not so ignorantly, to enthrone the very Mystery of falsehood and iniquity in that neglected and dishonoured Temple, the Church of God. And then those who are called Liberals! And the Zurich Government putting Strauss forward as an instructor of Christians! It is altogether so sad, that if I were to allow myself to dwell much upon it, I think it would utterly paralyse me. I could sit still and pine and die.

You have heard that the school is flourishing outwardly; as to its inward state, I fear that Walrond's account is too favourable, although there is I think no particular ground of complaint, and there is much to like and think well of. . . . The Latin verse altogether in the Form is much better than it was; the Latin prose I think not so. I have nearly finished Thucydides, and then I hope to turn again to Rome. The second edition of the first volume is now printing. Pray call on Amadée Peyrou at Turin, with my respects to him; he will be very civil to you, and you will, I think, like him. He will tell you if anything has come out since I was at Turin, which it would concern me to get; and if there is, will you be so kind as to get it for me?

213. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, October 4, 1839.

. . . When I think of you as really going to leave England, it makes me think how much there still is on which I want to talk to you more fully. Particularly, I must get you some day to answer for me in writing certain questions as to the Lord's Supper. I think that you and Samuel Coleridge both agree with one another and differ from me, and this of course makes me suspect the justness of my own views, while it makes me sure that what you and Coleridge hold can be nothing superstitious or unchristian. I see clearly the wide difference between what you hold and the opinions which I so dread and condemn. But, plainly, I cannot arrive at even your notion of the Communion, or what I believe to be your notion, from the Scriptures, without interpreting them by what is called the Consensus Ecclesiæ. Now this so-called Consensus Ecclesiæ is in such a matter to me worth nothing, because such a view of the Communion was precisely in unison with the tendencies of the prevailing party in the Church whose writings are now called Consensus Ecclesiæ. And if I follow this pretended Consensus in forming my views of the Sacraments, I appear to myself to be undoing St. Paul's and our Lord's work in one great point, and to be introducing that very Judaism, to which Christianity is so directly

opposed, and which consists in ascribing spiritual effects to outward and bodily actions. It seems to me historically certain that the Judaism which upheld Circumcision and insisted on the difference of meats, after having vainly endeavoured to sap the Gospel under its proper Judaic form, did, even within the first century, transfuse its spirit into a Christian form; and substituting Baptism for Circumcision, and the mystic influence of the Bread and Wine of the Communion for the doctrine of purifying and defiling meats, did thereby, as has happened many a time since, pervert Christianity to a fatal extent, and seduced those who would have resisted it to the death under its own form, because now, though its spirit was the same, its form was Christian. Now I am sure that you are not Judaic either in form or spirit, and therefore there may be a real Christian element in the doctrine which I do not perceive, or am not able to appreciate. And if so, it would be my earnest wish to be permitted to see it and to embrace it: and it would also be no light pleasure to find myself here also in complete sympathy with you. About the Christian Sacrifice we agree, I believe, fully; but as to the Communion, as distinct from the Sacrifice, there is something in you and in Coleridge, as there is of course in Luther also, which I do not find in myself, and with which, as yet, to say the very truth, I cannot bring myself to agree.

214. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ. Rugby, October 30, 1839.

You will think, I am afraid, that my zeal has cooled away to nothing, since I had last the pleasure of seeing you; but it was only last week that I received an answer, partly direct and partly indirect, with regard to some of those whose co-operation we had wished to gain. . . . ——'s answer is, that he thinks a Society would be impracticable, for that men will not agree as to the remedy, and unless some remedy is proposed, there will be no good, he thinks, in merely laying bare the disease. And he thinks that —— will take the same view of the question with himself. So far, then, there is a rebuff for us; but I think that we must not be discouraged, and that efforts may be made in other quarters; if these also fail, then I think that publication must be tried, and the point noticed, if possible, in some of the leading reviews and newspapers; but for this details are wanted; details at once exact and lively, which I imagine it will be difficult to procure for the whole kingdom, except through the mechanism of a Society. For Manchester there is, I believe, a Statistical Society which would afford some good materials. At present people are still so scattered about, many being on the Continent, that it is difficult to get at them. But in the vacation I hope to be moving about to different parts of England, and then I may be able to find somebody who may be useful. And meantime I shall do what alone lies in my power, viz. write one or two articles on the subject in the Hertford Reformer, in which I have written more than once already. I shall be delighted to hear from you, and to learn whether you have made any progress, and whether you have any suggestions to communicate.

215. * TO H. BALSTON, ESQ. Rugby, November 21, 1839.

. . . . With regard to the questions in your letter, I hold that to a great degree in the choice of a profession, "sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido," a man's inclination for a calling is a great presumption that he either is or will be fit for it. And in education this holds very strongly, for he who likes boys has probably a daily sympathy with them; and to be in sympathy with the mind you propose to influence is at once indispensable, and will enable you to a great degree to succeed in influencing it.

Another point to which I attach much importance is liveliness. This seems to me an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally, and it is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly or thoughtlessness. Now I think the prevailing manner amongst many very valuable men at Oxford is the very opposite to liveliness; and I think that this is the case partly with yourself; not at all from affectation, but from natural temper, encouraged, perhaps, rather than checked, by a belief that it is right and becoming. But this appears to me to be in point of manner the great difference between a clergyman with a parish and a schoolmaster. It is an illustration of St. Paul's rule, "Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A clergyman's intercourse is very much with the sick and the poor, where liveliness would be greatly misplaced; but a schoolmaster's is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathise with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. At least, this applies, I think, to a young man; for when a teacher gets to an advanced age, gravity, I suppose, would not misbecome him, for liveliness might then seem unnatural, and his sympathy with boys must be limited, I suppose, then, to their great interests rather than their feelings.

You can judge what truth may be in this notion of mine generally; and if true, how far it is applicable to your own case; but, knowing you as I do, my advice to you would be to follow that line for which you seem to have the most evident calling; and surely the sign of God's calling in such a case is to be sought in our own reasonable inclination, for the tastes and faculties which He gives us are marks of our fitness for one thing rather than another.

216. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (D.) Fox How, December 20, 1839.

It is just one and twenty years ago this very day that I was ordained Deacon at Oxford, and I wish this letter to reach you on Sunday, when I suppose you will be ordained at the same place to the same office. I had enough and more than enough of scruples and difficulties, not before only, but afterwards for a long time. . . . But I have been satisfied now for many years,—and wonder almost that I ever could have been otherwise,—that Ordination was never meant to be

closed against those who, having been conscientious members of the Church before, and wishing in earnest to be ministers of the Church now, holding its truths and sympathising in its spirit, yet cannot yield an active belief to the words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true, without qualification or explanation. And I think so on historical as well as on à priori grounds; on historical,—from the fact that the subscriptions were made more stringent in their form to meet the case of those whose minds, or rather tempers, were so uncomplying, that they would use in the service of the Church no expressions which they did not approve of; and therefore the party in power, to secure the conformity, required a pledge of approbation;—and also from the expressed opinion of Bull, Usher, and others; opinions not at all to be taken to such an extent as if the Articles were Articles of peace merely, but abundantly asserting that a whole Church never can be expected to agree in the absolute truth of such a number of propositions as are contained in the Articles and Liturgy. This consideration seems to me also decisive on à priori grounds. For otherwise the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences; of dull, nay almost of dishonest minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if exercising their minds freely and yet believing that the Church requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their own convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite.

You will say that this makes the degree of adhesion required indefinite. And so it must be: yet these things, so seemingly indefinite, are not really so to an honest and sensible mind; for such a mind knows whether it is really in sympathy with the Church in its main faith and feelings; and, if it be not, then subscription would indeed be deceitful; but, if it be, to refuse subscription would, I think, be at once unjust to the Church and to itself.

Enough, however, of this; I earnestly hope and pray that your entrance into the ministry may be to God's glory, to the good of His Church, and to your own great blessing. To have a ministry in the Church is a great honour, and a great responsibility; yet in both is it far inferior to the privilege of being a member of the Church. In our heavenly commonwealth the Jus Civitatis is a thousand times greater than the Jus Honorum; and he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism, will be inclined to value most truly the far inferior solemnity of Ordination.

You are entering on an office extinct in all but name. If it could be revived in power, it would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred on the Church. I wish you would talk to —— about this; and if a book on this point could be got up between us, I think it could excite no offence, and might lead to very great good. God bless you ever in this and in all your undertakings, through Jesus Christ.

217. (In answer to a request for a subscription to a church.)

Fox How, December 22, 1839.

Your letter followed me hither from Rugby, and I only reply to it, that you may not think me neglectful if I delayed my answer till my return to Warwickshire.

I shall be happy to subscribe towards the endowment of the church and not towards the building. My reason for this distinction is, that I think in all cases the right plan to pursue is to raise funds in the first instance for a clergyman, and to procure for him a definitely marked district as his cure. The real Church being thus founded, if money can also be procured for the material church, so much the better. If not, I would wish to see any building in the district licensed for the temporary performance of Divine Service, feeling perfectly sure that the zeal and munificence of the congregation would in the course of years raise a far more ornamental building than can ever be raised by public subscription; and that, in the mean time, there might be raised by subscription an adequate fund for the maintenance of a clergyman; whereas, on the present system, it seems perfectly hopeless by any subscriptions in one generation to provide both clergymen and churches in numbers equal to the wants of the country.

I should not have troubled you with my opinions, which I am aware are of no importance to you, did I not wish to explain the reason which makes me, in such cases, always desirous of contributing to the endowment of a minister rather than to the building.

218. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, December 29, 1839.

. . . I retained the benefit of my continental tour throughout the half-year, insomuch that at the very end of it, after the examination, I felt as if I was not entitled to my vacation, because I was so perfectly untired by my past work. This alone could tell you that the school had gone on quietly, as indeed was the case. . . . It seems to me that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world,—with a population poor, miserable, and degraded in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such of concerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild. Meanwhile here, as usual, we seem to be in another world, for the quietness of the valleys and the comparative comfort and independence of this population are a delightful contrast to what one finds almost everywhere else. We have had heavy rains and a flood, but now both are gone, and the weather is beautiful, and the country most magnificent—snow on all the high hills, but none on the low hills or in the valleys.

219. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ. Fox How, January 1, 1840.

. . . I may be wrong as to the necessity of gaining more information, but I think I am not wrong in wishing to secure a more extensive and universal co-operation, before anything is ventured remedially.—I would join half a dozen men, or even fewer, if the object be merely to collect and circulate facts such as may fix the public attention; but, if more be proposed to be done, I dread the thing's assuming a party character, and I could not myself undertake to sanction a sort of political mission system, without knowing more exactly than I can well expect to know, the characters and discretion and opinions of the agents to be employed. And, even if I could depend on these, yet I do not think that they could be successful, for the evil is far deeper, as I believe, than can be cured without the aid of the Government and Legislature. I quite agree with you in the wisdom of forming local societies and a general Central Society; and I should wish the local societies to consist of men of all classes, including certainly the working classes; every possible information collected by such societies would be most valuable, but why should they go on to the farther step of endeavouring, by tracts or missionaries, to influence the mass of the working classes, or to propose remedies? For instance, in Leeds I can conceive that benevolent men among the highest Conservatives, and among the clergy especially, would join a society which really only sought to collect information; but they could not, and would not, if it endeavoured to do more, because the differences of opinion between you and them render it impossible for you to agree in what you should disseminate. The Society would therefore consist, I think, exclusively of men of what is called the Liberal party, and principally of Dissenters; and this would be, I think, a great pity, and would cripple our operations sadly. I confess I am very suspicious of bodies of men belonging all to one party, even although that party be the one with which I should in the main myself agree, and for this reason, I as little like the composition of the University of London, as I do that of the University of Oxford.

220. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Fox How, Ambleside, January 5, 1840.

I must not let more of my time at Fox How pass away without writing to you, for I wish much to know how you are, and how you bear the winter. Your letter of September 7th gave me a better account of you than your former note had done, and I was very glad to learn that you were better. Still you did not write as if you were quite well, and I do not like to hear of any disorder or languor hanging about you, however slight; for you are not old enough to feel any natural decay, and slight indisposition requires to be watched, lest it should become serious. But I love to think of the quiet of Hatford for you, which, if your complaints are bodily merely, must be very good for you. If you feel any nervousness or oppression of spirits,

then I suspect a little more of the stir of life would be very good for you; and we should be delighted to see you and Mrs. Hearn and your little ones at Rugby, where you might have enough of movement around you, and yet might be yourself as much at rest as you chose. I sometimes think, that if I were at all in nervous spirits, the solemn beauty of this valley would be almost overwhelming, and that brick streets and common hedgerows would be better for me; just as now, whilst my life is necessarily so stirring, and my health so good, there is an extreme delight in the peacefulness of our life here, and in the quiet of all around us. Last night we were out on the gravel walk for nearly half an hour, watching the northern lights. I never saw them so beautiful; the sky in the north behind the mountains was all of a silvery light, while in other parts it was dark as usual, and all set with its stars; then, from the mass of light before us, there shot up continually long white pillars or needles, reaching to the zenith; and then again, fleeces of light would go quivering like a pulse all over the sky, till they died away in the far south. And to-day there is not a cloud to be seen, and the mountain before our windows reflects the sun's light upon us like a great mirror, we ourselves being in the shade, for the sun soon sets on this side of the valley. . . .

P.S. . . . Have you seen Taylor's book on Early Christianity? With much allowance for an unpleasant manner, and some other faults, yet I think he is right in his main point, that the question at issue is really one of Christianity or of the Church system. . . . Because I believe the New Testament to represent Christianity truly, therefore I reject the Church system, and I think that the Church of England does exactly the same thing for the same reason. But that the Church has always faithfully preserved the Christian doctrine in other points, and much of the purity of Christian holiness, I acknowledge thankfully; and therefore, although I think that in one point Antichrist was in the Church from the first century, yet God forbid that I should call the Church Antichrist. It preserved much truth and much holiness, with one fatal error, subversive, indeed, in its consequences, both of truth and goodness, but which has not always developed its full consequences, nor was even distinctly conscious of its own ground. But that the modern Newmanites are far worse than the early Church writers is certain, and many of their doctrines are disclaimed and condemned by those writers; only in their peculiar system, they are the development of that system which, in the early Church, existed in the bud only; and which, as being directly opposed to our Lord's religion, as taught by Him and His Apostles, I call Antichrist.

221. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ. Fox How, January 12, 1840.

It is a very long time since I have written to you; your last letter to me being dated, I am ashamed to say, nearly a year ago. But I intended to write to you from this place in the summer; and then my stay here was so short, that I had no time for anything, the greater part of my holidays having been passed on the Continent.

I think that I have to thank you for introducing so much of my little Lecture, on the Divisions of Knowledge, into the Penny Magazine. I printed it, thinking that it might be useful to the members of Mechanics' Institutions; but having printed it at Rugby, and no publisher having an interest in it, and it not having been advertised, it has had, I suppose, but a very limited circulation. I was very glad therefore to see such large extracts from it in the Penny Magazine, which must have brought it to the knowledge of many readers, although perhaps not exactly of that class for whom I most designed it.

I shall be very glad if you can give me good accounts of yourself and all your family. Our life goes on with very little variety beyond its own even alternations of vacation and half-year; and I could be too happy if private comfort did not seem almost inconsistent with justice, while the state of public affairs is so troubled. If you see the Herts Reformer, you will observe that I have still continued from time to time to write on my old subject, and latterly I have been trying to form a Society to collect information, and draw public attention to the question. The difficulties are very great, but I do hope that something will be done, for I see that men are interested in the question who have a personal interest in manufactures, and a practical knowledge of the state of the people. Such men may really do great good, but I can do nothing more than pull the bell, as it were, and try to give the alarm as to the magnitude of the danger. I was very much struck with Mr. Gill's speech the other day in answer to ——. I do not know how you find it, but for myself I cannot go cordially along with the Radical party, philosophical or otherwise, even on points where in the main I agree with them. They all seem to me more or less overrun with two things, Benthamism and Political Economy; and Bentham I have always thought a bad man, and also, as Carlyle called him in a letter to a friend of mine, "a bore of the first magnitude." I believe I agree with the Radicals as to the mischief of the Corn Laws; yet I cannot but think that the Chartists have some reason in their complaint, that the clamour about the Corn Laws is rather leading men off on a false scent, and that the Repeal will not benefit the working man so much as it is expected. You will not, however, suspect me of thinking that the true scent is to be found in following ——'s notions of universal suffrage and universal plunder. He and his companions continually remind me of slaves; of men so brutalised by their seclusion from the pale of society, that they have lost all value for the knowledge and morality of the civilised world, and have really no more ideas of the use to be made of all the manifold inventions and revelations of six thousand years, than Sir Isaac Newton's dog had of the value of his master's problems. The cry against property is just the cry of a slave, who, being incapable of holding anything himself as his own, has no notion of any harm in stealing,—stealing, in fact, is hardly a word in his language. It is certain, I suppose, that a certain moral and social training are necessary in order to enable us to appreciate truths which, to those who have had that training, are the very life of their life. And again, there is a course of training so

mischievous, and degradation and distress are such a curse, as absolutely to make men believe a lie, and to take away that common standing ground of a general sense of the principles of right and wrong, on which we meet uncorrupted ignorance, and so are able to lead it on to a sense of the purest truths and the highest. You mentioned Laing's book on Norway to me. I have got it, and like it very much; but it is easier to admire, and almost envy, the example of Norwegian society, than to apply it to our own state here. It would be a great comfort to me if your experience and observation have led you to look on matters more hopefully; and yet no man feels more keenly than I do the vast amount of goodness and energy which we have amongst us. How noble, after all, is the sight of these Trials for high treason. Such deliberation and dignity, and perfect fairness, and even gentleness on the part of the Government and the law, in dealing with guilt so recent, so great, and so palpable. Therefore we cannot be without hope that, with God's blessing, we may get over our evils, although I own with me that fear is stronger than hope.

222. TO THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ. Rugby, January, 1840.

A note of yours to our common acquaintance, Mr. James Marshall, furnishes, I believe, the only shadow of a pretence which I could claim for addressing you, according to the ordinary forms of society. But I should be ashamed, to you above all men, to avail myself of a mere pretence; and my true reason for addressing you is, because I believe you sympathise with me on that most important subject, the welfare of the poorer classes, and because I know, from your History of the French Revolution, that you understand the real nature and magnitude of the evil, which so many appear to me neither to comprehend nor to feel.

I have been trying, hitherto with no success, to form a Society, the object of which should be to collect information as to every point in the condition of the poor throughout the kingdom, and to call public attention to it by every possible means, whether by the press or by yearly or quarterly meetings. And as I am most anxious to secure the co-operation of good men of all parties, it seems to me a necessary condition that the Society should broach no theories, and propose no remedies; that it should simply collect information, and rouse the attention of the country to the infinite importance of the subject. You know full well that wisdom in the higher sense and practical knowledge are rarely found in the same man; and, if any theory be started, which contains something not suited to practice, all the so-called practical men cry out against the folly of all theories, and conclude themselves, and lead the vulgar to the conclusion, that, because one particular remedy has been prescribed ignorantly, no remedy is needed, or at least none is practicable.

I see by the newspapers that you are writing on Chartism, and I am heartily glad to hear of it. I shall be curious to know whether you have any definite notions as to the means of relieving the fearful

evils of our social condition, or whether you, like myself, are overwhelmed by the magnitude of the mischief, and are inclined to say, like the Persian fatalist in Herodotus, ἐχθιστὴ ὀδυνὴ πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδένος κρατέειν.

I have no sort of desire to push my proposal about a Society, and would gladly be guided by wiser men as to what is best to be done. But I cannot, I am sure, be mistaken as to this, that the state of society in England at this moment was never yet paralleled in history; and though I have no stake in the country as far as property is concerned, yet I have a wife and a large family of children; and I do not wish to lose, either for them or myself, all those thousand ties, so noble and so sacred and so dear, which binds us to our country, as she was and as she is, with all her imperfections and difficulties. If you think that anything can be done, which could interest any other persons on the subject, I should be delighted to give aid in any possible manner to the extent of my abilities. I owe you many apologies for writing thus to a perfect stranger,—but ever since I read your History of the French Revolution, I have longed to become acquainted with you; because I found in that book my understanding of the true nature of history, such as it delighted my heart to meet with; and having from a child felt the deepest interest in the story of the French Revolution, and read pretty largely about it, I was somewhat in a condition to appreciate the richness of your knowledge, and the wisdom of your judgments. I do not mean that I agree with you in all these; in some instances I should differ very decidedly; but still the wisdom of the book, as well as its singular eloquence and poetry, was such a treasure to me as I have rarely met with, and am not at all likely to meet with again.

223. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ. Fox How, January 23, 1840.

I thank you much for your last letter, and I assure you that I attach a great value to such communications from you. The scheme of a newspaper I actually tried myself nine years ago, and spent above two hundred pounds upon it. I was not so foolish as to think that I could keep up a newspaper; but I was willing to bell the cat, hoping that some who were able might take up what I had begun. But no one did, and the thing died a natural death at the end of two months. I feel, however, so strongly the desirableness of such an attempt, that I am ready again to contribute money or writing, or both, to the same cause; and I should be doubly glad if we could effect both the objects you speak of, a daily paper and a weekly one. It seems to me, however, desirable that at this point I should make somewhat of a confession of my political faith to you, that you may know how far my views would coincide with yours.

My differences with the Liberal Party would turn, I think, chiefly on two points. First, I agree with Carlyle, in thinking that they greatly over-estimate Bentham, and also that they over-rate the Political Economists generally; not that I doubt the ability of those

writers, or the truth of their conclusions, as far as regards their own science,—but I think that the summum bonum of their science, and of human life, are not identical; and therefore, many questions in which free trade is involved, and the advantages of large capital, &c., although perfectly simple in an economical point of view, become, when considered politically, very complex; and the economical good is very often from the neglect of other points made in practice a direct social evil.

But my second difference is greater by much than this. I look to the full development of the Christian Church in its perfect form, as the Kingdom of God, for the most effective removal of all evil, and promotion of all good: and I can understand no perfect Church, or perfect State, without their blending into one in this ultimate form. I believe, farther, that our fathers at the Reformation stumbled accidentally, or rather were unconsciously led by God's Providence, to the declaration of the great principle of this system, the doctrine of the King's Supremacy;—which is, in fact, no other than an assertion of the supremacy of the Church or Christian society over the clergy, and a denial of that which I hold to be one of the most mischievous falsehoods ever broached,—that the government of the Christian Church is vested by divine right in the clergy, and that the close corporation of bishops and presbyters,—whether one or more, makes no difference,—is and ever ought to be the representative of the Christian Church. Holding this doctrine as the very corner stone of all my political belief, I am equally opposed to Popery, High Churchism, and the claims of the Scotch Presbyteries, on the one hand; and to all the Independents, and advocates of the separation, as they call it, of Church and State, on the other; the first setting up a Priesthood in the place of the Church, and the other lowering necessarily the objects of Law and Government, and reducing them to a mere system of police, while they profess to wish to make the Church purer. And my fondness for Greek and German literature has made me very keenly alive to the mental defects of the Dissenters as a body; the characteristic faults of the English mind,—narrowness of view, and a want of learning and a sound critical spirit,—being exhibited to my mind in the Dissenters almost in caricature. It is nothing but painful to me to feel this; because no man appreciates more than I do the many great services which the Dissenters have rendered, both to the general cause of Christianity, and especially to the cause of justice and good government in our own country; and my sense of the far less excusable errors, and almost uniformly mischievous conduct of the High Church party, is as strong as it can be of any one thing in the world.

Again, the principle of Conservatism has always appeared to me to be not only foolish, but to be actually felo de se: it destroys what it loves, because it will not mend it. But I cordially agree with Niebuhr,—who in all such questions is to me the greatest of all authorities; because, together with an ability equal to the highest, he had an universal knowledge of political history, far more profound than was ever possessed by any other man,—that every new institution should be but a fuller development of, or an addition to, what already exists;

and that if things have come to such a pass in a country, that all its past history and associations are cast away as merely bad, Reform in such a country is impossible. I believe it to be necessary, and quite desirable that the popular power in a state should, in the perfection of things, be paramount to every other; but this supremacy need not, and ought not, I think, to be absolute; and monarchy, and an aristocracy of birth,—as distinguished from one of wealth or of office,—appear to me to be two precious elements which still exist in most parts of Europe, and to lose which, as has been done unavoidably in America, would be rather our insanity than our misfortune. But the insolencies of our aristocracy no one feels more keenly than I do: the scandalous exemption * of the peers from all ignominious punishments short of death,—so that for a most aggravated manslaughter a peer must escape altogether, as the old Lord Byron did, or as the Duchess of Kingston did, for bigamy:—the insolent practice of allowing peers to vote in criminal trials on their honour, while other men vote on their oath; the absurdity of proxy voting, and some other things of the same nature. All theory and all experience show, that if a system goes on long unreformed, it is not then reformed, but destroyed. And so, I believe, it will be with our Aristocracy and our Church; because I fear that neither will be wise in time. But still, looking upon both as positive blessings—and capable—the latter especially—of doing good that can be done by no other means, I love and would maintain both, not as a concession or a compromise, but precisely with the same zeal that I would reform both, and enlarge the privileges and elevate the condition of the mass of the community. As to your difference of opinion with Carlyle about the craving for political rights, I agree with you fully. But I think that, before distress has once got in, a people whose physical wants are well supplied, may be kept for centuries by a government without a desire for political power: but, when the ranks immediately above them have been long contending earnestly for this very power, and physical distress makes them impatient of their actual condition, then men are apt, I think, to attach even an over-value to the political remedy; and it is then quite too late to try to fatten them into obedience: other parts of their nature have learnt to desire, and will have their desire gratified.

224. TO SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART. Fox How, January 25, 1840.

. . . On the difficulties of Scripture I met ——, as to the matter of fact, maintaining that the differences of interpretation are very few in number; and that many of the greatest points at issue are altogether foreign to the interpretation of Scripture, and are argued upon other grounds; and that where the Scripture is really difficult, there the boasted authority of the Church gives no help,—the early Christian writers having been quite as much puzzled as ourselves, when they did not attempt to clear themselves by mere guesses, and those generally very bad ones. . . . I have been working hard every morning at my

* This, so far as it is here correctly stated, was abolished by 4 & 5 Vict. cap. 22.

History, and have wanted the evenings for my letters; so that we really declined dining out after the first half of our stay. The second volume is now finished, and I have written besides four Sermons, three Letters to the Herts Reformer, and letters of other sorts, of course, without number. I have had a considerable correspondence with Mr. James Marshall, about our plan of a Society for obtaining and disseminating information about the poorer classes: he is deeply interested in the question. Indeed, it is only a wonder to me that every one is not energetic on this matter; but the security of those who were "buying, selling, planting, and building, and knew not till the flood came, and swept them all away," is to be repeated, I suppose, or rather will be repeated, before each of our Lord's comings, be they as many as they may. I have often thought of New Zealand, and if they would make you Governor and me Bishop, I would go out, I think, to-morrow,—not to return after so many years, but to live and die there, if there was any prospect of rearing any hopeful form of society. I have actually got 200 acres in New Zealand, and I confess that my thoughts often turn thitherward; but that vile population of runaway convicts and others, who infest the country, deter me more than anything else, as the days of Roman Proconsuls are over, who knew so well how to clear a country of such nuisances. Now, I suppose they will, as they find it convenient, come in and settle down quietly amongst the colonists, as Morgan did at Kingston; and the ruffian and outlaw of yesterday becomes to-day, according to our Jacobin notions of citizenship, a citizen, and perhaps a magistrate and a legislator. I imagine that the Jamaica society has never recovered the mixture of Buccaneer blood, and it is in that way that colonial societies become so early corrupted, because all the refuse of old societies find such easy access into them.

I am very glad, indeed, that you like my Prophecy Sermons: the points in particular on which I did not wish to enter, if I could help it, but which very likely I shall be forced to touch on, relate to the latter chapters of Daniel, which, if genuine, would be a clear exception to my canon of interpretation, as there can be no reasonable spiritual meaning made out of the Kings of the North and South. But I have long thought that the greater part of the Book of Daniel is most certainly a very late work, of the time of the Maccabees; and the pretended prophecy about the kings of Grecia and Persia, and of the North and South, is mere history, like the poetical prophecies in Virgil and elsewhere. In fact, you can trace distinctly the date when it was written, because the events up to the date are given with historical minuteness, totally unlike the character of real Prophecy; and beyond that date all is imaginary. It is curious that when there was so allowed a proof of the existence of apocryphal writings, under the name of the Book of Daniel,—as the Stories of the apocryphal Esther, Susanna, and Bel and the Dragon,—those should have been rejected, because they were only known in the Greek translation, and the rest, because it happened to be in Chaldee, was received at once in the lump, and defended as a matter of faith. But the self-same criticism

which has established the authenticity of St. John's Gospel against all questionings, does, I think, equally prove the non-authenticity of great part of Daniel; that there may be genuine fragments in it, is very likely.

225. TO ARCHDEACON HARE. Fox How, January 26, 1840.

The Penny postage will allow me to trouble you with a question, which otherwise I should not have thought it worth while to send to you. Wordsworth, I think, told me, on your authority, that Niebuhr had spoken with strong disrespect of Coleridge's Church and State. Now, as I respect Coleridge exceedingly, it pains me to think that Niebuhr should speak with actual disrespect of any work of his; and it seems to me that his habit of criticism was generally mild and considerate. On the other hand, Coleridge's Church and State does seem to me to be historically very faulty, and this Niebuhr would feel, I doubt not, very keenly. Can you tell me what Niebuhr's judgment of the book really was, and on what it was founded?*

. . . You will be glad to hear, I think, that the volumes of Thirlwall's Greece seem to me to improve as the work advances. There never could be a doubt as to the learning and good sense of the book; but it seems to me to be growing in feeling and animation, and to be now a very delightful history, as well as a very valuable one. . . . Mr. Maurice wrote to me the other day, to say that he had sent to Rugby, for me, the first number of the Educational Magazine. I could not thank him, because I did not know his address, but I should be very sorry to appear inattentive to a man whom I respect so highly as I do Mr. Maurice.

226. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Fox How, January 24, 1840.

We are going to leave this place, if all be well, on Monday; and I confess that it makes me rather sad to see the preparations for our departure, for it is like going out of a very quiet cove into a very rough sea; and I am every year approaching nearer to that time of life when rest is more welcome than exertion. Yet, when I think of what is at stake on that rough sea, I feel that I have no right to lie in harbour idly; and indeed I do yearn more than I can say to be able to render some service where service is so greatly needed. It is when I indulge such wishes most keenly, and only then, that strong political differences between my friends and myself are really painful; because I feel that not only could we not act together, but there would be no sympathy the moment I were to express anything beyond a general sense of anxiety and apprehension, in which I suppose all good men must share.

* This question has been inserted merely as an illustration of the jealousy with which he regarded the reputations of men whom he really reverenced. How far Niebuhr's unfavourable judgment was given, upon full deliberation, does not appear.

227. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, January 26, 1840.

We left Rugby this time so early, that your letter followed me down here, and I must have the pleasure of answering it before we go away, which alas! must be to-morrow morning. We talk of going to Norwich for a few days, to see the Stanleys, and to Cambridge, before we settle at Rugby; and really, in these most troublesome times, it seems more than is allowable to be living, as we are here, in a place of so much rest and beauty.

Your letter interested me very deeply, and I have thought over what you say very often. Yet I believe that no man's mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been in the course of my life, from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever submitted to another with the same complete deference as I did to you when I was an undergraduate. So, afterwards, I looked up to Davison with exceeding reverence,—and to Whately. Nor do I think that Keble himself has lived on in more habitual respect and admiration than I have, only the objects of these feelings have been very different. At this day, I could sit at Bunsen's feet, and drink in wisdom, with almost intense reverence. But I cannot reverence the men whom Keble reverences, and how does he feel to Luther and Milton? It gives me no pain and no scruple whatever to differ from those whom, after the most deliberate judgment that I can form, I cannot find to be worthy of admiration. Nor does their number affect me, when all are manifestly under the same influences, and no one seems to be a master spirit, fitted to lead amongst men. But with wise men in the way of their wisdom, it would give me very great pain to differ; I can say that truly with regard to your Uncle, even more with regard to Niebuhr. I do not know a single subject on which I have maintained really a paradox, —that is, on which I have presumed to set up my judgment against the concurring judgment of wise men, and I trust I never should do it. But it is surely not presumption to prefer a foreign authority to one nearer home, when both are in themselves perfectly equal. For instance,—suppose that any point in English Law, although steadily defended by English lawyers, was at variance no less decidedly with the practice of the Roman Law, and condemned by the greatest jurists and philosophers of other countries,—there can be no presumption, as it seems to me, in taking either side strongly according as a man's convictions may be; nor ought one to be taxed with disrespect of authority in either case; because, although one may be treating some great men as clearly wrong, yet other men no less great have justified us in doing so. Perhaps this consciousness of the actually disputed character of many points in theology and politics rendered it early impossible to my mind to acquiesce without inquiry in any one set of opinions; the choice was not left me to do so. I was brought up in a strong Tory family; the first impressions of my own mind shook my merely received impressions to pieces, and at Winchester I was well-nigh a Jacobin. At sixteen, when I went up to

Oxford, all the influences of the place which I loved exceedingly, your influence above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and made me again a Tory. I used to speak strong Toryism in the old Attic Society, and greedily did I read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough royalist. Then came the peace, when Napoleon was put down, and the Tories had it their own way. Nothing shook my Toryism more than the strong Tory sentiments that I used to hear at ——, though I liked the family exceedingly. But I heard language at which my organ of justice stood aghast, and which, the more I read of the Bible, seemed to me more and more unchristian. I could not but go on inquiring, and I do feel thankful that now and for some years past I have been living not in scepticism, but in a very sincere faith, which embraces most unreservedly those great truths, divine and human, which the highest authorities, divine and human, seem to me concurringly to teach. I have said this defensively only, for I am sure I meant to convey no insinuation against you for not being active in inquiring after truth. I believe I never think of you but with entire respect and admiration, and I never talked with you on any subject without gaining something,—so far am I from venturing to think that I am entitled to think myself fonder of truth than you are. I am glad that you like the Sermons on Prophecy; I have not ventured to say that the principle is of *universal* application, but it is I think very *general*; and, in both the cases which you notice, I think it holds. Cyrus is said, in many commentaries, to be a type of Christ, by which I understand that the language applied to him is hyperbolical, and suits properly only Him who is the real deliverer of Israel, and conqueror of Babylon. And the passage about the "Virgin conceiving," &c., has a manifest historical meaning as applied to Isaiah's wife; the sign being one of time, that within the youth of an infant presently to be born, Syria and Israel should be overthrown. Emmanuel might improperly be the name of a common child, just as Jesus or Joshua was, but both apply to our Lord, and to Him only, in unexaggerated strictness. I have finished Vol. II. of the History, and am getting on with the new edition of Thucydides. The school is quite full, and I have been obliged to refuse several applications on that account. Our attempt to secure some of the benefits of the Eton system of tuition will come into practice as soon as the half-year begins. Wordsworth is and has been remarkably well this winter. A Miss Gillies came down here in the autumn to take his miniature, in which I think she has succeeded admirably. The state of the times is so grievous, that it really pierces through all private happiness, and haunts me daily like a personal calamity. But I suppose that as to the causes and cure, we should somewhat differ, though in much surely we should agree. I wish your son John would come down to see me some day from Oxford. I should much wish to see him, and to observe how he is getting on.

228. TO SIR CULLING E. SMITH, BART. (With reference to a correspondence in the Herts Reformer.)

Rugby, February 14, 1840.

. . . I have two principal reasons which make me unwilling to affix my name to my letters in the Herts Reformer,—one, as I mentioned before, because I am so totally unconnected with the county,—which to my feelings is a reason of great weight:—my other reason concerns my own particular profession, not so much as a clergyman but as a schoolmaster. I think if I wrote by name in a newspaper published in another county, I should be thought to be stepping out of the line of my own duties, and courting notoriety as a political writer. And this, I think, I am bound for the school's sake to avoid, unless there is a clear duty on the other side, which I own I cannot as yet perceive to exist. I think that your own case as a gentleman of independent rank and fortune, and directly connected with Hertfordshire, is very different from mine; for no one could charge you with stepping out of your own profession, or with interfering without any title to do so in the newspaper of another county. And as to the reasons which you urge, of setting an example of moderation in arguing on the question of Church Establishments, it seems to me that the mischief of our newspapers mainly arises from the virulent language which men use while writing anonymously, and that, as far as example goes, this is better reproved by temperate writings which are also anonymous. I suppose that no man, writing with his name, would allow himself to write in the style which newspaper writers often use; if you and I write with our names, it would be no wonder at all if we should write moderately; but if Augur and F. H. observe the courtesies and the charities of life, which their incognito might enable them to cast aside if they would, it appears to me to be likely, as far as their letters are read, to have a salutary influence, because their moderation could scarcely be ascribed to anything but to their real disapprobation of scurrility and unfairness. After all, my incognito is only a very slight veil, and I am more anxious to preserve it in form than in reality. I have no objection to be known as the author of my Letters, but I would neither wish to attach my name to them, nor to be mentioned by name in the Reformer, for the reasons which I have given above. I trust that you will not take it amiss that I still adhere to my former resolution. May I add at the same time, that I am much obliged to you for the kind expressions in your letter, and I trust that you will have no cause to recall your testimony to the respectfulness of my language in any of my future Letters. I do respect sincerely every man who writes with a real desire to promote the cause of Christ's kingdom.

229. * TO H. FOX, ESQ. Rugby, February 21, 1840.

I am well persuaded that to a good man with regard to his choice of one amidst several lines of duty, "Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido."

It is a part of God's Providence that some men are made to see strongly the claims of one calling, others those of another. If, therefore, a man tells me that he feels bound to go out as a Missionary to India, I feel that I ought not to grudge to India what God seems to will for her. A very old friend of mine, who has been for some years superintendent of the missions at Madras, is coming home this spring for his health, hoping to go out again in the autumn; if your purpose is fixed, I should like you to see him, for he would counsel you well as to the manner of carrying it into effect; but on the previous question itself,—to go to India or not,—his judgment must be biassed, for he himself left a very large field of ministerial duty here, to go out to India. But whether you go to India, or to any other foreign country, the first and great point, I think, is to turn your thoughts to the edification of the Church already in existence,—that is, the English or Christian societies as distinct from the Hindoos. Unless the English and the half-caste people can be brought into a good state, how can you get on with the Hindoos? Again, I am inclined to think that greater good might be done by joining a young English settlement, than by missionary work amongst the heathen. Every good man going to New Zealand, or to Van Diemen's Land, not for the sake of making money, is an invaluable element in those societies; and remember that they, after all, must be, by and by, the great missionaries to the heathen world, either for God or for the Devil.

But still, do not lightly think that any claims can be greater upon you than those of this Church and people of England. It is not surely to the purpose to say that there are ten thousand clergymen here, and very few in India. Do these ten thousand clergymen all, or even the greater part of them, appreciate what they have to do? Is not the mass of evil here, greater a thousand times in its injurious effects on the world at large, than all the idolatry of India? and is it less dangerous to the souls of those concerned in it? Look at the state of your own county;* and does not that cry out as loud as India, notwithstanding its bishop and its golden stalls? And remember—that the Apostles did indeed, or rather some of them did, spread the Gospel over many provinces of the Roman Empire;—but it was necessary that it should have a wide diffusion once; not that this diffusion was to go on universally and always, although the old Churches might be grievously wanting the aid of those who were plunging into heathen and barbarian countries to make nominal converts.

But beyond this no man can advise you; you may do good by God's blessing anywhere,—you will, I doubt not, serve Him everywhere, —but what you feel to be your particular call, you alone must determine. But do not decide hastily, for it is an important question, and if you go and then regret it, time and opportunities will be lost. You know that F. Newman went out as a missionary to Persia, and returned, finding that he had judged his calling wrongly. I shall, of course, be at all times glad to advise you to the best of my power, either by letter or personally.

* Durham.

230. TO THE SAME. Rugby, March 30, 1840.

I would not willingly have left your last letter so long unanswered, but my time has been even more than usually engaged. I am sure that if your bent seems to be to the work of a Missionary in India, I would not be the man to dissuade you from it. It is a Christian and a most important calling, and, though to my own mind, certainly, there are others even more important, yet I fully believe that it is God's will that, by our different impulses, all the several parts of His vineyard should be supplied with labourers. Only, if you do go to India, still remember that the great work to be done is to organize and purify Christian Churches of whites and half-castes. This, I believe, Tucker would tell you, and all other men whose judgments can be relied on. There must be the nucleus to which individuals from the natives will continually join more and more, as these become more numerous and more respectable. Otherwise the caste system is an insuperable difficulty; you call on a man to leave all his old connexions, and to become infamous in their eyes, and yet having no living Church to offer him, where "he shall receive fathers and mothers, and brethren and sisters, &c., a hundredfold." Individual preaching amongst the Hindoos, without having a Church to which to invite them, seems to me the wildest of follies. Remember how in every place, Paul made the εὐσεβεῖς the foundation of his Church, and then the idolatrous heathens gathered round these in more or less numbers.

Again, if you go out to India, you must be clear as to questions of Church government and the so-called Apostolical Succession, which there become directly practical questions. Are you to look upon Lutheran ordinations, and Baptists' or Independent baptisms, as valid or invalid? Are the members of non-episcopal Churches your brethren or not? In matters of doctrine, an opinion, however unimportant, is either true or false; and if false, he who holds it is in error, although the error may be so practically indifferent as to be of no account in our estimate of the men. But in matters of government, I hold that there is actually no right, and no wrong. Viewed in the large, as they are seen in India, and when abstracted from the questions of particular countries, I hold that one form of Church government is exactly as much according to Christ's will as another; nay, I consider such questions as so indifferent, that, if I thought the government of my neighbour's Church better than my own, I yet would not, unless the case were very strong, leave my Church for his, because habits, associations, and all those minor ties which ought to burst asunder before a great call, are yet of more force, I think, than a difference between Episcopacy and Presbytery, unless one be very good of its kind, and the other very bad. . . . However, whether you think with me or not, the question at any rate is one of importance to a man going as missionary to India. Let me hear from you again when you can.

231. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN, (then Prussian Minister at Berne.)

Rugby, February 25, 1840.

It rejoices me indeed to resume my communication with you, and it is a comfort to me to think that you are at least on our side of the Alps, and on a river which runs into our own side, in the very face of Father Thames. May God's blessing be with you and yours in your new home, and prosper all your works public and private, and give you health and strength to execute them, and to see their fruits beginning to show themselves. I am going on in my accustomed way, in this twelfth year of my life at Rugby, with all about me, thank God, in good health.

. . . I have determined, after much consideration, to follow the common chronology for convenience. To alter it now seems as hopeless as Hare's attempt to amend our English spelling; and besides I cannot satisfy myself that any sure system of chronology is attainable, so that it does not seem worth while to put all one's recollections into confusion for the sake of a result which after all is itself uncertain. I have written the naval part of the first Punic War with something of an Englishman's feeling, which I think will make you find that part interesting. I have tried also to make out a sort of Domesday Book of Italy after the Roman Conquest, to show as far as possible the various tenures by which the land was held. . . .*

. . . I am seriously thinking of going southwards. I hesitate between two plans, Marseilles and Naples, or Trieste and Corfu. Corfu—Corcyra—would be genuine Greece in point of climate and scenery, and if one could get a sight of the country about Durazzo, it would greatly help the campaign of Dyrrhachium. Then, in going to Trieste, we should see Ulm, Augsburg, Munich and Salzburg, and might take Regensburg and Nurnburg on our return. Naples in itself would be to me less interesting than Corfu, but if we could penetrate into the interior nothing would delight me more. Do you think that we could penetrate into the Abruzzi, that is, my wife and I—, and can you give us letters to anybody in the Neapolitan dominions if we did go? Any advice of yours on this subject would be very acceptable. We went to Cambridge at the end of our winter holidays, where I saw Donaldson, the author of the New Cratylus, and almost the only Englishman who promises, I think, to be a really good philologer. How I wish that your Egyptian work were published, and that we had a near prospect of the Evangelica and the Liturgical work.

Niebuhr's third volume is indeed delightful; but it grieved me to

* A passage has here been omitted relating to the question between the Judges and the House of Commons, on Breach of Privilege, in consequence of the statement of his opinion being mixed up with a statement of facts which he had intended eventually to reconsider. But it was a subject on which, at the time, he felt very strongly in favour of the House of Commons, in the belief that "the leading statesmen of all parties took one side, and the lawyers and the ultra-Tories the other side," and that "Peel's conduct on this occasion does him more credit than any part of his political life."

find those frequent expressions, in his later letters, of his declining regard for England. I grieve at it, but I do not wonder. Most gladly do I join in your proposal that we should write monthly. . . . Will you send me your proper address in German, for I do not like directions to you in French.

232. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Rugby, March 13, 1840.

. . . I do not often venture to talk to you about public affairs, but surely you will agree with me in deprecating this war with China, which really seems to me so wicked as to be a national sin of the greatest possible magnitude, and it distresses me very deeply. Cannot anything be done by petition or otherwise to awaken men's minds to the dreadful guilt we are incurring? I really do not remember, in any history, of a war undertaken with such combined injustice and baseness. Ordinary wars of conquest are to me far less wicked, than to go to war in order to maintain smuggling, and that smuggling consisting in the introduction of a demoralizing drug, which the government of China wishes to keep out, and which we, for the lucre of gain, want to introduce by force; and in this quarrel are going to burn and slay in the pride of our supposed superiority.

233. TO W. LEAPER NEWTON, ESQ. Rugby, February 19, 1840.

It is with the most sincere regret that I feel myself unable to give an unqualified support to the resolution which you propose to bring forward at the next general meeting of the proprietors of the North Midland Railway Company.

Of course, if I held the Jewish law of the Sabbath to be binding upon us, the question would not be one of degree, but I should wish to stop all travelling on Sundays as in itself unlawful. But holding that the Christian Lord's Day is a very different thing from the Sabbath, and to be observed in a different manner, the question of Sunday travelling is, in my mind, quite one of degree; and whilst I entirely think that the trains which travel on that day should be very much fewer on every account, yet I could not consent to suspend all travelling on a great line of communication for twenty-four hours, especially as the creation of railways necessarily puts an end to other conveyances in the same direction; and if the trains do not travel, a poor man, who could not post, might find it impossible to get on at all. But I would cheerfully support you in voting that only a single train each way should travel on the Sunday, which would surely enable the clerks, porters, &c., at every station, to have the greatest part of every Sunday at their own disposal. Nay, I would gladly subscribe individually to a fund for obtaining additional help on the Sunday, so that the work might fall still lighter on each individual employed.

234. TO THE SAME. Rugby, February 22, 1840.

It would be absolutely wrong, I think, if I were not to answer your question to the best of my power; yet it is so very painful to seem to be arguing in any way against the observance of the Sunday, that I would far rather agree with you than differ from you. I believe that it is generally agreed amongst Christians that the Jewish Law, so far as it was Jewish and not moral, is at an end; and it is assuming the whole point at issue to assume that the Ten Commandments are all moral. If that were so, it seems to me quite certain that the Sabbath would have been kept on its own proper day; for, if the Commandments were still binding, I do not see where would be the power to make any alteration in its enactments. But it is also true, no doubt, that the Lord's Day was kept from time immemorial in the Church as a day of festival; and, connected with the notion of festival, the abstinence from worldly business naturally followed. A weekly religious festival, in which worldly business was suspended, bore such a resemblance to the Sabbath, that the analogy of the Jewish law was often urged as a reason for its observance; but, as it was not considered to be the Sabbath, but only a day in some respects like it, so the manner of its observance varied from time to time, and was made more or less strict on grounds of religious expediency, without reference in either case to the authority of the fourth commandment. An ordinance of Constantine prohibits other work, but leaves agricultural labour free. An ordinance of Leo I. (Emperor of Constantinople) forbids agricultural labour also. On the other hand, our own Reformers (see Cranmer's Visitation Articles) required the Clergy to teach the people that they would grievously offend God if they abstained from working on Sundays in harvest time; and the statute of Edward VI., 5th and 6th, chap. iii. (vol. iv. part i. p. 132 of the Parliamentary edition of the Statutes, 1819,) expressly allows all persons to work, *ride* or follow their calling, whatever it may be, in the case of need. And the preamble of this statute, which was undoubtedly drawn up with the full concurrence of the principal Reformers, if not actually written by them, declares in the most express terms that the observance of all religious festivals is left in the discretion of the Church, and therefore it proceeds to order that all Sundays, with many other days named, should be kept holy. And the clear language of this statute,—together with the total omission of the duty of keeping the Sabbath in the Catechism, although it professes to collect our duty towards God from the four first commandments,—proves to my mind that in using the fourth commandment in the Church service, the Reformers meant it to be understood as enforcing to us simply the duty of worshipping God, and devoting some portion of time to His honour, the particular portion so devoted, and the manner of observing it, being points to be fixed by the Church. It is on these grounds that I should prefer greatly diminishing public travelling on the Sunday to stopping it altogether; as this seems to me to correspond better with the Christian observance of the Lord's Day, which, while most properly making

rest from ordinary occupation the general rule, yet does not regard it as a thing of absolute necessity, but to be waived on weighty grounds. And surely many very weighty reasons for occasionally moving from place to place on a Sunday are occurring constantly. But if the only alternative be between stopping the trains on our railway altogether, or having them go frequently, as on other days, I cannot hesitate for an instant which side to take, and I will send you my proxy without a moment's hesitation. You will perhaps have the goodness to let me hear from you again.

235. TO THE SAME. Rugby, April 1, 1840.

I should have answered your last letter earlier, had I not been so much engaged that I assure you I do not find it easy to find time for anything beyond the necessary routine of my employments. I agree with you that it is not necessary with respect to the practical point to discuss the authority of the command to keep the Sunday. In fact, believing it to be an ordinance of the Church at any rate, I hold its practical obligation just as much as if I considered it to be derivable from the fourth commandment; but the main question is, whether that rest, on which the commandment lays such exclusive stress, is really the essence of the Christian Sunday. That it should be a day of greater leisure than other days, and of the suspension, so far as may be, of the common business of life, I quite allow; but then I believe that I should have much greater indulgence for recreation on a Sunday than you might have; and if the railway enables the people in the great towns to get out into the country on the Sunday, I should think it a very great good. I confess that I would rather have one train going on a Sunday than none at all; and I cannot conceive that this would seriously interfere with any of the company's servants; it would not be as much work as all domestic servants have every Sunday in almost every house in the country. At the same time, I should be most anxious to mark the day decidedly from other days, and I think that one train up and down would abundantly answer all good purposes, and that more would be objectionable. I was much obliged to you for sending me an account of the discussion on the subject, and, if it comes on again, I should really wish to express my opinion, if I could, by voting against having more than one train. I am really sorry that I cannot go along with you more completely. At any rate, I cannot but rejoice in the correspondence with you to which this question has given occasion. Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any man who is in earnest, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions, according to their greater or less conformity.*

236. * TO HOWELL LLOYD, ESQ. Rugby, February 25, 1840.

With regard to Welsh, I am anxious that people should notice any words which may exist in the spoken language of old people, or in

remote parts of the country, which are not acknowledged in the written language. Welsh must have its dialects, I suppose, like other languages, and these dialects often preserve words and forms of extreme antiquity, which have long since perished out of the written language, or rather were never introduced into it. You know Dr. Pritchard's book, I take it for granted, the only sensible book on the subject which I ever saw written in English. This and Bopp's Vergleichende Grammatik, should be constantly used, I think, to enable a man to understand the real connexion of languages, and to escape the extravagances into which our so-called Celtic scholars have generally fallen.

237. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. (Relating to a Petition on Subscription.)

April, 1840.

. . . My wish about the bill is this, if it could be done; that the Athanasian creed should be rejected altogether,—that the promise to use the Liturgy should be the peculiar subscription of the clergy,—that the Articles should stand as articles of peace, in the main draft of each Article, for clergy and laity alike;—and that for Church membership there should be no other test than that required in Baptism. I think you may require fuller knowledge of the clergy than of the laity; and, as they have a certain public service in the Church to perform, you may require of them a promise that they will perform it according to the law of our Church; but as to the adhesion of the inner man to any set of religious truths,—this, it seems to me, belongs to us as Christians, and is in fact a part of the notion of Christian faith, which faith is to be required of all the Church alike, so far as it can be or ought to be required of any one. And therefore, so long as the clergy subscribe to the Articles, so long do I hope that they will be required at taking degrees in Oxford or Cambridge, of all who are members of the Church. If they are a burden, all ought to bear it alike; if they are a fair test of church membership, they should extend to all alike.

238. TO THE SAME. April, 1840.

. . . I would not willingly petition about the Canons, except to procure their utter abolition; I have an intense dislike of clerical legislation, most of all of such a clergy as was dominant in James the First's reign. And, if the Canons are touched ever so lightly, what is left untouched would acquire additional force, an evil greater to my mind than leaving them altogether alone. I think that I should myself prefer petitioning for a relaxation of the terms of Subscription, and especially for the total repeal of the 36th Canon. Historically, our Prayer Book exhibits the opinions of two very different parties, King Edward's Reformers, and the High Churchmen of James the First's time and of 1661. There is a necessity, therefore, in fact, for a com-

* See p. 206, for his further view of the fourth commandment.

prehensive Subscription, unless the followers of one of these parties are to be driven out of the Church; for no man who heartily likes the one, can approve entirely of what has been done by the other. And I would petition specifically, *I think*, but I speak with submission, for the direct cancelling of the damnatory clauses of the anonymous Creed, vulgarly called Athanasius'—(would it not be well in your petition to alter the expression, "Athanasius' Creed"?) leaving the Creed itself untouched.

239. TO THE SAME. May 16, 1840.

I have sent a copy of this petition * to Whately: if he approves of it, I will ask you to get it engrossed, and put into the proper forms. My feeling is this; as I believe that the tide of all reform is at present on the ebb, I should not myself have come forward at this moment with any petition, but, as you have resolved to petition, I cannot but sign it; and then, signing your petition, I wish also to put on record my sentiments as to what seems to me to be a deeper evil than anything in the Liturgy or Articles. . . . I wish that the signatures may be numerous, and may include many Laymen; it is itself a sign of life in the Church that Laymen should feel that the Articles and Liturgy belong to them as well as to the Clergy.

240. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ. April 12, 1840.

I do not like to let my wife's letter go without a word from me, if it were only to express to you my earnest interest about the beginnings of your great work, which I imagine is now near at hand. It is very idle for me to speculate about what is going on in states of society, of which I know so little; yet my knowledge of the Jacobinism of people here at home, makes me full sure that there must be even more of it out with you, and it fills me with grief when I think of society having such an element *σύντροφον ἐξ ἀρχῆς*. . . . I often think that nothing could so rouse a boy's energies as sending him out to you, where he must work or starve. There is no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilisation, and thinking himself a great person. Burbidge is here again, as fond of Rugby as ever, but I hope that he will now complete his terms at Cambridge. I hope that you will journalise largely. Every tree, plant, stone, and living thing is strange to us in Europe, and capable of affording an interest. Will you describe the general aspect of the country round Hobart's Town? To this day I never could meet with a description of the common face of the country about New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, and there-

* *i.e.* for the restoration of Deacons. His wish for the revival of any distinct ecclesiastical government of the clergy at this time, was checked by the fear of its countenancing what he held to be erroneous views concerning the religious powers and duties of the State.

fore I have no distinct ideas of it. Is your country plain or undulating, your valleys deep or shallow,—curving, or with steep sides and flat bottoms? Are your fields large or small, parted by hedges or stone walls, with single trees about them, or patches of wood here and there? Are there many scattered houses and what are they built of,—brick, wood, or stone? And what are the hills and streams like,—ridges, or with waving summits,—with plain sides, or indented with combes;—full of springs, or dry;—and what is their geology? I can better fancy the actors when I have got a lively notion of the scene on which they are acting. Pray give my kindest remembrances to Sir John and Lady Franklin; and by all means, if possible, stick to your idea of naming your place Christ's College. Such a name seems of itself to hallow Van Diemen's Land, and the Spaniards did so wisely in transplanting their religious names with them to the New World. We unhappily "in omnia alia abiimus." May God bless you and your work.

241. † TO REV. W. K. HAMILTON. Rugby, May 4, 1840.

I thank you very much for the book which you were so kind as to send me. . . . I was delighted to see translations of some of my favourite hymns in Bunsen's collection, and shall try to get them sometimes sung in our Chapel. I will try also again to understand the very old music which you speak of, and which Lepsius, at Bunsen's request, once played to me. It is a proof of Bunsen's real regard for me, that he still holds intercourse with me, even after I proved utterly insensible to what he admires and loves so much. But seriously, those who are musical can scarcely understand what it is to want that sense wholly; I cannot perceive, (*καταλαμβάνειν,*) what to others is a keen source of pleasure; there is no link by which my mind can attach it to itself; and, much as I regret this defect, I can no more remedy it, than I could make my mind mathematical, or than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood sorrel. I trust that you will be able to come and see us, though I know the claims upon your time too well to complain of your absence. You will be glad to hear that I wrote to Keble lately, and had a very kind answer from him; I yearn sadly after peace and harmony with those whom I have long known, and I will not quarrel with them if I can help it; though, alas, in some of our tastes there is the music which to them is heavenly, and which to me says nothing; and there are the wild flowers which to me are so full of beauty, and which others tread upon with indifference. . . . If you come to us in about a month's time, I hope that I shall be able to show you four out of the seven windows in our chapel supplied with really good painted glass, which makes me not despair of getting the other three done in good time. I should always wish to be very kindly remembered to your father and mother, whom I now so rarely see.

242. † TO REV. HERBERT HILL. Rugby, May 8, 1840.

I was very glad indeed to find that —— were to go to you; but, before I heard it, I was going to send you an exhortation, which, although you may think it needless, I will not even now forbear. It is, that you should, without fail, instruct your pupils in the six books of Euclid at least. I am, as you well know, no mathematician, and therefore my judgment in this matter is worth so much the more, because what I can do in mathematics, anybody can do; and as I can teach the first six books of Euclid, so I am sure can you. Then it is a grievous pity that at your age, and with no greater amount of work than you now have, you should make up your mind to be shut out from one great department, I might almost say, from many great departments of human knowledge. Even now I would not allow myself to say that I should never go on in mathematics, unlikely as it is at my age; yet I always think that if I were to go on a long voyage, or were in any way hindered from using many books, I should turn very eagerly to geometry, and other such studies. But further, I do really think that with boys and young men, it is not right to leave them in ignorance of the beginnings of physical science. It is so hard to begin anything in after life, and so comparatively easy to continue what has been begun, that I think we are bound to break ground, as it were, into several of the mines of knowledge with our pupils, that the first difficulties may be overcome by them while there is yet a power from without to aid their own faltering resolution, and that so they may be enabled, if they will, to go on with the study hereafter. I do not think that you do a pupil full justice, if you so entirely despise Plato's authority, as to count geometry in education to be absolutely good for nothing. I am sure that you will forgive me for urging this, for I think that it concerns you much, and I am quite sure that you ought not to run the risk of losing a pupil because you will not master the six books of Euclid, which, after all, are not to be despised for one's very own solace and delight; for I do not know that Pythagoras did anything strange, if he sacrificed a hecatomb when he discovered that marvellous relation between the squares containing and subtending a right angle, which the 47th proposition of the first book demonstrates. . . . More than 500 pages of Vol. II. are printed, but there will be, I fear, 100 more. I dread the adage about μεγα βιβλιον. We have real spring for the first time for seven years; delicious rains and genial sunshines, so that the face of the earth is bursting visibly into beauty. I think nothing yet of summer plans, for if I go abroad, and give up Fox How, it must be done tête baissée, it will not bear looking at beforehand.

243. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, May 8, 1840.

. . . I believe that I look to Church Extension as the only possible means under God's blessing of bringing society to a better state, but I cannot press Church Extension, in the common sense of the term,

as a national measure, because I think that the mass of Dissent renders it, if objected to by the Dissenters, actually unjust. The evil of Dissent and its causes are so entirely at the bottom of all our difficulties in this way, that we never can get on consistently or smoothly till something be done to try to remedy this; and if this is incurable, then the nationality of the Church must always be so far false that you can never have a right to act as if it were entirely true. And the same difficulty besets the Education Question, where I neither like the Government Plan nor the Diocesan System,—and am only glad that I can avoid taking an active part on either side. One thing I see, that if attempts be made, as they seem to be, to make the power of the Bishops less nominal than it has been, there will be all the better chance of our getting a really good Church government; for irresponsible persons, irremovable, and acting without responsible advisers, are such a solecism in government, that they can only be suffered to exist so long as they do nothing; let them begin to act, and the vices of their constitution will become flagrant. I have written even this little note at two different times, and yet it is not finished. I should be glad to get any detailed criticism on my Prophecy Sermons, but that, I am afraid, I shall not get. If you put, as you may do, Christ for abstract good, and Satan for abstract evil, I do not think that the notion is so startling that they are the main and only perfect subjects of Prophecy, and that in all other cases the language is hyperbolical in some part or other; hyperbolical, I mean, and not merely figurative. Nor can I conceive how, on any other supposition, the repeated applications of the Old Testament language to our Lord, not only by others, but by Himself, can be understood to be other than arbitrary.

244. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, May 26, 1840.

. . . I feel very deeply the kindness of all that you say about my work, and rejoice with the greatest thankfulness that you are breathing more freely. You may remember that I used to be very anxious about you, and now I rejoice to think that you are relieved from your burdens, and have only to beware of over indulgence in your own works, a more beguiling danger, probably, than that of working too much at what is mere business. For myself, if I were left to my natural taste merely, I believe I should do little but read and write and enjoy the society of my own family and dearest friends; but I believe also, most sincerely, that it is far better for me to be engaged in practical life, and therefore I am thankful for the external necessity which obliges me to go on at Rugby. In fact, the mixture of school work and of my own reading furnishes a useful, and I feel, too, a pleasant variety; and I cannot perceive that it is any strain upon my constitution, while I sleep like an infant, and daily have either a bathe or a walk in the country, where I think neither of school nor of History.

No doubt I feel very keenly the narrow compass of my reading, from the want of greater leisure; and it hinders me from trying to do some things which I should like to do; but I am pretty well re-

DR. ARNOLD'S MONUMENT

IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF THE NEW CHAPEL.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

conciled to this, and, as long as I feel that I can be useful practically in the work of education, I am well content to relinquish some plans which would otherwise have been very dear to me. But then my health may fail, and what am I to do then? I know the answer which you would make in my place, and I would try to share in your spirit, and to say, that then Christ, I doubt not, will provide for me as He sees best. As man wishes and schemes, I think that I should like to go on here till Matt and Tom have gone through the University, and then, if I could, retire to Fox How. But I would earnestly pray, and would ask your prayers too for me, that in this and in all things I may have a single heart and will, wishing for nothing but what Christ wishes and wills for me.

I read your accounts of your own pursuits with a pleasure more than I could describe. It is, indeed, a feeling deeper than pleasure; a solemn thankfulness that you are so blessed with the will and the power to set forth the truth in faith and love. And most earnestly do I pray that God's blessing may be upon all your works to complete them to His own glory, and to the good of His Church. I do rejoice, indeed, to see you now reaping the fruits for which you have sowed so patiently, and seizing those great truths to which, by so many years of quiet labour,—and labour which ignorant persons often thought and think to have another direction, as the parallels of a besieger's approaches are not carried in a straight line to the ditch,—you were silently and surely making your way good. But it is a sad feeling, too, when I turn to our own Church, and see the spirit which prevails here.

Now for the second volume of my History, I shall have no pleasure, or next to none, in sending it to you, for you will sadly feel its poverty. You will perceive, what I know too well, that everywhere you are in soundings, and that too often you are almost in shoal water. I mean, you will perceive the defects of my knowledge at every turn; how many books I have never read, perhaps have never heard of; how incapable I am of probing many of the questions, which I notice, to the bottom. I wished to have your Essay on the Principles of Historical Criticism, which you promised me when you were in Westmorland; but now I must beg for it for the third volume. I think that you will like the tone of the book; in that alone I can think of your reading it with pleasure; but alas! alas! that I should have had to write such book in the face of Niebuhr's third volume, which yet I was obliged to do.

. . . I went up to one of our levees about three weeks ago, and was presented to the Queen. I believe that one of the principal reasons which led me to go, was to enable me to be presented hereafter, if it may be, by you at Berlin. I saw several people whom I was glad to see, and was amused by the novelty of the scene. Our political world offers nothing on which I can dwell with pleasure or with hope. One or two men are stirring the question of Subscription to the Articles and Liturgy, wishing to get its terms altered. Hull prepared a petition to this effect, which Whately will present this

evening in the House of Lords. —— signed it, as did ——, and so did I; not that I believe it will do any good, nor that my own particular wish would lead me to seek for reform there; it is in government and discipline, not in doctrine, that our Church wants mending most; but, when any good men feel it a matter of conscience to petition for what I think good and right, I do not feel it becoming to stand aloof from them, especially where the expression of their sentiments is likely to expose them to some odium. But for my own satisfaction, I drew up and sent to Whately a sketch of what I should myself wish to petition for; namely, the abolition of those political services for the 30th of January, &c., and the repeal of all acts or canons which forbid deacons from following a secular calling. Sir R. Inglis is going to propose a grant of £400,000 a year for new clergymen; but surely his end would be better answered, and at no expense, by reviving the order of deacons, and enabling us to see that union of the Christian ministry with the common business of life which would be such a benefit to the clergy and the laity. Whately approved entirely of the petition, but thought it too abrupt a way of proceeding, as the subject would be new to so many. Here, indeed, I do feel the want of time; for I should like to write upon the point, and go into it deeply, which now I cannot do at all.

245. TO THE SAME. Rugby, June 13, 1840.

I know not whether this letter may find you at Berne; probably not, for I have just read the official account of the King of Prussia's death; but it may wait for you or follow you to Berlin, and I would not willingly let a day pass without expressing my deep interest in the present crisis. That extract which you wrote out for me is indeed glorious, and fills one with thankfulness that God has raised up such a King in a great Protestant country at this momentous time: when the great enemy in his two forms at once, Satan and Antichrist, the blasphemy of the Epicurean Atheist, and the idolatry of the lying and formal spirit of Priestcraft is assailing the Church with all his might. May Christ's strength and blessing be with the King and with you, that Prussia may be as the mountain of the Lord, the city of God upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid.

I have in the last week again felt the effects of your true friendship. Bishop Stanley procured for me from Lord Melbourne, the offer of the Wardenship of Manchester College, just vacant; and he told me that he had been especially induced to try to get something for me by a letter of yours, in which you expressed your great anxiety that I should be relieved from the burden of Rugby. But, indeed, dearest friend, Rugby, while it goes on well, is not a burden, but the thing of all others which I believe to be most fitted for me while I am well and in the vigour of life. The Wardenship I declined, for the income was so comparatively small, that I should have found a difficulty in educating my children on it; but much more, I must either have made the office a sinecure, or it would have involved me in

labours and responsibilities quite equal to those which I have now, and of a kind quite new to me. And I think that the Bishop was satisfied that I did right in declining it; but I do not feel the less strongly his great kindness and yours. God bless and prosper you always.

246. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (B.) Rugby, August 17, 1840.

. . . I do not give heed to much of what I hear about men's opinions, because, having had my own often misunderstood, I am prepared to find the same thing in the case of my neighbours. Yet I confess that I should like to know the position of your mind at the present moment, because some three or four years ago it had attained, I think, to an unusual degree of independence and vigour, and therefore its progress is to me a greater matter of interest. And I remember well, by my own experience, the strong tendency of an Oxford life upon any one who is justly fond of Oxford, to make him exceedingly venerate those who are at the head of Oxford society. . . . But then in those days the excessive admiration was less injurious, because it was merely personal; there was no set of opinions identified with Davison and Coplestone which one learnt to venerate for their sake. The influence of the place in this way can hardly be resisted during a certain time of a man's life; I got loose from it before I left Oxford, because I found, as my own mind grew, that those whom I had so reverenced were not so much above myself, and I knew well enough that I should myself have made but a sorry oracle. And this I think has hindered me from looking up to any man as a sort of general guide ever since; not that I have transferred my idolatry from other men's minds to my own,—which would have been a change greatly for the worse,—but as much as I have felt its strength comparatively with others, so also have I felt its absolute weakness and want of knowledge. I have great need of learning daily, but I am sure, that other men are in the like predicament,—in some things, though in fewer than in any other man whom I know, Bunsen himself. But all the eminent Englishmen whom I know have need of learning in a great many points; and I cannot turn my schoolfellows into my masters; *οὐ πολυ διαφέρει ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου* is a very important truth, if one appreciates properly the general wisdom of mankind as well as its general unwisdom; otherwise it leads to scepticism, a state which I dread and abhor every day more and more, both in itself and as being so often the gate of idolatry.

My object in saying all this is mainly to warn you against the secret influence of the air in which you are living for so large a portion of the year. Like all climates it has its noxious elements, and these affect the constitution surely but unconsciously, if it be continually exposed to their influence, unless a man, knowing that he is living in an aguish district, looks to his diet and habits accordingly; and, as poor Davison did when he lived in the fens, gets his supply of water from a distance.

Perhaps my late journey makes me more alive to the mischievous effects of any one local influence. One cannot help feeling how very narrow the view of any one place must be, when there are so many other views in the world, none scarcely without some element of truth, or some facility for discerning it which another has not.

For my own especial objects, my journey answered excellently. I feel that I have no need of going to Italy again; that my recollection of Rome is completely refreshed, and that having seen Naples and the interior of the country between Naples and Terni, I have nothing more to desire, for it would be idle to expect to visit every single spot in Italy which might in itself be interesting. The beauty of the country between Antrodoco and Terni surpassed, I think, any thing that I saw, except it be La Cava, and the country dividing the bay of Naples from that of Salerno. But when we returned to Fox How, I thought that no scene on this earth could ever be to me so beautiful. I mean that so great was its actual natural beauty, that no possible excess of beauty in any other scene could balance the deep charm of home which in Fox How breathes through everything. But the actual and real beauty of Fox How is, in my judgment, worthy to be put in comparison with anything as a place for human dwelling. I have run on at greater length than I intended.

247. *TO REV. H. BALSTON, (who was threatened with consumption.)

Rugby, August 17, 1840.

. . . I grieved not to see you on your way to France, as Rugby, I fear, must be forbidden ground to you at present; this cold air would ill suit a delicate chest. I have great confidence in a southern climate, if only it be taken in time, which I should trust was the case in the present instance. But certainly my summer's experience of Italy has not impressed me with a favourable opinion of the climate there; for the changes from heat to cold, and severe cold, were very trying; and after sunset, or at any considerable elevation of ground, I found the cold quite piercing on several occasions. And in the Alps it was really miserable, and I never worked at lighting a fire with such hearty good will as I did at Airolo in Italy in this present year. . . . We enjoyed greatly our four days at Fox How, and are now returned in good bodily condition, and I trust disposed in mind also, to engage in the great work which is here offered,—a work, the importance of which can hardly, I think, be overrated.

I thank you most truly for the kind expressions with which your note concludes. It would make me most happy if I could feel that I duly availed myself of my opportunities here to teach and impress the one thing needful. It was a wise injunction to Timothy, "to be instant in season and out of season," because we so often fancy that a word would be out of season when it would in fact be seasonable. And I believe I often say too little from a dread of saying too much. Here, as in secular knowledge, he is the best teacher of others who

is best taught himself; that which we know and love we cannot but communicate; that which we know and do not love we soon, I think, cease to know.

248. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, September 4, 1840.

. . . Both public and private matters furnish me with more points on which I should like to talk to you, than it is possible to enter on in a letter. May God avert the calamity of a general war, which would be, I think, an unmixed evil from which no power could gain anything, except it were Russia. I cannot help looking to Russia as God's appointed instrument for such revolutions in the races, institutions, and dominions of Europe, as He may yet think fit to bring about. But, as far as England and France are concerned, war could only be disastrous to both parties.

My private prospects have acquired a fixedness which they never before have had so completely, because I have now reason to know that I should never be appointed to one of those new Professorships in Oxford, which above all other things would have been acceptable to me. . . . It vexes me to be thus shut out from the very place where I fancy that I could do most good: but these things are fixed by One who knows best where and how He would have us to serve Him, and it seems to tell me plainly that my appointed work is here. I know that I have yearnings after opportunities for writing—not so much on account of the History as for other matters far nearer and dearer, above all that great question of the Church. But still the work here ought to satisfy all my desires; and, if I ever live to retire to Fox How with undecayed faculties, the mountains and streams which I so love, may well inspire me with a sort of swan-like strain, even in old age. Meantime, the school is fuller than ever, and all seems encouraging. I shall have another new master to appoint at Christmas, and shall perhaps be able to find one amongst my own old pupils.

. . . I have to thank you for Göttling's book on the Roman Constitution, and for Dorner's work on the Doctrine as to the Person of Christ. But I seem to be able to read less than ever, and all books alike stand on my shelves, as it were mocking me; for I cannot make use of them though I have them.

Henry will come down here next month, to have his examination from me previously to going into the schools. He will stay here, I hope, some time; for it will do him good, I think, to be out of Oxford as much as he can just before his examination, when he will need all possible refreshment and repose. Tell me something of your absent sons, of Ernest, and Charles, and George, of whose progress I should much like to hear. . . . God bless you, my dearest friend.

249. TO SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART. Rugby, October 19, 1840.

. . . I never rejoiced so much as I do now that I see no daily newspaper. I think that the interest of this present crisis would soon

make me quite ill, if I did not keep my eyes away from it. The spirit displayed by the French press, and by, I fear, a large portion of the people, is very painful to all those who, like me, have been trying resolutely to look on France with regard and with hope: and it will awaken, I doubt not, that vulgar Antigallican feeling in England which did so much mischief morally to us. Besides, I dread a war on every conceivable ground, both politically and morally. I do not see how any power but Russia can gain by it: and Russia's gain seems to me to be the world's loss. Besides, I have no faith in coalitions; the success of 1814 and 1815 was a rare exception, owing to special causes, none of which are in action now; so that I have great fears of France being victorious; for, with the greatest respect for our army and navy, I have none whatever for our war ministers, whether Whig or Tory,—blundering in that department having marked all our wars, with scarcely a single year's exception. And then the money and the debt, and the mortgaging our land and industry still deeper: and thus inevitably feeding the deadly ulcer of Chartism, which now, for the moment, is skinned over, and being out of sight, is with most of us, according to the usual infirmity of human nature, out of mind. Certainly the command to "put not our trust in princes, nor in the son of man, for there is no help in them," was never less difficult to fulfil than now; for he must be a desperate idolater who can find among our statesmen any one on whom he can repose any excessive confidence.

One thing has delighted me, namely, Bishop Stanley's speech on the presentation of the petition last session for the revision of the Liturgy, &c., which he has now published with notes. He has done the thing exceedingly well, and has closed himself completely, I think, against all attack. But I do not imagine that the question itself will make any progress. . . . I am reading and abstracting Cyprian's Letters,—the oldest really historical monument of the condition of the Christian Church after the Apostolical Epistles. They are full of information, as all real letters written by men in public stations must be; and are far better worth reading than any of Cyprian's other works, which are indeed of little value. I am revising my Thucydides for the second edition, and reserving the third volume of Rome for Fox How; so that I do not do much at present beyond the business of the school: we are sadly too full in point of numbers, and I have got thirty-six in my own form. I have read Mr. Turnbull's book on Austria, which I like much, and it well agrees with my tenderness for the Austrian government and people.

250. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, September 14, 1840.

. . . I have received your Bampton Lectures, for which I thank you much; and I have read seven out of the eight Sermons carefully, and shall soon finish the volume. The volume interested me greatly for the subject's sake, as well as for your own. With much I entirely agree,—indeed I quite agree as to your main positions; but I have

always supposed it to be a mere enemy's caricature of our Protestant doctrine, when any are supposed to maintain that it is the duty of each individual to make out his faith de novo, from the Scriptures alone, without regard to any other authority living or dead. I read with particular interest what you say about Episcopacy, because I did not know exactly what you thought on the subject: there I am sorry to find that we differ most widely. I cannot understand from your book,—and I never can make out from anybody, except the strong Newmanites,—what the essence of Episcopacy is supposed to be. The Newmanites say that certain divine powers of administering the Sacraments effectually can only be communicated by a regular succession from those who, as they supposed, had them at first. W. Law holds this ground: there must be a succession in order to keep up the mysterious gift bestowed on the priesthood, which gift makes Baptism wash away sin, and converts the elements in the Lord's Supper into effectual means of grace. This is intelligible and consistent, though I believe it to be in the highest degree false and Antichristian. Is Government the essence of Episcopacy, which was meant to be perpetual in the Church? Is it the monarchical element of government?—and if so, is it the monarchical element, pure, or limited? Conceive what a difference between an absolute monarchy, and one limited like ours; and still more, like the French monarchy, under the constitution of 1789. I cannot in the least tell, therefore, what you suppose to be the real thing intended to be kept in the Church, as I suppose that you do not like the Newmanite view. And all the moderate High Churchmen appear to me to labour under the same defect,—that they do not seem to perceive clearly what is the essence of Episcopacy; or, if they do perceive it, they do not express themselves clearly.

Another point incidentally introduced, appeared to me also to be not stated quite plainly. You complain of those persons who judge of a Revelation, not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence; and that miracles wrought in favour of what was foolish or wicked, would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen world, that the character of any supernatural power can be only judged of by the moral character of the statements which it sanctions: thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation from God, or from the Devil. If his father tells a child something which seems to him monstrous, faith requires him to submit his own judgment, because he knows his father's person, and is sure, therefore, that his father tells it him. But we cannot thus know God, and can only recognise His voice by the words spoken being in agreement with our idea of His moral nature. Enough, however, of this. I should hope that your book would do good in Oxford; but whether anything can do good there or not is to me sometimes doubtful.

251. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, September 21, 1840.

This sheet is not so large as yours, but it is my largest size next to foolscap; and I readily and thankfully acknowledge your claim upon me for as long and full a letter as I can write. I have more time than enough just now, for I have been confined to my room since Thursday with a slight attack of fever, which, though it would be nothing, I suppose, to any one else, yet always has such an effect upon my constitution as to unfit me for all exertion; and I lay either in bed or on the sofa in my room for three days, a most inutile lignum. Nor am I yet allowed to go downstairs, but I am on the mend, and my pulse has returned nearly to its natural tardiness, which in me is its state of health. So I can now thank you very heartily for your letter, and that delightful picture which it gave me of your home repose. No man feels more keenly than I do how much better it is παραλαβεῖν τὸν ἄγρον than κτήσασθαι,—if my father's place in the Isle of Wight had never passed out of his executors' hands, I doubt whether I ever could have built Fox How, although in all other respects there is no comparison to my mind between the Isle of Wight and Westmorland. Therefore I "macarise" you the more, for having both an inherited home, and in a county and part of the county per se delightful. I never saw Ottery but once, and that in the winter; but the valley and the stream, and the old church, and your house, are still tolerably distinct in my memory; and I do trust that one day they will be freshened by a second actual view of them. Cornish and his wife, I hear, are actually in Yorkshire: if you can tell where a letter would find them, I would ask you to let me know by one line, for I want to catch them on their return, and to secure some portion of their time by a previous promise before George's home sickness comes on him like a lion, and drives him off to Cornwall, uno impetu, complaining that even railways are too slow. . . . The School is flourishing surprisingly, and I cannot keep our numbers within their proper limit; but yet the limit is so far useful, that it keeps us within bounds, and allows us to draw back again as soon as we can. We are now about 340, and I have admitted 63 boys since the holidays. And all this pressure arose out of applications made previously to our great success at Oxford in the summer, which was otherwise likely to set us up a little. Yet it is very certain to me that we have little distinguished talent in the School, and not much of the spirit of reading. What gives me pleasure is, to observe a steady and a kindly feeling in the school, in general, towards the Masters and towards each other. This I say to-day, knowing, however, so well the unstable nature of this boy sea, that I am well aware how soon any "dux turbidus" may set our poor Adria all in a commotion.

Meanwhile, as long as we go on fairly, and my health stands, I am well convinced that for the present, and so long as my boys are in the school, I would rather be here than anywhere else. . . . Quod est in votis: if, after a life of so much happiness, I ought to form a single wish for the future, it would be to have hereafter a Canonry of

Christ Church, with one of the new Professorships of Scriptural Interpretation or Ecclesiastical History. . . . But Oxford, both for its good and its beauty, which I love so tenderly, and for the evil now tainting it, which I would fain resist in its very birthplace, is the place where I would fain pass my latest years of unimpaired faculties.

It distresses me to think of your reading such a book as Kuinoel. That most absurd trash,—absurd no less than profane,—which prevailed for a time among the German theologians, I have happily very little acquaintance with, except from quotations; but I have always thought that it was utterly bad. Niebuhr's spirit of historical and literary criticism was as much needed by German theologians as by English ones, and Strauss to this day is wholly without it. But the best German divines, Lücke, Tholuck, Nitzsch, Olshausen, &c., write only in German, which I fancy you do not read; neither, in fact, do I read much of them, because I have not time; but they are good men, devout and sensible, as well as learned, and what I have read of them is really valuable.

I should have liked any detailed criticism of yours upon vol. ii. of History of Rome. I have scarcely yet been able to get any judgment upon the two first volumes which will help me for those to come. This second volume will be, I hope, the least interesting of all; for it has no legends, and no contemporary history. I tried hard to make it lively, but that very trying is too like the heavy Baron, who leaped over the chairs in his room, pour apprendre d'être vif. What I can honestly recommend to you in the book is its sincerity; I think that it confesses its own many imperfections, without attempting to ride grand over its subject. In the war of Pyrrhus I was oppressed all the time by my sense of Niebuhr's infinite superiority; for that chapter in his third volume is one of the most masterly pieces of history that I know,—so rich and vigorous, as well as so intelligent. I think that I breathe freer in the first Punic War, where Niebuhr's work is scarcely more than fragmentary. I hope, though, to breathe freer still in the second Punic War; but there floats before me an image of power and beauty in History, which I cannot in any way realise, and which often tempts me to throw all that I have written clean into the fire.

252. * TO W. SETON KARR, ESQ. (Then at Haileybury College.)

Rugby. October 5, 1840.

I thank you much for your letter, which I was very glad to receive, and which gave me as favourable an account of your new abode as I had expected. It must be always an anomalous sort of place, and I suppose that the best thing to do is to turn the necessity of passing a certain time there to as good account as possible, by working well at the Eastern languages. I should be much obliged to you if you would tell me what Sanskrit Grammar and Dictionary you use; and whether there is anything like a Sanskrit Delectus, or an easy construing book for beginners. I am not so old as Cato was when he learned Greek, and I confess that I should like, if possible, to learn

a little of the sister of Greek, which has almost a domestic claim upon us as the oldest of our great Indo-Germanic family.

All things are going on here much as usual. The football matches are in great vigour. The Sixth match is over, being settled in one day by the defeat of the Sixth. The School-house match is pending, and the School-house have kicked one goal. Pigou, Bradley, and Hodson, leave us, I am afraid, in the course of a week. . . . I am writing this at Fourth Lesson, as usual, and the lower row are giving up their books, so that I must conclude.

253. TO ARCHDEACON HARE. Rugby, October 28, 1840.

. . . I have read your Sermons with very great pleasure, and ought long since to have thanked you for them. The Notes, I hope, will not long be delayed. It is a great delight to me to read a book with which I can agree so generally and so heartily. Universally one never can expect to agree with any one, but one's highest reasonable hope is fulfilled, when one sympathises cordially with the greatest part of a book, and feels sure, where there is a difference, that the writer would hear our opinions patiently, and if he did not agree with them, would at least not quarrel with us for holding them.

It was no small delight to me to tread the ground of the Forum once more, and to see the wonders of Campania, and to penetrate into the land of the Samnites and Sabines. I missed Bunsen sadly, but his friend Abeken was a most worthy substitute, and was hardly less kind than Bunsen himself would have been.

. . . I signed the petition, because, agreeing with its prayer, I did not wish to avoid bearing my share of its odium; but I am not earnest about it myself, being far more anxious about the government and discipline of the Church, than for any alterations in the Liturgy or Subscriptions; although these too, I think, should not be left undone. But I would do anything in the world to destroy that disastrous fiction by which the minister has been made "personam Ecclesiæ gerere," and which the Oxford doctrines are not only upholding, but aggravating. Even Maurice seems to me to be infected in some measure with the same error in what he says respecting the right of the Church,—meaning the Clergy,—to educate the people. A female reign is an unfavourable time, I know, for pressing strongly the doctrine of the Crown's Supremacy. Yet that doctrine has been vouchsafed to our Church by so rare and mere a blessing of God, and contains in itself so entirely the true idea of the Christian perfect Church,—the Kingdom of God,—and is so mighty to the overthrowing of that which I regard as the essence of all that is evil in Popery,—the doctrine of the Priesthood,—that I do wish, even now, that people's eyes might be opened to see the peculiar blessings of our Church Constitution, and to work it out to its full development.

254. * TO REV. H. BALSTON. Rugby, September 9, 1840.

I cannot let a day pass without thanking you for your very kind letter. . . . Do not think of answering this letter till you feel quite able to do it without painful effort. It will be a pleasure to me to write to you when I can; and I should be very glad indeed if I could help to relieve what I fear must be the loneliness of Guernsey. But I dare say that other people have not always my shrinking from a residence in a small island surrounded by a wide sea; it always seems to me like a prison in a howling wilderness. . . .

Since our return I have done little or nothing besides the school work and my letters. I do not intend to do much as yet upon the History, but I am getting on a little with Thucydides, a work, however, in which I take now but little interest.

My wife will add a few lines to go in the same cover with this. We always think of you with affection, and with no small gratitude for your constant kindness to our children.

255. TO THE SAME. Rugby, October 29, 1840.

I cannot bear that a second letter should go to Guernsey, without conveying under my own hand the expression of my warmest thanks to Miss Hawtrey for her most kind delightful letters. . . . And now, my dear Balston, I have not much else to say, or rather, I have much more than I can or ought to say. . . . I look round in the School, and feel how utterly beyond human power is the turning any single human heart to God. Some heed, and some heed not, with the same outward means, as it appears, offered to both, and the door opened to one no less wide than to another. But "the kingdom of God suffereth violence;" and to infuse the violence, which will enter at all cost, and will not be denied, belongs to Him alone whose counsels we cannot follow. You will pray for us all, that we may glorify God's name in this place, in teaching and in learning, in guiding and in following.

I have many delightful proofs that those who have been here, have found at any rate no such evil as to prevent their serving God in after life; and some, I trust, have derived good from Rugby. But the evil is great and abounding, I well know; and it is very fearful to think that it may to some be irreparable ruin. I will write again when I can. May God bless you ever, and support you, as he did my dear sister, through all that He may see fit to lay on you. Be sure that there is a blessing and a safety in having scarcely any other dealings than with Christ alone,—in bearing His manifest will, and waiting for His pleasure,—intervening objects being of necessity removed away.

256. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (G.) Rugby, November 4, 1840.

Your letter gave me such deep and lively pleasure, that I could scarcely restrain my joy within decent bounds; for to see any man whom I thoroughly value, delivered from the snare of the law as a

profession, is with me a matter of the most earnest rejoicing. It can scarcely be necessary for me to say, that as I grieved to see you decided, as I supposed in favour of the law, so I should rejoice in your escaping while it is yet time, and following the right-hand path to any pure and Christian calling, which to my mind that of an advocate, according to the common practice of the Bar, cannot be; and I think that scarcely any practice could make it such.

I think, too, that for yourself individually, you would do well to adopt another calling. I think that your highest qualities could not be exercised in the law, while, if you are at all inclined to love argument as an exercise, and therefore to practise it without regard to its only just end, truth, I cannot but think, that the law would be especially dangerous to you. For advocacy does seem to me inconsistent with a strong perception of truth, and to be absolutely intolerable, unless where the mind sits loose, as it were, from any conclusions, and merely loves the exercise of making anything wear the semblance of truth which it chooses for the time being to patronise.

With respect to the other part of the question, while I should delight to see you in the ministry of the Church, I cannot quite think that the parochial ministry is so clearly to be preferred to the work of education. But in this men have also their calling, and I would not wish to tempt them from it. Nor would I have you think that I mix up any personal feelings at the possibility of persuading you to join us at Rugby, with my genuine thankfulness, for your own sake and that of others, that, in so great a matter as the choice of a profession, you are disposed to turn from the evil to the good. But I do not think that our work is open to the objections which you suppose; it and the parochial ministry have each their advantages and disadvantages; but education has the advantages, on the whole, where it can be combined with opportunities of visiting the sick and old, the sobering needful to qualify the influences of youth and health and spirits, so constantly displayed by boys, and necessary also in a great degree to those who teach boys. Do not decide this point hastily, unless you feel yourself called as it were beyond dispute to the parochial ministry; if you are, then follow it in Christ's name, and may it be blessed to you and the Church.

I have been obliged to write hastily, but I wished to lose no time. Write again, or come over to us, if I can be of any use in answering any questions.

257. TO THE SAME. Rugby, November 16, 1840.

I am afraid that my opinion is suspected by you, because it was expressed so strongly. However, you must not suppose me to doubt that there can be most excellent men in the profession even of an advocate, two of my most valued and respected friends being, or having been, advocates; and all other parts of the law I hold in the highest honour, and think that no calling can be nobler. But I do not quite understand why you desire to make out a justification for

yourself for choosing one profession rather than another. It seems to me that the point is as yet fully open. Your university residence is only just closed; your legal studies—your mere legal education—can hardly, I suppose, have yet commenced. Certainly it cannot have advanced as far as your theological; so that in point of preparation you are actually more fitted for the church ministry than for the Law.

Now, with respect to being an example in a profession where example is much needed, I can hardly think that any man could choose a profession with such a view without some presumption. In such matters, safety rather than victory should be each man's object; that desire to preserve his best self, being not selfishness, but, as I imagine, the true fulfilment of the law. If one is by God's will fixed in a calling full of temptations, but where the temptations may be overcome, and the victory will be most encouraging to others, then it may be our duty to overcome rather than to fly; but no man, I think, ought to seek temptation in the hope of serving the Church brilliantly by overcoming it.

With regard to the minor question, I will not enter upon it now. Thus much, however, I may say, that, humanly speaking, I am not likely soon to leave Rugby; that it would be my greatest delight to have you here as master; and that the field of good here opened, is, I think, not easily to be surpassed. If you decide on the parochial ministry, then I think that your calling would be to a large town rather than to a country village.

258. TO AN OLD PUPIL, ENGAGED IN BUSINESS. (H.)

Rugby, November 18, 1840.

I think that even your very kind and handsome gift to the library has given me less pleasure than the letter which accompanied it, and which was one of the highest gratifications that a man in my profession can ever experience. Most sincerely do I thank you for it; and be assured that I do value it very deeply. Your letter holds out to me another prospect which interests me very deeply. I have long felt a very deep concern about the state of our manufacturing population, and have seen how enormous was the work to be done there, and how much good men, especially those who were not clergymen, were wanted to do it. And therefore I think of you, as engaged in business, with no little satisfaction, being convinced that a good man, highly educated, cannot possibly be in a more important position in this kingdom than as one of the heads of a great manufacturing establishment. I feel encouraged also by the kindness of your letter, to trouble you, perhaps, hereafter, with some questions on a point where my practical knowledge is of course nothing. Yet I see the evils and dangers of the present state of things, and long that those who have the practical knowledge could be brought steadily and systematically to consider the possibility of a remedy. . . . We are now in the midst of the winter examination, which, as you may remember, gives us all sufficient employment.

259. † TO REV. W. K. HAMILTON.

Rugby, November 18 or 19, 1840.

. . . I have very much, which I should like to say to you if I were with you, but I have not time to write it, nor would it do well in a letter. —— tells me that you were gratified with the improvement in the diocese of Salisbury; so one sees encouragements which cheer us, as well as disappointments enough to humble us; but, perhaps, I am already partaking of one of the characteristics of old age, according to Aristotle, and I am less inclined to hope than to fear. But it is a great comfort to know that there are many good men at work, and that their labours are not without a blessing. You will, I am sure, have been wishing and praying that we may be saved from the curse of war; an evil which would crush the seeds of more good than can be told throughout Europe, and confirm or revive mischiefs innumerable. Your godson is well, but it is becoming needful to keep him from the boys of the school, who would soon pet and spoil him.

260. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, December 4, 1840.

. . . I wished also to thank you for your Sermon, and to say a little to you about it. I quite agree with you that you should not attack the Newmanites directly. Independently of what I might call the moral reasons for your not doing so, I think that truth is never best taught negatively; and these very men derive a great advantage from holding up something positive, although, as I think, it be but a most sorry and abominable idol, to men's faith and love; and merely to say that the idol is an idol, and that its worship is pernicious, is doing but little good, unless we show where the worship can be transferred wholesomely. But your Sermon is to me personally almost tantalising, because it shows that we agree in so much, and makes it doubly vexatious to me that there is beyond this agreement, as I suppose there must be, a great and wide divergence. I suppose that it is the hardest thing in the world to apprehend rightly what is that μέσον, which is really the great excellence to be aimed at. The Newmanites, humorously enough, call their system Via Media. You think that your views are Via Media,—I think that mine are so; that is, we all see errors and dangers on the right and on the left of us, and endeavour to avoid both. But I suppose that the μέσον is then only the point of excellence, when it refers, as Aristotle has referred it, to the simple tendencies of the human mind; whereas it appears to me that men are sometimes beguiled by taking the μέσον of the views of opposite parties as the true point of excellence, or still more, the μέσον of the opinions held by people of our party or of our nation on any given point. You think that Newman is one extreme and I another; and so I am well aware that, in common estimation, we should be held; and thus in Church matters the μέσον would seem to be somewhere between Newman's views and mine; whereas the truth is, that in our views of the importance of the Church, Newman and

I are pretty well agreed, and therefore I stand as widely aloof as he can do from the language of "religion being an affair between God and a man's own conscience," and from all such persons who dispute the claims of the Church to obedience. But my quarrel with Newman and with the Romanists, and with the dominant party in the Church up to Cyprian,—(Ignatius, I firmly believe, is not to be classed with them, vehement as his language is,)—my quarrel with them all—and all that I have named are exactly in the same boat—is, that they have put a false Church in the place of the true, and through their counterfeit have destroyed the reality, as paper money drives away gold. And this false Church is the Priesthood, to which are ascribed all the powers really belonging to the true Church, with others which do not and cannot belong to any human power. But the Priesthood and the Succession are inseparable,—the Succession having no meaning whatever if there be not a Priesthood, as W. Law saw and maintained; arguing, and I think plausibly enough, that the Succession was necessary to carry on the priestly virtue which alone makes the acts of the ministry available. Now as the authorised formularies of our Church are perfectly free from this notion, and as the twenty-third Article to my mind implies the contrary,—for no man, who believed in the necessity of a Succession, would have failed to omit that, to him, great criterion of the lawfulness of any ordination,—it has always vexed me to see our Clergy coquetting as they do with the doctrine of Succession, and clinging to it, even while they stoutly repudiate those notions of a Priesthood which the Succession doctrine really involves in it. And it is by this handle that the Newmanites have gained such ground, especially with the Evangelicals,—for they too have been fond of the Succession notion, and when the doctrine has been pressed to its consequences, they have in many instances embraced them, however repugnant to their former general views of doctrine. You speak of persons who do not value Church privileges. I have no sympathy with such at all; but then you seem to connect Church privileges with the Succession, and to shrink from those who deny the Succession as if they undervalued the Church. Perhaps I understood you wrongly in this, and if so, I shall be truly rejoiced, for, to my mind, he who holds to the Succession as necessary, should, consistently, adopt Newmanism to its full extent; for really and truly the meaning of the Succession is what one of the writers of the Tracts stated in one of the earliest of their numbers, "that no one otherwise appointed could be sure that he could give the people the real body of Christ." And this is a pure priestly and mediatorial power, rendered, according to this hypothesis, necessary to the Christian's salvation, over and above Christ's death, and his faith in it; a power which I am sure stands exactly on the same footing with Circumcision in the Galatian Church, and what St. Paul says of those who required Circumcision applies exactly to those who so hold a priesthood.

All this has been recalled to me now, for I dare say I have said it before, by your late sermon, and by my own rather increasing wish to write on the whole question; a wish strengthened by the incredible

errors of Gladstone's last work. The vexation to me is, that while I hold very high Church doctrines, I am considered as one who dislikes the Church, whereas my whole hope for the advance and triumph of the Gospel looks to it only through the restoration of the Church. But the Christians were called ἄθεοι because they respected not the idols which had transferred to themselves the name and worship of God. And so I am called a no-Churchman, because I respect not the idol which has slipped not only into the Church's place, but into God's—*i.e.* the notion of the Priesthood, which does not seem to me to be false only in its excess, but altogether from the very beginning,—priestly power under the Gospel being reserved to Christ alone, and its character being quite distinct from those other powers of government, teaching, and ministration which the Church may have and must have. But from the natural confusion between government and ministration in a religious society, and the notion of priesthood, the master falsehood gradually stole in unperceived, till long time had so sanctioned it, that when at last men saw and allowed its legitimate consequences, itself was still spared as a harmless and venerable error, if not as a sacred truth. But I have sent you a sermon in manuscript, a thing intolerable, and therefore I will end abruptly, as they say my sermons are apt to do. Thank you for your allusion to our visit to Oxford; we hope that we may at any rate see something of you, and you need not dread my coming up with any designs of arguing or entering into controversy; my visits to Oxford are always intended to be for peace, and not for war.

261. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (G.) Rugby, December 4, 1840.

. . . I thank you for a certain pamphlet which —— gave me a day or two ago; I most earnestly wish it success; and such moral reforms are among the purest delights which a man can ever enjoy in this life. I delight too, most heartily, that the change of profession is decided. May God's blessing be with your decision, through His Son now and ever.

262. TO THE SAME. Fox How, December 28, 1840.

I honour and sympathise with an anxiety to follow our Lord's will in matters of real moral importance, as much as I shrink from the habit of exalting every notice of what was once done in matters of form into a law, that the same ought always to be done, and that Christ has commanded it. But I do not feel your objection to taking an oath when required by a lawful and public authority, nor do I quite see your distinction between taking an oath when imposed by a magistrate and taking one voluntarily, in the sense in which alone the oath of supremacy, when taken at ordination, can be called voluntary. For, if the thing be unlawful, it must be as wrong to do it for the sake of avoiding a penalty, as of obtaining a good. But it is quite clear to me that the evil is in requiring an oath,—when we speak of solemn

oaths, and not of those used gratuitously in conversation, to which I believe our Lord's words in the letter apply. I would not do anything which would imply that I thought a Christian's word not sufficient, and required him to make a distinction between it and his oath. But if an authority in itself lawful says to me, "I require of you, though a Christian, that same assurance which men in general have agreed to look to as the highest," I do not see that I should object to give it him, although in my own case I feel it to be superfluous. And it appears to me clear that our Lord did Himself so comply with the adjuration of the High Priest. It is a grief to me that the Church in this, as in many other things, has not risen to the height designed for her; but it seems to me that the individual's business is not to require oaths, rather than not to take them when required by others. The difference seems to me to lie, as I think our Article implies, not between oaths voluntary and involuntary,—for no oath can be strictly speaking involuntary, "Commands being no constraints,"—but between oaths gratuitously proffered, where you are yourself enforcing the difference between affirmations and oaths, and oaths taken on the requisition of a lawful authority, where you incur no such responsibility.

263. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, January 2, 1841.

. . . If our minds were comprehensive enough, and life were long enough, to follow with pleasure every pursuit not sinful, I can fancy that it would be better to like shooting than not to like it; but as things are, all our life must be a selection, and pursuits must be neglected, because we have not time or mind to spare for them. So that I cannot but think, that shooting and fishing, in our state of society, must always be indulged at the expense of something better.

I feel quite as strongly as you do the extreme difficulty of giving to girls what really deserves the name of education intellectually. When Jane was young, I used to teach her some Latin with her brothers, and that has been, I think, of real use to her, and she feels it now in reading and translating German, of which she does a great deal. But there is nothing for girls like the Degree Examination, which concentrates one's reading so beautifully, and makes one master a certain number of books perfectly. And unless we had a domestic examination for young ladies to be passed before they came out, and another like the great go, before they come of age, I do not see how the thing can ever be effected. Seriously, I do not see how we can supply sufficient encouragement for systematic and laborious reading, or how we can ensure many things being retained at once fully in the mind, when we are wholly without the machinery which we have for our boys. I do nothing now with my girls regularly, owing to want of time; once, for a little while, I used to examine —— in Guizot's Civilisation of France, and I am inclined to think that few better books could be found for the purpose than this and his Civilisation of Europe. They embrace a great multitude of subjects and a great variety, and some philosophical questions amongst the rest, which

would introduce a girl's mind a little to that world of thought to which we were introduced by our Aristotle. . . .

We had a very delightful visit from the Cornishes early in December; Mrs. Cornish I had only seen for a few minutes at your house since the winter of 1827: and Essy I had not seen at all since she was a baby. I learnt from Cornish, what I never knew before, the especial ground of Keble's alienation from me; it appears that he says that "I do not believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Now that I do not believe in it in Keble's sense is most true; I would just as soon worship Jupiter; and Jupiter's idolatry is scarcely farther from Christianity, in my judgment, than the idolatry of the priesthood; but, as I have a strong belief in the Holy Catholic Church, in my sense of it, I looked into Pearson on the Creed, and read through his whole article on the subject, which I had not for many years, to see whether my sense of it was really different from that of the most approved writers of our Church; and I found only one line in all Pearson's article that I should not agree with, and in his summing up or paraphrase of the words of the Creed, where he says what we should mean when we say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," I agree entirely. I do not say that Pearson's opinions on Church government are exactly the same as mine,—I dare say they are not; but he does not venture to say that his opinions are involved in the words of the Creed, nor would he have said that a man did not believe in the Holy Catholic Church, because he did not believe in Apostolical succession. Meantime, it has been a pleasure to me to find that my Sermons on Prophecy have given no offence to the Newmanites, but rather have conciliated them, as far as they go, which was one of my main objects in publishing them. I am afraid that I cannot expect the same toleration to be extended to the new volume of my Sermons which is going to be published; for, although they are not controversial, yet, as embracing a great many points, they cannot avoid collision with those whose opinions are the very opposite to mine, nor should I think it right to leave out everything which the Newmanites would object to, any more than Newman would think it right to omit in his sermons all that I should object to. Yet I still hope that the volume will give no unnecessary offence even to those from whom I differ most widely.

264. TO W. BALSTON, ESQ. (On the death of his son.)

January, 1841.

. . . Miss Hawtrey's great kindness has given us constant information of the state of your son Henry; and I was happy to find that so many of his brothers were with him. I believe that I am much more disposed to congratulate you on his account than to condole with you; at least, as the father of five sons, I feel that nothing could make me so happy for any of them as to be satisfied that they were so loved by God, and so fashioned by His Spirit to a fitness for His kingdom, as is the case with your dear son Henry.

265. TO REV. TREVENEN PENROSE. Fox How, January 6, 1841.

. . . We have received from Miss Hawtrey a long account of the last days of H. Balston's life, and I never read anything more beautiful. He seemed to be aware of the coming of death, step by step; and some of his expressions at the very last seem more strikingly to connect this present existence with another than anything I ever heard. He actually laid himself down to die in a particular posture, as a man lays himself down to sleep, and even so he did die. His state of mind was quite heavenly.

We are enjoying this place as usual, though I am obliged to work very hard, with my History and letters. The History is intensely interesting, and I feel to regard it more and more with something of an artist's feeling as to the composition and arrangement of it; points on which the ancients laid great stress, and I now think very rightly. I find constantly the great use of my many foreign journeys, for though I have no good maps here, yet I am getting on with Hannibal's march from personal recollections of the country, which I think will give an air of reality to the narrative greater than it ever could have from maps. Twelve o'clock strikes, and I must go to bed.

266. † TO REV. T. J. ORMEROD. Fox How, January 3, 1841.

. . . It is very delightful to be here, and our weather till to-day has been beautiful. I sit at the window with my books on the sofa around me, and my Epicurean wish would be to live here in quiet, writing and reading and rambling about on Loughrigg, more beautiful than Epicurus's garden. But my reasonable wishes turn to the work at Rugby, as a far better employment, so long as my health and strength are spared me.

Poor Southey's state is most pitiable, his mind is quite gone. There is something very touching in this end of so much mental activity, but there is no painful feeling of morbid restlessness in his former activity,—he worked quietly though constantly, and his faculties seem gently to have sunk asleep, his body having outlived them, but in such a state of weakness as to give sign that it will soon follow them. Wordsworth is in body and mind still sound and vigorous; it is beautiful to see and hear him.

267. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ. Fox How, January 15, 1841.

. . . I was unwell before the holidays, and although I soon recovered, yet I was very glad to come down here and get some rest. And the rest of this place in winter is complete, everything so quiet, with only our immediate neighbours, all kind and neighbourly. Wordsworth is remarkably well, and we see him daily; and moreover, Rydal Lake is frozen as hard as a rock, and my nine children, and I with them, were all over it to-day, to our great delight. Four of my boys skate. Walter is trundled in his wheelbarrow, and my daughters and I slide, for I am afraid that I am too old to learn to skate now. My wife

walks to Ambleside to get the letters, and then goes round to meet us as we come from the Lake. . . . When I am here, it does make me sadly yearn for the time when I may live here steadily, if I am alive at all. Yet I do not suppose that I should ever be able to get an income to retire upon, equal to what yours is; but, if my boys were once educated, I think I should come down here without more delay. As for poor little Walter, I do not think that I should ever be able to wait at Rugby for him, so I do not know what he will do. Your boys, however, are so much older than he is, that your difficulty would be over much before mine; and depend upon it that the comfort of an income already secured is great, when a man feels at all unwell . . . but all this is in wiser and better hands than ours, and our care has enough to think of in those nearer concerns which may not be neglected without worse fault than imprudence, and worse mischief than a narrow income.

268. TO REV. I. HEARN. Fox How, January 25, 1841.

I had hoped to write to you at any rate before we left Fox How, and now your kind and long letter gives you a stronger claim on me. You have also been so kind as to wish my wife and myself to be sponsors for your little boy; and we can have only one scruple in becoming so, lest we should stand in the way of other friends of yours, and particularly of Mrs. Hearn's, who may be better known to your children than we can expect to be in the common course of things, as our life, in all human probability, will be passed between Warwickshire and Westmorland. Otherwise we should accept with great pleasure so sure a mark of your confidence and friendship.

We have been here almost six weeks, in perfect rest as far as this place is concerned, but I have had a very troublesome correspondence about school matters, which has brought Rugby more before my mind than I wish to have it in the holidays. I hope that this is not indolence, but I feel it very desirable, if I can, to get my mind thoroughly refreshed and diverted during the vacations;—"diverted," I mean in the etymological rather than in the popular sense, that is, turned aside from its habitual objects of interest to others which refresh from their very variety. Thus my History is a great *diversion* from the cares about the school, and then the school work in its turn is a *diversion* from the thoughts about the History. Otherwise either would be rather overpowering, for the History, though very interesting, is a considerable engrosser of one's thoughts; there is so much difficulty in the composition of it, as well as in the investigation of the facts. I have just finished Cannæ, and do not expect to do much more these holidays.

We hope to be at Laleham on Saturday, and to stay there till Wednesday; thence we go to Oxford, and finally return to Rugby on Friday, February 5. There are other subjects which will require a good deal of attention, just coming upon me. I am appointed, with Dr. Peacock, Dean of Ely, to draw up a Charter for the proposed

College in Van Diemen's Land, which will again force me upon the question of religious instruction without exclusion, one of the hardest of all problems. In all British colonies, it is manifest that the Scotch Church has exactly equal rights with the English,—equal rights even legally—and I think, considering Ireland, that the Roman Church has equal rights morally. Yet to instruct independently of any Church, is utterly monstrous, and to teach for all three Churches together, is, I think, impossible. I can only conceive the plan of three distinct branches of one college, each sovereign in many respects, but in others forming a common government. Then my friend Hull is again stirring the question of a reform in our own Church, as to some of the Rubrics and parts of the Liturgy; and though I would not myself move this question now, yet agreeing with Hull in principle, I do not like to decline bearing my share of the odium; thinking that what many men call "caution" in such matters, is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would not gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease, when a man is past five-and-forty, is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety, or the pleasure of argument.

Your useful and happy life is always an object on which my thoughts rest with unmixed pleasure; a green spot morally as well as naturally, yet not the green of the stagnant pool, which no life freshens. I love to see the freedom and manliness, and fairness of your mind existing in true combination with holy and spiritual affections. Why will so many good men, in their theological and ecclesiastical notions, so completely reverse St. Paul's rule, showing themselves children in understanding, and men only in the vehemence of their passions. . . .

269. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Fox How, January 28, 1841.

. . . I have been working at my History pretty steadily, and have just finished Cannæ. Some of our military geographers have offered me assistance; Colonel Napier amongst others; but there are points on which full satisfaction appears to me impossible. I think that both Flaminius and Varro have been maligned, and that the family papers of the Scipios and "the Laudatio M. Marcelli a filio habita," have falsified the history grievously. Göttling imagines the number of thirty-five tribes to have been an idea of Flaminius, and that it was meant to be final; but he strangely ascribes the addition of the two last tribes to the censorship of Flaminius, whereas it preceded it nearly twenty years. The text of Polybius appears to me in a very unsatisfactory state, and the reading of the names of places in Italy worth next to nothing. I am sorry to say that my sense of his merit as an historian, becomes less and less continually; he is not only "einseitig," but in his very own way he seems to me to have been greatly overvalued, as a military historian most especially; I should

like to know what Niebuhr thought of him. Livy's carelessness is most provoking; he gives different accounts of the same events in different places, as he happened to take up different writers, and his incapability of conceiving any distinct idea of the operations of a campaign is truly wonderful. I think that the Latin Colonies and Hannibal's want of artillery and engineers saved Rome. Samnium would not rise effectually, whilst its strongest fortresses, Beneventum, Æsernia, &c., were in the hands of the enemy. If the French artillery had been no better than Hannibal's, and they had had no other arm to depend on than their cavalry, I believe that the Spaniards by themselves would have beaten them, for every town would then have been impregnable, and the Guerillas would have starved the army out. Some of Hannibal's faults remind me strongly of Nelson; his cruelty to the Romans is but too like Nelson's hatred of the Jacobins, which led to the disgraceful tragedy at Naples. The "meretricula Salapiensis," was his Lady Hamilton. The interest of the History I find to be very great, but I cannot at all satisfy myself; the story should be so lively, and yet so rich in knowledge, and I can make it neither as I wish.

The years seems opening upon us with more favourable prospects; there is a strong feeling of enthusiasm, I think, about our successes in Syria, and though I do not sympathise in the quarrel, and regret more than I can say the alienation of France, yet the efficiency of the navy is naturally gratifying to every Englishman, and the reduction of Acre so far is, I think, a very brilliant action. Trade seems also reviving, although I suspect that in many markets you have excluded us irrevocably. But these respites, of which we have had so many, these lullings of the storm, in which the ship might be righted, perhaps, and the point weathered, seem doomed to be for ever wasted; the great evil remains uncured, nay, unprobed, and all fear to touch it. Truly, the gathering of the nations to battle, is more and more in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, not in the sense in which our fanatics look at the war in Syria, as likely to lead to the fulfilment of prophecy in their view of it, but because political questions more and more show that the Church question lies at the root of them—Niebuhr's true doctrine, that 1517 must precede 1688, and so that for a better than 1688, there needs a better than even 1517. Some of the Oxford men now commonly revile Luther as a bold, bad man; how surely would they have reviled Paul; how zealously would they have joined in stoning Stephen; true children of those who slew the prophets, not the less so because they with idolatrous reverence build their sepulchres. But I must stop, for the sun is shining on the valley, now quite cleared of snow, and I must go round and take a farewell look at the trees and the river, and the mountains: ere "feror exul in aitum," into the wild and troubled sea of life's business, from which this is so sweet a haven. But "Rise, let us be going," is a solemn call, which should for ever reconcile us to break off our luxurious sleep. May God bless us both in all our ways outward and inward, through Jesus Christ.

270. * TO REV. A. P. STANLEY. Rugby, March 8, 1841.

. . . I was much struck by what you say of Constantinople being the point to which the hopes of Greeks are turning, rather than to Athens or Sparta. I can well believe it, but it makes the tirades of many Philo-Hellenians very ridiculous, and it should moderate our zeal in trying to revive classical antiquity. It curiously confirms what I said in the sermons on Prophecy,—that "Christian Athens was divided by one deep and impassable chasm from the Heathen Athens of old." And we do not enough allow for the long duration of the Byzantine empire,—more than eleven hundred years,—a period how far longer than the whole of English History! But, however, I must turn from Greece to Italy, and now that you are in genuine Italy, (which you were not before, except in the short distance between Rimini and Acona, for Cisalpine Gaul has no pretensions to the name,) I hope that you feel its beauty to be more akin to that of Greece. I have always felt in the Apennines that same charm which you speak of in the mountains of Greece: the "rosea rura Velini," between Rieti and Terni, are surrounded by forms of almost unearthly beauty. I have no deeper impression of any scene than of that, and when I was in that very rich and beautiful country between Como and Lugano, I kept asking of myself, why I so infinitely preferred the Apennine to the Alpine valleys. Naples itself is the only very beautiful spot which a little disappointed me; but the clouds hung heavily and coldly over the Sorrento mountains, and Vesuvius gave forth no smoke, so that the peculiar character of the scene, both in its splendour and in its solemnity, was wanting. My wife was half wild with Mola di Gaeta, and indeed I know not what can surpass it. There, too, the remains of the villas, "jactis in altum molibus," spoke loudly of the Roman times; and from Mola to Capua, the delightfulness of everything was to me perfect. My own plans for the summer are very uncertain; we have an additional week, which of course tempts me, and I did think of going to Corfu, and of trying to get to Durazzo, where Cæsar's Lines attract me greatly, but I am half afraid both of the climate and quarantine, and want to consult you about it, if, as I hope, we shall see you before the end of the half-year. Spain again, and the neighbourhood of Lerida, is, I fear, out of the question: so that, if I do go abroad, I should not be surprised if I again visited Italy.

I suppose that by this time your thoughts are again accommodating themselves to the position of English and of Oxford Life, after so many months of a sort of cosmopolitism. I am afraid that war is becoming less and less an impossibility, and, if we get reconciled to the notion of it as a thing which may be, our passions, I am afraid, will soon make it a thing that will be. . . . My own desire of going to Oxford was, as you know, long cherished and strong, but it is quenched now; I could not go to a place where I once lived so happily and so peaceably, and gained so much,—to feel either constant and active enmity to the prevailing party in it,—or else, by use and

personal humanities, to become first tolerant of such monstrous evil, and then perhaps learn to sympathise with it.

271. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ. Rugby, March 3, 1841.

There is really something formidable in writing a letter to Van Diemen's Land. You must naturally delight in hearing from England, and I should wish to give you some evidence that you are not forgotten by your friends at Rugby; yet how to fill a sheet with facts I know not; for great events are happily as rare with us as they used to be, and the little events of our life here, the scene, and the actors, are all as well known to you as to ourselves; in this respect contrasting strangely with our entire ignorance of the scene and nature of your life in Van Diemen's Land, where every acre of ground would be to me full of a thousand novelties; perhaps the acres in the towns not the least so. Again, the gigantic scale of your travelling quite dwarfs our little summer excursions. If I were writing to a man buried in a country parsonage, I could expatiate on our delightful tour of last summer, when my wife, Mayor, and myself, went together to Rome, Naples, and the heart of the Abruzzi. But your journal of your voyage, and the consciousness that you are at our very antipodes, with declining summer instead of coming spring, at the beginning of your short half-year, while we are beginning our long one; this makes me unwilling to talk to you about a mere excursion to Italy.

We have been re-assembled here for nearly four months; locking up is at half-past six, callings over at three and five, first lesson at seven. I am writing in the library at Fourth lesson, on a Wednesday, sitting in that undignified kitchen chair, which you so well remember, at that little table, a just proportional to the tables of the Sixth themselves, at which you have so often seen me writing in years past. And, as the light is scarcely bright enough to show the increased number of my grey hairs, you might, if you looked in upon us, fancy that time had ceased to run, and that we are the identical thirty-one or more persons who sat in the same place, at the same hour, and engaged in the very same work when you were one of them. The School is very full, about 330 boys in all, quiet and well disposed, I believe; but enough, as there will always be, to excite anxiety, and quite enough to temper vanity.

. . . My wife, thank God, is very well, and goes out on the pony regularly, as usual. We went to-day as far as the turnpike on the Dunchurch Road, then round by Deadman's Corner, to Bilton, and so home. Hoskyns, who is Sandford's curate, at Dunchurch, walked with us as far as the turnpike. The day was bright and beautiful, with gleams of sun, but no frost. You can conceive the buds swelling on the wild roses and hawthorns, and the pussy catkins of the willows are very soft and mouse like; their yellow anthers have not yet shown themselves. The felling of trees goes on largely, as usual, and many an old wild and tangled hedge, with its mossy banks, presents at this moment a scraped black bank below, and a cut and stiff fence of

stakes above; one of the minor griefs which have beset my Rugby walks for the last twelve years at this season of the year.

Of things in general I know not what to say. The country is in a state of much political apathy, and therefore Toryism flourishes as a matter of course, and commercial speculation goes on vigorously. Reform of all sorts, down to Talfourd's Copyright Bill, seems adjourned sine die; wherefore evil of all sorts keeps running up its account, and Chartism, I suppose, rejoices. The clergy are becoming more and more Newmanite,—Evangelicalism being swallowed up more and more by the stronger spell, as all the minor diseases merged in the plague in the pestilential time of the second year of the Peloponnesian war. Yet one very good bill has been brought into parliament by the Government, for the better drainage and freer room of the dwellings of the poor in large towns, and some of the master manufacturers are considering that their workmen have something else besides hands belonging to them, and are beginning to attend to the welfare of that something. If reform of this sort spreads amongst a class of men so important, I can forgive much political apathy. Whether that unlucky eastern question will prove in the end the occasion of another general war, no man can tell; but I fear the full confidence of peace is gone, and men no longer look upon war as impossible, as they did twelve months since. God bless you, my dear Gell, and prosper all your work. Remember me very kindly to Sir John and Lady Franklin.

272. TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, K.C.B.*

Rugby, March 16, 1841.

I ought not to have left your kind letter so long unanswered; but I have not, I trust, neglected its main business, although I cannot report any satisfactory progress, for I know not in what state the question now is, and I have been this very day writing to Mr. Stephen, to ask what they are about, and whether I can be of any further service.

My whole feelings go along with Gell's wishes, but I do not think that they ought to be indulged. It is a great happiness to live in a country where there is only one Church to be considered either in law or in equity; then all institutions can take a simple and definite character; the schools and the Church can be identified, and the teaching in the school-room and in the Church may breathe the same spirit, and differ only so far as the one is addressed to adults, the other to children. All this no one can love more than I do. I have the Bishop's licence: we have our School Chapel, where the Church service is duly performed; I preach in it as a Minister of the Church, and the Bishop comes over every two years to confirm our boys in it. I quite allow that my position is that which suits my taste, my feelings, and my reason most entirely.

But if I were in Gell's place, as in many other respects I could

* With regard to the College in Van Diemen's Land. See Letter 268.

not expect all the advantages of England, so neither could I in this identification of my school with my Church. In a British colony there are other elements than those purely English; they are involved, I think, in the very word "British," which is used in speaking of our colonies. Here, in England, we Englishmen are sole masters,—in our colonies we are only joint masters; and I cannot, without direct injustice, make the half right as extensive as the whole right.

But whilst I quite acknowledge the equal rights of the Church of Scotland, I acknowledge no right in any third system,—for a Church it cannot be called,—to be dominant both over the Church of Scotland and over us. I would allow no third power or principle to say to both Churches, "Neither of you shall train your people in your own way, but in a certain third way, which, as it is that of neither, may perhaps suit both." I would have the two Churches stand side by side,—each free, and each sovereign over its own people; but I do not approve of such a fusion of the one into the other as would produce a third substance, unlike either of them.

Now, I confess that what I should like best of all, would be, to see two colleges founded, one an English college, the other a Scotch college, each giving its own Degrees in Divinity, but those Degrees following the Degrees in Arts, which should be given by both as a University. Each college possessing full independence within itself, the education of the members of each would in all respects be according to their respective Churches, while the University authorities, chosen equally from each, would only settle such points as could harmoniously be settled by persons belonging to different Churches.

This, I think, would be my beau ideal for Van Diemen's Land; and that the English college would quickly outgrow the Scotch college, —that it would receive richer endowments from private munificence,— that it would have more pupils, and abler tutors or professors, I do not doubt. But that would be in the natural course of things, and justice would have been done to the rights of Scotland as a member of the United Kingdom.

The decisive objection to this, I suppose, would be the expense. You can have only one college, and I suppose may be thankful even for that. What is next best, then, as it appears to me, is still to provide for the equal, but at the same time the free and sovereign and fully developed action of both Churches within the same college, by the appointment of two clergymen, the one of the English, the other of the Scotch Church, as necessary members of the college always, with the title of Dean, or such other as may be thought expedient, such Deans having the direct charge of the religious instruction generally of their own people; the Dean of that Church to which the Principal for the time being does not belong, being to his own people in all religious matters both Principal and Dean, but the Dean of whose Church the Principal is a member, acting under the superintendence of the Principal, and the Principal himself taking a direct part in the religious teaching of the students of his own communion.

It might be possible and desirable to put the office of Principal

altogether in commission, and vest it in a Board of which the two Deans should be ex officio members, and three other persons, or one, as it might be thought fit. Local knowledge is required to decide the details,—but in this way, if Gell were English Dean, his power and importance might be equal to what they would be as Principal; and his position might be at once less invidious, and yet more entirely free and influential.

The solution of the difficulty had not suggested itself to me before, but I give it for what it may be worth. I believe that I see clearly, and hold fast the principles on which your college should be founded; but different ways of working these principles out may suggest themselves at different times, and none of them perhaps will suit your circumstances; for it is in the application of general principles to any given place or condition of things, that practical knowledge of that particular state of things is needful, which I cannot have in the present case. Still the conclusions of our local observation must not drive us to overset general principles, or to neglect them, for that is no less an error.

273. TO THE SAME. Rugby, April 4, 1842.

Your letter of the 18th of August quite coincides with my wishes, and satisfies me also that I may, without injustice, act according to them. . . . And I am happy to say that —— seems quite disposed to agree with your view of the subject, and to make it a standing rule of the College, that the Principal of it shall always be a member of the Church of England, if not a clergyman. My own belief is, that our Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are, with all their faults, the best institutions of the kind in the world,—at least for Englishmen; and therefore I should wish to copy them exactly, if it were possible, for Van Diemen's Land. I only doubted whether it were just to Scotland to give a predominantly English character to the institutions of a *British* colony; but your argument from the establishment of the English law is, I think, a good one, and mixed institutions are to my mind so undesirable, that I would rather have the College Scotch altogether, so far as my own taste is concerned, than that it should represent no Church at all. I have always wished, and I wish it still, that the bases of our own, as of other Churches, should be made wider than they are; but the enlargement, to my mind, should be there, and not in the schools: for it seems a solecism to me, that a place of education for the members of a Church should not teach according to that Church, without suppressions of any sort for the sake of accommodating others.

As to the other point,—of there being always an English and Scotch clergyman amongst the Fellows of the College, —— took your view of the case, and I yielded to him. . . . But, though I do not like to urge anything against your judgment, yet I should like to explain to you my view of the case. I wish to secure to members of the Scotch Church the education of their own Church,—I mean an

education such as their own Church would wish them to have,—just as I wish to secure for our people a full Church of England education. Then, on the other hand, I am not afraid of sectarian feelings and struggles, where men live together, each with a distinct recognised position of his own, and with his own proper work assigned to him. I dread much more the effect of differences not publicly recognised, such as those of parties within the same Church. If Roman Catholics, as such, had a college of their own at Oxford, I do not believe that there would be half the disputing or proselytising which exists now, where Roman Catholic opinions are held by men calling themselves members of our Church. A Scotch clergyman has to do with Scotchmen, an English clergyman with Englishmen. The national distinction would make the ecclesiastical difference natural, as I think, and would take away from it everything of hostility. But, however, as I said before, I should have the greatest objection to pressing a point against your judgment. I grieve over the difficulty about the name of the College: it seems to me not a little matter; and how sadly does that foolish notion of its being profane, help the superstition to which it professes to be most opposed,—the superstition of holy places, and holy things, and holy times. But your leaving the question to the Government seems quite the wisest way of settling it.*

274. TO REV. TREVENEN PENROSE. (Who had asked him his opinion about sanctioning various Provident Societies, by preaching Sermons on their anniversaries.)

Rugby, April 10, 1841.

My opinion on such points as you have proposed to me, is not worth the fiftieth part of yours, so totally am I without the needful experience. But speaking as an ἰδίωτης, I am inclined quite to agree with you. These half heathen clubs, including, above all, Free Masonry, are, I think, utterly unlawful for a Christian man: they are close brotherhoods, formed with those who are not in a close sense our brethren. You would do a great service, if by your sermons, aided by your personal influence, you could give the clubs a Christian character. But their very names are unseemly. A club of Odd Fellows is a good joke, but hardly a decent piece of earnest. I suspect, however, that the Government plans are too purely economical: an annual dinner is so much the usage of all English societies, that it seems hard to deny it to the poor.

275. * TO REV. T. J. ORMEROD. Fox How, June 19, 1841.

. . . I think that it is very desirable to show the connexion of the Church with the Synagogue, a point on which Whately insists strongly. I should also like to go into the question as to the δεύτεραι διατάξεις τῶν ἀποστόλων, mentioned in that famous fragment of Irenæus. That the

* This letter is, for the sake of convenience, transposed to this place from its proper order.

Church, system, or rather the Priest system, is not to be found in Scripture, is as certain as that the worship of Jupiter is not the doctrine of the Gospel: the only shadow of an apostolical origin of it rests on the notion, that after the destruction of Jerusalem, the surviving Apostles altered the earlier Christian service, and made the Eucharist answer to the sacrifice of the Temple. I believe this to be unsupported as to its historical basis, and perverted doctrinally; if there be any foundation for the fact, it was not that the Eucharist was to succeed to the Temple sacrifices,—one carnal sacrifice, and carnal priest succeeding to another;—but that the spiritual sacrifice of each man's self to God, connected always, according to Bunsen, with the commemoration of Christ's sacrifice in the Eucharist, was now visibly the only sacrifice anywhere offered to God; and thus, as was foretold, the carnal worship had utterly perished, and the spiritual worship was established in its room. That the great Enemy should have turned his very defeat into his greatest victory, and have converted the spiritual self-sacrifice in which each man was his own priest, into the carnal and lying sacrifice of the Mass, is to my mind, more than anything else, the exact fulfilment of the apostolical language concerning Antichrist.

276. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, June 26, 1841.

. . . Thank you for your letter, and your remarks on my Introduction. You speak of yourself as standing half-way between Newman and me: but I do not think that you will or can maintain that position. For many years such a middle position was in fact that of the majority of the English clergy; it was the old form of High Churchism, retaining much of Protestantism, and uniting it with other notions, such as Apostolical Succession, for which it had an instinctive fondness, but which it cherished indistinctly, without pushing them to their consequences. Newman—and I thank him for it—has broken up this middle state, by pushing the doctrines of the Succession, &c., to their legitimate consequences; and it appears now that they are inconsistent with Protestantism; and Newman and his friends repudiate the very name of Protestantism, disclaim the sole supremacy of Scripture, and in short hold every essential tenet of Popery, though not of Romanism; for they so far agree with the Gallican Church, that they would set a General Council above the Pope; but the essence of Popery, which is Priesthood and the mystic virtue of ritual acts done by a Priesthood, they cling to as heartily as the most vehement ultramontane Papists. Now that the two systems are set front to front, I do not think that a middle course is possible: the Priest is either Christ or Antichrist; he is either our Mediator, or he is like the man of sin in God's temple; the "Church system" is either our Gospel, and St. John's and St. Paul's Gospel is superseded by it, or it is a system of blasphemous falsehood, such as St. Paul foretold was to come, such as St. John saw to be "already in the world."

I think that you have not quite attended to my argument in the Introduction, when you seem to think that I have treated the question

more as one of à priori reasoning, than of Scriptural evidence. If you look at the paragraph beginning at the bottom of page xxix, you will see, I think, that it is most fully acknowledged to be a question of Scriptural evidence. It is not my fault if the Scriptural authority which the "Church's system" appeals to, is an absolute nonentity. The Newmanite interpretation of our Lord's words, "Do this in remembrance of me," you confess to have startled you. Surely it may well startle any man, for no Unitarian comment on the first chapter of St. John could possibly be more monstrous. Now, in such matters, I speak and feel confidently from the habits of my life. My business as schoolmaster is a constant exercise in the interpretation of language, in cases where no prejudice can warp the mind one way or another; and this habit of interpretation has been constantly applied to the Scriptures for more than twenty years; for I began the careful study of the Epistles long before I left Oxford, and have never intermitted it. I feel, therefore, even more strongly towards a misinterpretation of Scripture than I should towards a misinterpretation of Thucydides. I know that there are passages in the Scriptures, which no man can interpret; that there are others of which the interpretation is doubtful; others, again, where it is probable, but far from certain. This I feel strongly, and in such places I never would speak otherwise than hesitatingly. But this does not hinder us from feeling absolutely certain in other cases: and the Newmanite interpretations seem to me to be of the same class as the lowest Unitarian, or as those of the most extravagant fanatics; they are mere desperate shifts to get a show of authority from Scripture, which it is felt after all the Scripture will not furnish; for the anxious endeavour to exalt Tradition and Church authority to a level with the Scripture, proves sufficiently where the real support of the cause is felt to lie; for no man would ever go to Tradition for the support of what the Scripture by itself teaches; and in all the great discussions on the Trinitarian question, the battle has been fought out of the Scripture: no Tradition is wanted to strengthen the testimony of St. John.

I suppose it is that men's individual constitution of mind determines them greatly, when great questions are brought to a clear issue. You have often accused me of not enough valuing the Church of England, —the very charge which I should now be inclined to retort against you. And in both instances the charge would have a true foundation. Viewing the Church of England as connected with the Stuart Kings, and as opposing the "good old cause," I bear it no affection; viewing it as a great reformed institution, and as proclaiming the King's supremacy, and utterly denying the binding authority of General Councils, and the necessity of priestly mediation, you perhaps would feel less attached to it than I am. For, after all, those differences in men's minds which we express, when exemplified in English politics, by the terms Whig and Tory, are very deep and comprehensive, and I should much like to be able to discover a formula which would express them in their most abstract shape; they seem to me to be the great fundamental difference between thinking men; but yet it is certain that each of these two great divisions of mankind apprehends *a* truth strongly,

and the Kingdom of God will, I suppose, show us the perfect reconciling of the truth held by each. I think that in opinion you will probably draw more and more towards Keble, and be removed farther and farther from me; but I have a most entire confidence that this, in our case, will not affect our mutual friendship, as, to my grief unspeakable, it has between old Keble and me; because I do not think that you will ever lose the consciousness of the fact, that the two great divisions of which I spoke are certainly not synonymous with the division between good and evil; that some of the best and wisest of mortal men are to be found with each; nay, that He who is our perfect example, unites in Himself and sanctions the truths most loved, and the spirit most sympathised in by each; wherefore, I do not think that either is justified in denouncing the other altogether, or renouncing friendship with it. I have run on to an enormous length, but your letter rather moved me. . . .

If you could see the beauty of this scene, you would think me mad to leave it, and I almost think myself so too. The boys are eager to be off, and I feel myself that the work of Rugby is far more welcome when I come to it as a home after foreign travelling, than when I only go to it from Fox How, from one home to another, and from what is naturally the more dear to the less dear. Yet I should be very false, and very ungrateful too, if I did not acknowledge that Rugby was a very dear home; with so much of work, and yet so much of quiet, as my wife and I enjoy every day when we go out with her pony into our quiet lanes.

. . . We have been reading some of the Rhetoric in the Sixth Form this half-year, and its immense value struck me again so forcibly, that I could not consent to send my son to an University where he would lose it altogether, and where his whole studies would be formal merely and not real, either mathematics or philology, with nothing at all like the Aristotle and Thucydides at Oxford. In times past, the neglect of philology at Oxford was so shameful that it almost neutralised the other advantages of the place, but I do not think that this is so now; and the utter neglect of vivâ voce translation at Cambridge is another great evil; even though by construing instead of translating they almost undo the good of their vivâ voce system at Oxford.

277. TO THE SAME. Fox How, August 1, 1841.

. . . Thank you for Randall's letter. He is one of the many men whom the course of life has to my regret parted me from; I do not mean "parted," in the sense of estranged, but simply hindered us from meeting. I was very glad to see his judgment on the matters in which I am so interested, and rejoice to find how much I agree with him. Indeed I do not think that we differ so much as he imagines; I think the existence of Dissent a great evil, and I believe my inclinations as little lead me to the Dissenters as any man's living. But I do not think in the first place, that the Christian unity of which our Lord and His Apostles speak so earnestly, is an unity of government,—or that

national Churches, each sovereign, or Churches of a less wide extent than national, each equally sovereign, are a breach of unity necessarily; and again, if Dissent as it exists in England were a breach of unity, then there comes the historical question, whose fault the breach is? and that question is not to be answered summarily, nor will the true answer ever lay all the blame on the Dissenters, I think not so much as half of it.

If you did not object, I should very much like to write to Randall myself on the point; if it were only to know from what parts of my writings he has been led to ascribe to me opinions and feelings which are certainly not mine, in his impression of them.

278. TO THE REV. JAMES RANDALL.

Fox How, September 20, 1841.

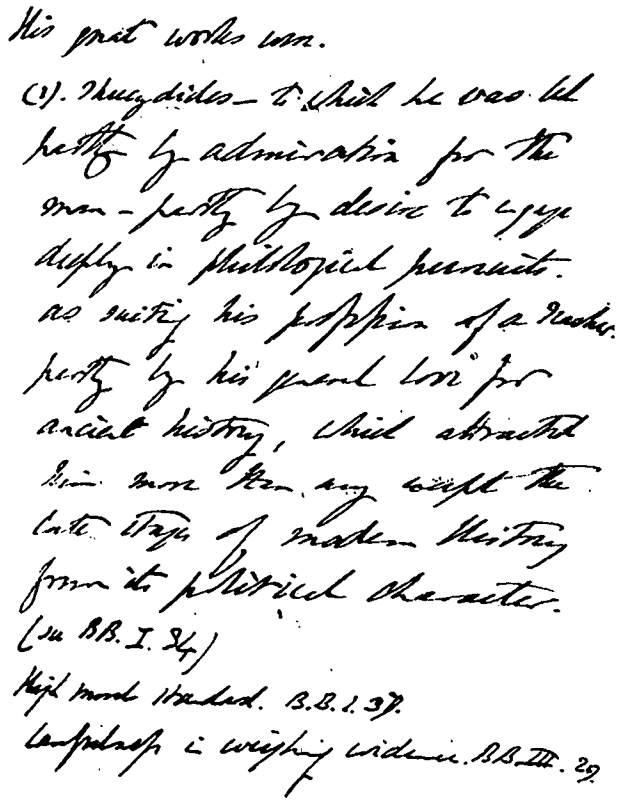
I read your letter to Coleridge with great interest, and wished much to write to you about it, but I fear that I have not time to do so. It would take rather a long time to state what I think about Dissent and what is called "Schism." I think it a great evil, as being inconsistent with the idea of the perfect Church, to which our aspirations should be continually directed. But "in fæce Romuli," with historical Churches, and such ideas of Church as have been most prevalent, Dissent seems to me to wear a very different aspect. Yet I am not partial to our English Dissenters, and think that their views are quite as narrow as those of their opponents. And what good is to be done, will be done, I think, much sooner by members of the Church than by Dissenters.

What you say of my books is very gratifying to me. It repays the labour of writing in the best manner, to know that any thinking man has considered what one has written, and has found in it something to interest him, whether he agrees with it or no. By the way, your criticism on a passage in my Christmas Day Sermon is quite just; and, if my Sermon expresses any other doctrine,* it has failed in expressing my meaning. Surely, I do not hold that the Godhead of the Son is really inferior to that of the Father, but only κατ' οἰκονόμιαν,—that is, it is presented to us mixed with an inferior nature, and also with certain qualities, visibility for instance, which have been assumed in condescension, but which are still what St. Paul calls "an emptying of the Divinity," presenting it to us in a less absolutely perfect form, because it is not merely itself, but itself with something inferior joined to it.

279. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. June 25, 1841.

I purpose leaving this place for the Continent with my two eldest sons on Monday next, and I wish before we set out to thank you for your last letter; and to send my earnest good wishes for the health and welfare, temporal and eternal, of my dear little godson. We have been

* Viz., that Deity does not admit of degrees.



His great works were.

(1). Thucydides — to which he was led partly by admiration for the man — partly by desire to engage deeply in philological pursuits. as suiting his profession of a Teacher. partly by his general love for ancient history, which attracted him more than any except the late stages of modern History from its political character. (see BB. I. 34)

High moral standard. B.B. I. 37.

Carefulness in weighing evidence. BB. III. 29.

Facsimile of a page of the original MS. of this book in Dean Stanley's handwriting, preserved in the School Library at Rugby.

Photographed by George A. Dean, Rugby.

here about a week, after a half-year at Rugby very peaceable as far as regarded the conduct of the boys, but very anxious as regarding their health. One boy died from pressure on the brain in the middle of the half-year; another has died within the last week of fever, and a third, who had been long in a delicate state and went home for his health, is since dead also. And besides all these, four boys more were at different times at the very point of death, and some are even now only slowly and with difficulty recovering. You may conceive how much anxiety and distress this must have occasioned us: yet I can most truly say, that it is as nothing when compared with the existence of any unusual moral evil in the school; far less distressing and far less harassing.

This place is very calm and very beautiful, and I think would furnish you with much employment, if you lived here all the year. But I am so ignorant about gardening and agricultural matters, that I can do little or nothing; and besides, we are away just at those times of the year when there is most to be done.

I am very glad you saw my old friend Tucker. He was with us for a few days in April, and he seemed to have derived nothing but good in all ways from his stay in India. Before he went out he had for some time been growing more and more of an Evangelical partisan, and had acquired some of the narrowness of mind and peculiarity of manner which belong to that party. But his missionary life seems to have swept away all those clouds; and I found him now with all the simplicity, hearty cheerfulness, affectionateness, and plain sense, which he had when a young man at Oxford, with all the earnestness and goodness of a ripened Christian superadded. It was one of the most delightful renewals of intercourse with an old friend which I can ever hope to enjoy.

280. TO THE REV. J. TUCKER. Fox How, August 2, 1841.

. . . I have heard of you in various quarters since your visit at Rugby, but I do not at all know what your plans are, and when you propose leaving England. If you can pay us another visit at Rugby before you sail, we shall all earnestly unite in entreating you to do so. It was a great gratification to me to find that many of our children enjoyed your visit extremely, and have spoken both of it and of your sermon which you preached in the church in a manner that has been very delightful to me.

For myself, my dear friend, your visit has been a happiness greater than I could tell you. It assured me, that I still possessed not only your affectionate remembrances for the sake of old times, which I never doubted, but your actual living friendship, unshaken by differences of opinion, whatever those differences might be. I believe in my own case, as often happens, my friends have exaggerated those differences. Keble, I am sure, has ascribed to me opinions which I never held, not of course wilfully, but because his sensitiveness on some points is so morbid, that his power of judgment is pro tanto utterly obscured. The first shock of perceiving something that he does not like makes him

incapable of examining steadily how great or how little that something is. I had feared (therein very likely doing you injustice) that, before you left England for India, you had in some degree shared Keble's feelings, though on different grounds; and I did not write to you, though with many a wish to do so, because one feels instinctively repelled, I think, from communicating with an old friend, except on a footing of equal confidence and respect; and I doubted your feeling these towards me, though I did not doubt your kindness and affection. But one or two men have behaved towards me in the course of my life just as they might have done, being kind-hearted and affectionate men, if I had committed some great crime, which rendered respect or friendship impossible, though old kindness might still survive it. And this is hard to bear, when, far from being conscious of such great fault in myself in the points which are objected to, I hold my faith in those points to be the most certain truth in Christ, and the opposite opinions to be a most grievous and mischievous error, which I only will not, in the individual cases of those holding it, regard as they regard my supposed error, because I know that along with it there exist a truth and a goodness which I am clearly warranted in loving and in believing to be Christ's Spirit's work. But your last visit was so friendly:—I perceived, too, that you could bear things with which you might not agree, and saw and felt with satisfaction how much there was with which you did agree,—that I was altogether revived, and, if I may use St. Paul's language, "my heart was enlarged," and I ventured to tell Fellowes to send you my new volume of Sermons, as to a man who might not and would not agree with all that he found there, but yet would not be shocked at it, but would believe that it was intended to serve the same cause to which he was himself devoted. And I have had the full intention of writing to you as in times past, if you again sailed to India, or if you remained in England; of which intention be this present letter the first fruits and pledge.

281. TO THE SAME. Fox How, August 12, 1841.

. . . I thank you very much for your letter, although, to say the truth, there were some expressions in it which a little disappointed me. I do not know, in point of fact, what our differences of opinion are, and with regard to Newmanism, I had supposed that we were mostly in agreement. I should have expected, therefore, that generally you would have agreed with the Introduction to my last volume; and that your differences would have been rather with some parts of the appendices. But I do not mean by disappointment the finding more or less of disagreement in opinion, but much more the finding that you still look upon the disagreement, be it what it may, as a serious matter, by which I understand you to mean a thing deserving of moral censure; as if, for example, one had a friend whom one respected and loved for many good qualities, but whose temper was so irritable, that it made a considerable abatement in one's estimate of him. Of course, he who believes his own views to be true, must believe the opposite views to be

error; but the great point in our judgment and feeling towards men seems to be not to confound error with fault. I scarcely know one amongst my dearest friends, except Bunsen, whom I do not believe to be in some point or other in grave error; I differ very widely from Whately on many points, as I differ from you and from Keble on others; but the sense of errors is with me something quite distinct from the sense of fault, and if I were required to name Keble's faults or yours, it would never enter into my head to think of his Newmanism or your opinions, whatever they may be, which differ from my own. The fault would be in my judgment, and, you will forgive me for saying so, the feeling as Keble does, and as I hoped that you now did not, towards an error as if it were a fault, and judging it morally. We are speaking, you will observe, of such errors as are consistent with membership, not only in Christianity, but in the same particular Church; and I cannot think that we have a right to regard such as faults, though we have quite a right, a right which I would largely exercise, to protest against them as mischievous,—mischievous, it may be, in a very high degree, as I think Newmanism is.

282. TO THE SAME. Fox How, September 22, 1841.

I must write a few lines to you before we leave Fox How, because my first arrival at Rugby is likely to be beset with business, and I fear that your time of sailing is drawing near. Most heartily do I thank you for your last letter, and you may be sure that I will not trouble you on the subject any farther. Nor do I feel it necessary, for although it may be that there is something which I could wish otherwise still, yet I feel now that it need not and will not disturb our intercourse, and therefore I can write to you with perfect content.

You are going again to your work, which I feel sure is and will be blessed both to others and yourself. I should be well pleased if one of my sons went out hereafter to labour in the same field, but what line they will take seems very hard to determine. They do not seem inclined to follow Medicine, and I have the deepest abhorrence of the Law, so that two professions seem set aside, and for trade, I have neither capital nor connexion. Meanwhile I wish them to do well at the University, which will be an arming them in a manner for whatever may open to them. We shall leave this place, I think, on Friday. This long stay has doubly endeared it to us all, and though I am thankful to be able to get back to Rugby, yet there will be a sad wrench in leaving Fox How. It is not the mere outward beauty, but the friendliness and agreeableness of the neighbourhood in which we mix, simply as inhabitants of the country, and not as at Rugby, in an official relation.

The School is summoned for the 9th of October, but many of the boys will return, I think, on Saturday, so that the work will begin probably on Monday; but as I have some of the Sixth Form down here, I have not the leisure for my History I could have desired. I

trust that you will go on with your Journal, and that you will hereafter allow large portions of it to be printed. I am persuaded that it will do more towards enabling us to realise India to ourselves, than anything which has yet appeared.

CHAPTER X.

LAST YEAR.—PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY AT OXFORD.—LAST DAYS AT RUGBY.—DEATH.—CONCLUSION.

IT was now the fourteenth year of Dr. Arnold's stay at Rugby. The popular prejudice against him, which for the last few years had been rapidly subsiding, now began actually to turn in his favour;—his principles of education, which at one time had provoked so much outcry, met with general acquiescence;—the school, with each successive half-year, rose in numbers beyond the limit within which he endeavoured to confine it, and seemed likely to take a higher rank than it had ever assumed before;—the alarm which had once existed against him in the theological world was now directed to an opposite quarter;—his fourth volume of Sermons, with its Introduction, had been hailed by a numerous party with enthusiastic approbation; and many, who had long hung back from him with suspicion and dislike, now seemed inclined to gather round him as their champion and leader.

His own views and objects meanwhile remained the same. But the feeling of despondency, with which for some time past he had regarded public affairs, now assumed a new phase, which, though it might possibly have passed away with the natural course of events, coloured his mind too strongly during this period to be passed over without notice.

His interest, indeed, in political and ecclesiastical matters still continued; and his sermon on Easter Day, 1842, stands almost if not absolutely alone in the whole course of his school sermons, for the severity and vehemence of its denunciations against what he conceived to be the evil tendencies of the Oxford School. But he entertained also a growing sense of his isolation from all parties, whether from those with whom he had vainly tried to co-operate in former years, or those who, from fear of a common enemy, were now anxious to claim him as an ally; and it was not without something of a sympathetic feeling that, in his Lectures of this year, he dwelt so earnestly on the fate of his favourite Falkland, "who protests so strongly against the evil of his party, that he had rather die by their hands than in their company—but die he must; for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely;—he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere would be intolerable." And it is impossible not to observe how, in the course of sermons preached during this year, he turned from the active "course" of the Christian

life, with its outward "helps and hindrances," to its inward "hopes and fears," and its final "close;"* or how, in his habitual views at this time, he seemed disposed, for the first time in his life, to regard the divisions of the Church as irreparable, the restoration of the Church as all but impracticable, and "to cling," as he expresses himself in one of his letters, "not from choice, but from necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian Religion, and adjourning his idea of the Church sine die." It was in this spirit, also, that he began to attach a new importance to the truths relating to a man's own individual convictions, which, though always occupying a prominent place in his thoughts, had naturally less hold upon his sympathies than those which affect man in relation to society. The controversy on Justification acquired greater interest in his eyes than it had assumed before; and he felt himself called, for the first time, to unfold his own views on the subject. The more abstract and metaphysical grounds of truth, divine and human, which he had formerly been accustomed to regard in its purely practical aspect, were now becoming invested in his mind with a new value. The inseparable connexion between truth and goodness which he had always insisted upon, seemed to come before him with peculiar force from time to time in these his latest thoughts. In one of the last school Essays revised by him, it was recollected with what peculiar emphasis he had written at the close of it,—"not," as he said, "because there was any particular place for it in the composition itself, but he wished to say something about it," the words, "Tum demum id quod Verum est a Bono alienum licebit dicere, cum Deum a Mundo sustulerimus." In his latest lessons it was observed how, in reading Plato's Republic, he broke out into a solemn protest against the evil effects of an exaggerated craving after Unity—or in Cicero's work, "De Divinatione," the contrast that he drew between the conduct of the later philosophers and the Christian martyrs with regard to the established religion. "Neither of the two parties believed in it—but the philosophers and augurs worshipped and sacrificed because they thought it convenient to uphold the 'instituta majorum;'—just as in Roman Catholic countries there are to be found men who would laugh at the most solemn parts of the service at the mass itself—who would burn a Protestant, but who believe in Christ just as Cicero believed in Him. But they could not understand why the Christians would not act as they did—they had no notion of men dying rather than act a lie and deny what they were certain was a truth. It is this which shows us what martyrdom really was, and in what the nobleness of the martyrs consisted—in that they would die sooner than by their slightest action assist in what they felt to be a lie and a mockery." And,—whilst in his latest studies of early Christian history, in the Epistles of Cyprian, he dwelt on this endurance and self-devotion of the early martyrs with an increasing sympathy and admiration, which penetrated even into his private devotions, and on the instruction to be derived from contemplating an age "when

* Sermons XIII.—XXXIV. in the posthumous volume, entitled "Christian Life; its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close."

martyrdom was a real thing to which every Christian might, without any remarkable accident, be exposed,"*—he was also much struck with the indications which these Epistles seemed to him to contain, that the Church had been corrupted not only by the Judaic spirit of priesthood, but even more by the Gentile spirit of government, stifling the sense of individual responsibility. "The treatment of the Lapsi, by Cyprian," he said, "is precisely in the spirit of the treatment of the Capuans by the Roman Senate, of which I was reading at the same time for my Roman History. I am myself so much inclined to the idea of a strong social bond, that I ought not to be suspected of any tendency to anarchy; yet I am beginning to think that the idea may be overstrained, and that this attempt to merge the soul and will of the individual man in the general body is, when fully developed, contrary to the very essence of Christianity. After all it is the individual soul that must be saved, and it is that which is addressed in the Gospel. Do consider the immense strength of that single verse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' Indeed, so strong is the language of some parts of the New Testament in this direction, as to be an actual perplexity to me. St. Paul's language concerning it, I think, may be explained, but the refusal of our Lord to comply with some of the indifferent customs, such as washing before meals, is, when I come to consider it, so startling, that I feel that there is something in it which I do not fully understand."

Such were the general feelings with which he entered on this year —a year, on every account, of peculiar interest to himself and his scholars. It had opened with unusual mortality in the school. One of his colleagues, and seven of his pupils, mostly from causes unconnected with each other, had been carried off within its first quarter; and the return of the boys had been delayed beyond the accustomed time in consequence of a fever lingering in Rugby, during which period he had a detachment of the higher Forms residing near or with him at Fox How. It was during his stay here that he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, vacant by the death of Dr. Nares. How joyfully he caught at this unexpected realisation of his fondest hopes for his latest years, and how bright a gleam it imparted to the sunset of his life, will best be expressed by his own letters and by the account of his Lectures.

283. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. Fox How, August 21, 1841.

You may perhaps have heard my news already, but I must tell you myself, because you are so much connected with my pleasure in it. I have accepted the Regius Professorship of Modern History, chiefly to gratify my earnest longing to have some direct connexion with Oxford; and I have thought with no small delight that I should now see something of you in the natural course of things every year, for my wife and myself hope to take lodgings for ten days or a fortnight every Lent Term, at the end of our Christmas holidays, for me to give

* See Serm. vol. v. p. 316.

my Lectures. I could not resist the temptation of accepting the office, though it will involve some additional work, and if I live to leave Rugby, the income, though not great, will be something to us when we are poor people at Fox How. But to get a regular situation in Oxford would have tempted me, I believe, had it been accompanied with no salary at all.

284. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, September 1, 1841.

In the midst of my perplexities, practical and historical, I am going to indulge myself by writing to you. My practical perplexity is about the meeting of the school, which in either way involves a great responsibility, and the chance of much inconvenience and loss. I believe that we might meet next week without any real imprudence, and that the amount of fever in Rugby is but trifling; but if a single boy were to catch it, after the two fatal cases of last half-year, the panic would be so great that we should not be able to keep the school together, or to reassemble it till after Christmas. . . .

My historical perplexity has caused me many hours of work, and I cannot yet see land. It shows to me how the most notorious facts may be corrupted, even very soon after the occurrence, when they are subjected to no careful and judicious inquiry. Hannibal's march from Capua upon Rome, to effect a diversion for the besieged town, is of course one of the most striking parts of the whole war. I want to give it in detail, and with all the painting possible. But it is wholly uncertain by what road he advanced upon Rome, whether by the Latin road direct from Capua, or by an enormous circuit through Samnium,—just the road which we took last summer from Capua to Reate,—and so from Reate on Rome. Cælius Antipater, Polybius, and Appian, all either assert or imply the latter. Livy says the former, and gives an account of the march, from Fabius, I think, or Cincius, which is circumstantial and highly probable; but he is such a simpleton, that after having written a page from Cincius or Fabius, he then copies from some other writer who had made him take the other road; and, after bringing Hannibal by the Latin road, he makes him cross the Anio to approach Rome, and tells divers anecdotes, which all imply that he came by the Valerian or Salarian road; for of course the Latin road has no more to do with the Anio than with the Arno. The evidences and the probabilities are so balanced, and all the narratives are so unsatisfactory, that I cannot tell what to do about it. And the same sort of thing occurs often, with such constant uncertainty as to the text, in Livy,—the common editions being restored conjecturally in almost every page, where the MSS. are utterly corrupt,—that the Punic War is almost as hard in the writing as in the fighting.

Now, about my Notes,—I offended in that matter deliberately, having always so enjoyed a history with many notes, and having known so many persons feel the same, that I multiplied them purposely. But I quite agree with you that the text ought to be intelligible without them; and if you will be so kind as to point out the passages which

are faulty in this respect, I shall be greatly obliged to you, and will try and manage better for the future.

I thank you much for your congratulations about the Professorship. I caught at any opportunity of being connected again with Oxford; and the visions of Bagley Wood and Shotover rose upon me with an irresistible charm. Then it suited so well with future living at Fox How, if I may dare to look forward; giving me work for my life, and an income for life, which, though not large, would be much to me when I had left Rugby (especially if the Americans go on not paying their just and lawful debts, whereby I shall lose more than fifteen hundred pounds). And now, whilst my boys are at Oxford, it will take me up there from time to time, and will give me a share in the working of the University, although not a great one. In short, there is nothing which the Government could have given me that would have suited all my wishes so well, and great τύχη it was that it fell vacant only one week before the Tories came into power.

Now as to what is to be done in it. I shall follow your advice, and ponder well before I decide on anything. . . . With regard to party questions, I should write as I am trying to write in my Roman History, avoiding partisanship or personalities; but, as I have said in the Preface to the History, if history has no truths to teach, its facts are but little worth; and the truths of political science belong as much, I think, to an historian, as those of theology to a Professor of Divinity. As an ecclesiastical historian, I would try to hold an equal balance between Catholics and Arians, but not between Catholicism and Arianism; and so it seems to me one ought to deal with the great principles of Government and of Politics, and not to write as if there were no truth attainable in the matter, but all was mere opinion. Roman and English history particularly illustrate each other; but I do not know how I could more particularly connect my Lectures with the History. The influence of the Roman Empire upon Modern Europe would naturally often be touched upon; but the more minute inquiry as to the particular effects of the Roman law on ours, would be beyond my compass; and the transition state from ancient to modern history is not to me inviting as a period, and it has besides been so often treated of.

—— is going up to Trinity College, Oxford, after the long vacation. We do not know him personally, but are interested about him for his friends' sake. If your son Henry could show him any countenance, I should be very much obliged to him, and you know the value of kindness shown to a freshman.

We unite in love and kind regards to you and yours. I could rave about the beauty of Fox How, but I will forbear. I work very hard at mowing the grass amongst the young trees, which gives me constant employment. Wordsworth is remarkably well. I direct to Ottery, hoping that you may be there at peace, escaped from the Old Bailey.

285. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART. Fox How, September 23, 1841.

. . . The first Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem is to be consecrated at Lambeth next Wednesday. He is to be the legal protector of all Protestants of every denomination towards the Turkish government, and he is to ordain Prussian clergymen on their signing the Augsburg Confession and adopting the Prussian Liturgy, and Englishmen on their subscribing to our Articles and Liturgy. Thus the idea of my Church Reform pamphlet, which was so ridiculed and so condemned, is now carried into practice by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. For the Protestant Church of Jerusalem will comprehend persons using different Liturgies, and subscribing different Articles of Faith; and it will sanction these differences, and hold both parties to be equally its members. Yet it was thought ridiculous in me to conceive that a national Church might include persons using a different ritual and subscribing different articles. Of course it is a grave question what degrees of difference are compatible with the bond of Church union; but the Archbishop of Canterbury has declared in the plainest language that some differences *are* compatible with it, and this is the great principle which I contended for.

In your letter of the 2nd of August, you ask whether I think that a Christian ministry is of divine appointment. Now I cannot conceive any Church existing without public prayer, preaching, and communion, and some must minister in these offices. But that these "some" should be always the same persons, that they should form a distinct profession, and, following no other calling, should be maintained by the Church, I do not think to be of divine appointment, but I think it highly expedient that it should be so. In the same way, government for the Church is of divine appointment, and is of absolute necessity; but that the governors should be for life, or possess such and such powers, or should be appointed in such or such a way, all this appears to me to be left entirely open. I shall be very anxious to hear what reports Malcolm gives of himself, when he gets a little used to his new life.

286. * TO REV. A. P. STANLEY. Rugby, September 29, 1841.

. . . I have not written to you since I accepted the Professorship, though it has made me think of you very often. I should like very much to have your opinion as to the best line to choose in my lectures; the best practicable, that is, for the best ἁπλῶς is beyond my means to compass. I had thought of trying to do for England what Guizot began so well for France; to start with the year 1400, and make the first year's course comprise the 15th century. My most detailed historical researches happen to have related to that very century, and it gives you the middle ages still undecayed, yet with the prospect of daybreak near. I could not bear to plunge myself into the very depths of that noisome cavern, and to have to toil through centuries of dirt and darkness. But one century will show fully its nature and details,

the ripened corruption of the Church, and in England the ripened evils of the feudal aristocracy, and those curious wars of the Roses, which I suppose were as purely personal and party wars, without reference to higher principles, as ever existed. I think I shall write to Sir F. Palgrave, and put some questions to him which he can answer, I suppose, better than any one. Do you know whether there exists in rerum naturâ anything like a Domesday Book for the 15th century? It would be very curious to trace, if one could, the changes of property produced by the wars of the Roses, and the growth of the English aristocracy upon the gradual extinction of that purely Norman.*

I think of coming up in Michaelmas Term to give my Inaugural Lecture. The interest which I shall feel in lecturing in Oxford, you can understand, I think, better than most men. As to the spirit in which I should lecture with respect to the peculiar feelings of the place, the best rule seems to me to lecture exactly as I should write for the world at large; to lecture, that is, neither hostilely nor cautiously, not seeking occasions of shocking men's favourite opinions, yet neither in any way humouring them, or declining to speak the truth, however opposed it may be to them. *Oxford caution* would in me be little better than weakness or ratting, especially now that the Tories are in the ascendent.

287. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ. Rugby, October 15, 1841.

. . . As each successive year passes, I turn to Fox How with more homelike feelings, and our long stay there this summer has encouraged this greatly. It is one of the great recommendations of the Professorship to me, that it will be consistent with our living at Fox How, and will only call us away for a part of the year to Oxford, the place to which I still have the strongest local affection of any in the world, next to our valley of the Rotha.

The Spanish journey was a sad failure on the whole; yet I saw much that I wanted to see in France, and which will make it quite needless to travel south-west again; and the two or three hours of fine weather which we had between St. Jean de Luz and Irun, gave a view of the maritime Pyrenees, and of the union of mountain and sea about the mouth of the Bidassoa, which I shall not soon forget. The Landes also delighted me from their resemblance to the New Forest: the glades of heath, surrounded by wood, and the dark iron-coloured stream fringed with alders, were quite like the south of Hampshire, and delighted me greatly.

Our eldest son is gone up to Oxford this day to commence his residence at Balliol. It is the first separation of our family, for, from our peculiar circumstances, all our nine children have hitherto lived at home together, with very short exceptions, but now it will be so no more.

I have read Stephen's article on Port Royal, with great admiration; it seems to me at once eloquent, wise, and good. Is it not strange

* This plan, as will be seen, he altered.

that the Guelf and Ghibelin contest should be again reviving, as in fact it is, and the greatest questions of our days are those which touch the nature and powers of the Church? I have been reading Lamennais, and recognising the true Guelf union of democracy and priestcraft, such as it existed in Guelf Florence of old. The Sans Culotte, with the mitre on his head, and the bandage over his eyes, is to me the worst Sans Culotte of all. I am glad to hear good accounts of Seton Carr, and greatly envy Eton their gift of a writership.

288. TO REV. T. HILL, VICAR OF CHESTERFIELD. (Not personally acquainted with him.)

Rugby, October 29, 1841.

Allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for your kind letter, and for the sermon which you have had the goodness to send me, and which I have read with great pleasure. It is encouraging to find that there are still clergymen who are not ashamed of the term Protestant, and who can understand that the essence of Popery does not consist in the accidental exaltation of the Bishop of Rome, but in those principles which St. Paul found in the Judaising Christians, even in the very beginning of the Gospel, and which are just as mischievous, whether they happen to include the doctrine of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, or no.

With regard to printing the Introduction to my last volume of Sermons separately, I trust to be permitted ere long to publish the substance of it, somewhat enlarged, in a small volume, which may yet exceed the size of a pamphlet. I am very unwilling to publish again, in the form of a pamphlet, as it appears to me to give a personal and temporary character to a discussion which belongs to all times of the Church, and really involves the most fundamental principles of Christianity.

Thanking you most sincerely for your good wishes, I would earnestly and sincerely crave to be remembered in your prayers, and believe me that to feel that any of my brother ministers of Christ, to whom I am personally unknown, are yet interested about me, is one of the greatest earthly encouragements and comforts which God in His mercy could vouchsafe to me.

289. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (D.) Rugby, October 30, 1841.

. . . You seemed to think that I was not so charitable towards the Newmanites as I used to be towards the Roman Catholics, and you say that the Newmanites are to be regarded as entirely Roman Catholics. I think so too, but with this grave difference, that they are Roman Catholics at Oxford instead of at Oscott,—Roman Catholics signing the Articles of a Protestant Church and holding offices in its ministry. Now, as I know that you are a fair man, and I think that Oxford has as yet not deprived you of your wideness of mind, it is a

real matter of interest to me, to know how the fact of these men being Roman Catholics in heart, which I quite allow, can be other than a most grave charge against them, till they leave Oxford and our Protestant Church. I cannot at all conceive how you can see this otherwise, any more than I can conceive how you can acquit Tract 90 of very serious moral delinquency. For surely the Feathers Tavern petitioners would have been quite as much justified in retaining their preferments as —— and —— are justified in remaining in our ministry. Neither does it seem to me to be a just argument respecting the Articles, any more than about other things, to insist that they shall be everything or nothing. I very gladly signed the Petition for alterations, because I agree with you in thinking that subscriptions cannot be too carefully worded; but after all, the real honesty of a subscription appears to me to consist in a sympathy with the system to which you subscribe, in a preference of it, not negatively merely, as better than others, but positively, as in itself good and true in all its most characteristic points. Now the most characteristic points of the English Church are two; that it maintains what is called the Catholic doctrine as opposed to the early heresies, and is also decidedly a reformed Church as opposed to the Papal and priestly system. It seems to me that here is the stumbling block of the Newmanites. They hate the Reformation; they hate the Reformers. It were scarce possible that they could subscribe honestly to the opinions of men whom they hate, even if we had never seen the process of their subscription in detail.

Undoubtedly I think worse of Roman Catholicism in itself than I did some years ago. But my feelings towards [a Roman Catholic] are quite different from my feelings towards [a Newmanite], because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is the Frenchman in his own uniform, and within his own præsidia; the other is the Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a post within our præsida, for the purpose of betraying it. I should honour the first, and hang the second.

290. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. (In allusion to an election for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford.)

Rugby, November 19, 1841.

. . . Seriously I should feel glad to be able to vote conscientiously for a Newmanite, but except on matters of science, I hardly see how this could be. That is, I can conceive no moral subject on which I should wish to see a Newmanite placed in the situation of a teacher in Oxford. Earnestly do I wish to live peaceably with them while I am in residence, neither shall it be my fault if I do not. But courteous personal intercourse, nay, personal esteem and regard, are different things, I think, from assisting to place a man, whose whole mind you consider perverted, in the situation of a teacher. That is, I think, true in theory; but what I hope to find when I get up to Oxford, is that the Newmanites' minds are not wholly perverted; that they have excellences

which do not appear to one at a distance, who knows them only as Newmanites; and in this way I hope that my opinion of many, very many, of the men who hold Newman's views, may become greatly more favourable than it is now, because I shall see their better parts as well as their bad ones. And in the same way I trust that many of them will learn to think more favourably of me.*

I go up to read my Inaugural Lecture on the 2nd of December, and I have written about two-thirds of it. I think that you will approve of it; I have tried earnestly to be cautious and conciliatory, without any concealment or compromise. We are full to overflowing, and so it seems we are likely to be after the holidays. All you say of Selwyn is quite in accordance with what I hear of him from others. May God's blessing be on him and on his work.

291. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, November 22, 1841.

I rejoice very deeply at the prospect of your remaining in England, not only on personal grounds, because we shall keep you among us, and have Mrs. Bunsen here with you, but also publicly, because I delight to think that the relations between Prussia and England, most important now to the whole world, will be watched by one, to whom the peace and mutual friendship of both countries are so precious as they are to you. The only drawback is, that I fear this post, honourable and important as it is, may seem to detain you from those prospects of a home in your own land, in which I can so fully sympathise, for we are both approaching the age when "ex longâ navigatione jam portum prospicimus," and, even with the consciousness of undiminished vigour, still the thought of rest mingles in my dreams of the future more often than it did ten years ago. And yet, when I think of the works that are to be done—everywhere I suppose more or less, but here in England works of such vastness and of such necessity also,—I could long for years of strength, if it might be, to be able to do something where the humblest efforts are so needed.

I go up to Oxford on the 2nd of December, Thursday week, to read my Inaugural Lecture. I suppose it is too much to hope that you could be there, but it would give me the greatest pleasure to utter my first words in Oxford in your hearing. I am going to give a general

* Extract from a letter to the same on November 23rd:—"I am not satisfied with what I have written, because I see that it does not express both how much I should have enjoyed voting with you, and also how entirely I agree with you as to the general principle, that Oxford elections should not be decided on party grounds. But then this Newmanism appears to me like none of the old parties of our youth, Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church, and it is our estimate of this, I am afraid, which is the great difference between us. I do not know, and am almost afraid to ask, how far you go along with them, and yet if you go along with them farther than I think, I am unconsciously saying things which would be unkind. Only I am sure that morally you are not and cannot be what some of them are, and I never look upon our differences as by any possibility diminishing my love for you. My fear from my experience in other cases would have been that it would affect your love for me, had it not been for that delightful letter of yours just before I went abroad, for which I cannot enough thank you."

sketch first of the several parts of History generally, and their relation to each other, and then of the peculiarities of Modern History. This will do very well for an Inaugural Lecture—but what to choose for my course after we return from Fox How I can scarcely tell, considering how little time I shall have for any deep research, and how important it is at the same time that my first Lectures should not be superficial. . . . Our Examination begins on Wednesday; still, as Thucydides is done, and gone to the press, and as my Lecture will be finished, I hope, in one or two evenings more, I expect to be able to go on again with my History before the end of the week, and I may do a little in it before we go to Fox How.

On the 2nd of December he entered on his Professorial duties, by delivering his Inaugural Lecture. His school work not permitting him to be absent more than one whole day, he left Rugby with Mrs Arnold, very early in the morning, and occupying himself from the time it became light in looking over the school exercises, reached Oxford at noon. The day had been looked forward to with eager expectation, and the usual lecture-rooms in the Clarendon Buildings being unable to contain the crowds that, to the number of four or five hundred, flocked to hear him, the "Theatre" was used for the occasion; and there, its whole area and lower galleries entirely filled, the Professor rose from his place, amidst the highest University authorities in their official seats, and in that clear manly voice, which so long retained its hold on the memory of those who heard it, began, amidst deep silence, the opening words of his Inaugural Lecture.

Even to an indifferent spectator, it must have been striking, amidst the general decay of the professorial system in Oxford, and at the time when the number of hearers rarely exceeded thirty or forty students, to see a Chair, in itself one of the most important in the place, —but which, from the infirmities of the late Professor, had been practically vacant for nearly twenty years,—filled at last by a man whose very look and manner bespoke a genius and energy capable of discharging its duties as they had never been discharged before; and at that moment commanding an audience unprecedented in the range of Academical memory: the oppressive atmosphere of controversy hanging at that particular period so heavily on the University, was felt at least for the time to be suddenly broken; and the whole place to have received an element of freshness and vigour, such as in the course of the lecture itself he described in his sketch of the renovation of the worn out generations of the Roman empire by the new life and energy of the Teutonic races. But to many of his audience there was the yet deeper interest of again listening to that well-known voice, and gazing on that well-known face, in the relation of pupils to their teacher, —of seeing him at last, after years of misapprehension and obloquy, stand in his proper place, in his professorial robes, and receive a tribute of respect, so marked and so general, in his own beloved Oxford,—of hearing him unfold with characteristic delight, the treasures of his favourite study of History, and with an emotion, the more touching for

its transparent sincerity and simplicity, declare, "how deeply he valued the privilege of addressing his audience as one of the Professors of Oxford,"—how "there was no privilege which he more valued, no public reward or honour which could be to him so welcome."*

It was curious that the Professorship should have twice seemed to be on the point of escaping from his hold, once by an accidental mistake shortly after his appointment, and now, immediately after his Inaugural Lecture, by various difficulties, which arose from imperfect information respecting the regulations of an office that had been so long dormant. But these difficulties, which are explained, so far as is necessary, in the ensuing letters, were removed on a more complete understanding of them between himself and the University authorities; the oath, which he had refused to take, as incompatible with a sense of his duties of Professor, was found to be no part of the original institution; and accordingly, finding that he could still retain his office, after finishing the first seven of his Lectures, during the earlier part of his Christmas vacation at Fox How, he came up to Oxford to deliver them during the first three weeks of the Lent Term of 1842, during which he resided there with his whole family.

The recollections of that time will not easily pass away from the memory of his audience. There were the Lectures themselves, with the unwonted concourse which to the number of two or three hundred flocked day after day to the Theatre to listen with almost breathless attention to a man, whose opinions, real or supposed, had been in the minds of many of his hearers so long associated with everything most adverse to their own prepossessions; there was his own unfeigned pleasure, mingled with his no less unfeigned surprise, as the protracted and general enthusiasm which his presence enkindled; his free acknowledgment that the favour then shown to him was in great measure the result of circumstances over which he had no control, and that the numerous attendance which his Lectures then attracted, was no sure pledge of its continuance. There are many too, who will love to recall his more general life in the place; the elastic step and open countenance, which made his appearance so conspicuous in the streets and halls of Oxford; the frankness and cordiality with which he met the welcome of his friends and pupils; the anxiety to return the courtesies with which he was received both by old and young; the calm and dignified abstinence from all controversial or personal topics; the interest of the meeting at which, within the walls of their common college, he became for the first time personally acquainted with † that remarkable man, whose name had been so long identified in his mind with the theological opinions of which he regarded Oxford as the centre. All his early love for the place and its associations returned, together with the deeper feelings imparted by later years; day by day, on his return from Oriel Chapel to his house in Beaumont Street, he delighted to linger in passing the magnificent buildings of

* Inaug. Lect. p. 43.

† "February 2, Wednesday. Dined in hall at Oriel, and met Newman. Evening at Hawkins's."—Entry from MS. Journal.

the Radcliffe Square, glittering with the brightness of the winter morning; and as soon as his day's work was over, he would call his children or his pupils around him, and with the ordinance map in his hand, set out to explore the haunts of his early youth, unvisited now for more than twenty years; but still in their minutest details—the streams, the copses, the solitary rock by Bagley Wood, the heights of Shotover, the broken field behind Ferry Hincksey, with its several glimpses of the distant tower and spires—remembered with the freshness of yesterday.

"And so ends our stay in Oxford," were the few words at the close of his short daily journal of engagements and business, "a stay of so much pleasure in all ways as to call for the deepest thankfulness. May God enable me to work zealously and thankfully through Jesus Christ."

In turning from the personal to the public interest of his Professorial career, its premature close at once interposes a bar to any full consideration of it; in this respect so striking a contrast to the completeness of his life at Rugby, in its beginning, middle, and end. Yet even in that short period, the idea of his office had presented itself to him already in so lively a form, as to impart a more than temporary interest both to what he did and what he intended to do.

His actual course was purely and in every sense of the word "introductory." As the design of his first residence in Oxford was not to gain influence over the place so much as to familiarise himself with it after his long absence; so the object of his first Lectures was not so much to impart any historical knowledge, as to state his own views of history, and to excite an interest in the study of it. The Inaugural Lecture was a definition of History in general, and of Modern History in particular; the eight following Lectures were the natural expansion of this definition; and the statement of such leading difficulties as he conceived a student would meet in the study first of the external life, and then of the internal life of nations. They were also strictly "Lectures;" it is not an author and his readers, but the Professor and his hearers, that are brought before us. Throughout the course, but especially in its various digressions, is to be discerned his usual anxiety, —in this case almost as with a prophetic foreboding,—to deliver his testimony before it was too late on the subjects next his heart; which often imparts to them at once the defect and interest of the outpouring of his natural conversation. And again, it must be remembered, that they were addressed not to the world, but to Oxford; no one but an Oxford man could have delivered them—no one but an Oxford man could thoroughly enter into them; it was the wants of Oxford that he endeavoured to supply, the tendencies of Oxford that he presupposed, the scenery of Oxford that supplied his illustrations. But with these allowances, they are not a fragment but a whole, not brought together at random, but based upon a regular plan; though, from their peculiarly personal and local character, they will probably never be read with an interest equal to that with which they were heard.

"Having made this introduction to his Professorial duties, he felt that those duties themselves were yet to begin. Their details, of course, were not yet fixed in his own mind, or so far as they were contemplated by him, would have been open to subsequent modifications. But their general outline had already assumed a definite shape. So long as he remained at Rugby, his visits must necessarily have been confined to little more than three weeks every year, a disadvantage which seemed to him in some measure counterbalanced by the influence and opportunities of his station as Head-master of a great public school. During these periods, which would have been extended after his retirement from Rugby, he intended to give his regular course of Lectures, which were naturally the chief, but not in his judgment the only duty of his office. It was his hope to excite a greater interest in History generally than existed in the University; and with a view to this it had been his intention, when first he accepted the chair,—an intention which was subsequently suspended during the reconsideration of the Statutes of the Professorship,—to devote the salary, so long as he remained at Rugby, to the foundation of scholarships in Modern History. Even of the Lectures themselves, as of his school-lessons at Rugby, he felt that "they may assist our efforts, but can in no way supersede them." And accordingly, in the last Lecture he mentioned the various authorities connected with the subject of his intended course for the next year, in "the hope that many might thus co-operate, and by their separate researches collect what no one man could have collected alone;" knowing that if "any one shall learn anything from me, he may be sure also that he may impart something to me in return, of which I was ignorant."

And further, he looked forward to the position belonging to him, not merely as a lecturer in History, but as one of the Professorial body in Oxford, to the insight which he should gain into the feelings of the place, to the influence which he might exercise by intercourse with the younger students, and to the share which he might take amongst the leading members of the University, in attempting to carry out some of those academical changes which he had long had at heart. Nor did he overlook, in the existing state of Oxford, the importance of his station as a counterpoise to what he believed to be its evil tendencies, though at the same time it was in full sincerity that he assured his audience, in his parting address to them, "He must be of a different constitution from mine who can wish, in the discharge of a public duty in our common University, to embitter our academical studies with controversy, to excite angry feeling in a place where he has never met with anything but kindness, a place connected in his mind with recollections, associations, and actual feelings, the most prized and the most delightful."

With regard to the subject of his Lectures, it was his intention to deliver a yearly course of at least eight Lectures, in which he was to endeavour to do for English History what Guizot in his Lectures on the civilization of France had begun for French History. His first design had been, as has already appeared, to have started with the

15th century. But upon its being represented to him that this could hardly be taken as a fair representation of the middle ages, he finally resolved on the plan which he announced in his last Lecture, of commencing with the 14th century, not as being equally with the 13th century a complete specimen of the system in Europe generally, but as being the period in which English institutions and characters first acquire any especial interest, and so more fitted for the design of his own Lectures.

In these successive courses he would have been enabled to include not only many new fields of inquiry, but most of those subjects which had been long the subjects of his study and interest, and which he had only been withheld from treating by want of time and opportunity. His early studies of the contest of Charles the Bold and of Louis XI., and of the fate of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, of which his mind had always retained a lively impression;—his somewhat later studies of the times of the English Reformation, in which he used to say it was necessary, above all other historical periods, "not to forget the badness of the agents in the goodness of the cause, or the goodness of the cause in the badness of the agents;"—would here have found their proper places. He had long desired, and now doubtless would have endeavoured, fully to describe the reigns of the two first Georges, "the deep calm of the first seventy years of the eighteenth century," which, as "the abused trial time of modern Europe, and as containing within itself the seeds of our future destiny," had always had such a hold upon his interest, that at one time he was on the point of sacrificing to a detailed exposition of this period even his History of Rome. And here, also, he would have aimed at realising some of those more general views, for which his office would have given him ample scope—his long cherished intention of bringing the "Politics" of his favourite Aristotle to bear on the problems of modern times and countries,—his anxiety to call public attention to the social evils of the lower classes in England, which he would have tried to analyse and expose in the process of their formation and growth,—his interest in tracing the general laws of social and political science, and the symptoms of advancing age in the human race itself; and his longing desire, according to his idea * of what the true history of the Church should be, of unfolding all the various elements, physical and intellectual, social and national, by which the moral character of the Christian world has been affected, and of comparing the existing state of European society with the ideal Church in the Apostolical age, or in his own anticipations of the remote future.

This was to be his ordinary course. The statutes of his Professorship required, in addition, terminal lectures on Biography. In these, accordingly,—though intending to diversify them by occasional lectures on general subjects, such as Art or Language,—he meant to furnish, as it were, the counterpoise to the peculiarly English and political element in his regular course, by giving not national, but individual life, not British, but European History. Thus the first was to have been on

* See Sermons, vol. iv. p. 111.

"The Life and Time of Pope Gregory the First, or the Great," as the name that stands at the opening of the history of Christian Europe. The next would have been Charlemagne, whose coronation he had already selected as the proper termination of ancient History; and along with or succeeding him, the Life of Alfred. What names would have followed can only be conjectured. But he had intended to devote one lecture to Dante, in the fourteenth century; and there can be no doubt, without speculating on the wide field of later times, that one such biography would have described "the noblest and holiest of monarchs, Louis IX.;" and that he would have taken this opportunity of recurring to the eminent Popes of the middle ages, Gregory VII. and Innocent III., whose characters he had vindicated in his earlier works,* long before that great change in the popular views respecting them, which in this, as in many other instances, he had forestalled at a time when his opinion was condemned as the height of paradox.

How far any or all of these plans would have been realised—what effect they would have had upon the University or upon English literature—what would have been the result of his coming into personal contact with men, whom he had up to this time known or regarded only as the representatives of abstract systems,—how far the complete renewal of his intercourse with Oxford would have brought him that pleasure, which he fondly anticipated from it,—are questions on which it is now useless to speculate. The Introductory Lectures were to be invested with the solemnity of being the last words which he spoke in his beloved University. The expressions, always habitual to him, but in this volume occurring with more than usual frequency:—"if I am allowed to resume these lectures next year"—"if life and health be spared me"—"if God shall permit," were to be justified by his own unexpected call; the anxiety which he describes, when a man is cut off by sudden death, "to know whether his previous words or behaviour indicated any sense of his coming fate," was to be exemplified in his own case to the very letter.†

292. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, December 4, 1841.

I thank you very much for your notices of my lecture. With regard to the influence of the Jews, I could not have noticed that as a new element, because it has already been at work before, and I was considering merely what prospect there was of any new race arising, to add a new power to those which have hitherto been in operation.

With regard to the other two points, I am afraid that there will be a difference between us, though I am not sure how far we differ as to the object of a state. I liked the first part of Gladstone's book as to its conclusions, though I did not much like all his arguments. In the second part I differed from him utterly.

I did not mean to say anything about the Church more than might

* Pamphlet on "the Roman Catholic Claims," in 1829, and on "the Principles of Church Reform," in 1833.

† Lectures on Modern History, first edition, pp. 155, 139, 151.

be said by all persons of whatever opinions, nor more, indeed, than is implied by the very fact of an Establishment. I do not think that my words said anything about the Church being an instrument in the State's hand, either expressly or by implication. Certainly I did not mean to say a word on that topic which could give suspicion to any one; for of course it was my desire to have at any rate a peaceable beginning.

We both enjoyed our day extremely, and it has given me a very good heart for my next appearance in Oxford. We got home about eleven, and found all well. We have still more than a fortnight before we start for Westmorland.

293. TO THE REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE. Rugby, December 17, 1841.

. . . I believe that my Professorship pleases me even more than that of Ecclesiastical History, even with a stall at Christ Church added to it. I do not wish to leave Rugby yet, as the income of a Stall would not enable me to educate my sons nearly as well as I can do at present, besides the extreme comfort of having their school education completed under my own teaching. And then Modern History embraces all that I most want to touch upon in Ecclesiastical History, and has much besides of the deepest interest to me, which I could not have included under the other. I cannot tell you the delight which I have in being able to speak at Oxford on the points which I am so fond of; and my Inaugural Lecture was so kindly received that it gives me great hopes of being able to do something. I do dread the conflict of opinions in which I must be more or less involved; but then I also feel that the cause, which I earnestly believe to be that of Christ's faith, wants all the support in Oxford which it can get; and from my numerous pupils I have some peculiar advantages, which hardly any one else could have.

294. *TO THE REV. R. THORPE. Fox How, Christmas Day, 1841.

I thank you very much for the extracts which you have sent me, and still more for your kind letter. I often think that I should be better qualified to assist those who are in doubt as to these questions, if I could understand what there is in the opposite opinions which recommends itself particularly to the mind. I can understand, for instance, the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy, both sides appearing to me to have something in their favour both in Scripture and in Philosophy, although I think not equally. But here I cannot perceive what is the temptation, *i.e.* what ground of Scripture or of reason, what need of the human mind,—nay, even what respectable weakness there is, which craves the support of those opinions to which I am so opposed. I am well aware that there must be something to fascinate such minds as I have known overcome by them. But I never yet have been able to make out what it is; and, being thus painfully out of sympathy with the persons so affected, I am unable to be of the service

to them which I could wish to be. And this may account to you at least, for anything which may seem harsh or over-positive in my writing against them. It is difficult to speak hesitatingly on points which you feel to be the most clear and certain truths in existence; and it is difficult to speak with consideration of what appears to you not error merely, but error absolutely unaccountable—error so extraordinary as to appear equivalent to an absolute delusion. And therefore you will do me a great service if ever you can make me understand what is the attractive side of these opinions—attractive, I mean, to those who believe and are familiar with the Scriptures, and therefore are persuaded that they hold already, as far as their own sin and infirmity will allow them, all that hope and strength and comfort—and these resting immediately on a Divine Author,—which these opinions would give us through a human or formal medium. Many years ago Keble told me that the sin forbidden to us by the second commandment was, he thought, the having recourse to unauthorised mediators or means of approach to God. Now the whole of these opinions seem to me to be susceptible of this definition, that they contain a great variety of ways of breaking the second commandment, and nothing else.

295. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Fox How, December 26, 1841.

"... I will say nothing about the Oxford contest, nor about the matters connected with it, only asking you to consider your expression about "*descending* all the way to my level" in religious opinions. Is it not rather assuming the question to call my views *low*, and the opposite ones *high?* You know that I should urge the authority of St. Paul for reversing the epithets, according to his language in the Epistle to the Galatians. Neither are my opinions properly *low* as to Church authority. I am for *High Church*, but *no Priest;* that is, I no more entertain a low sense of the Church, by denying the right and power of the Priesthood, than I entertain a low sense of the State or of Law, because I deny the authority of τυράννιδες, or of those oligarchies which Aristotle calls δυνάστειαι. I am not saying whether I am right or wrong, only contending that the opposite views have no right to be called *high* in comparison with mine, either religiously or ecclesiastically.

I will remember what you say about Vincentius Lirinensis, and will see the passage in Bishop Jebb; but I doubt excessively his references to all the men to whom he appeals. Of course everybody would allow that "Quod *plerumque*, quod à *pluribus*," &c., is *an* authority, and that I have admitted; but the question is, whether it be a paramount authority.

Wordsworth is in high force, and I hope that we shall see much of him while we are here. The country is in most perfect beauty. I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for all the conclusion of your letter; and I trust that I shall enter into, and act in the spirit of it. But how startling is it to see how quietly opposite opinions lie side by side, so long as neither are entertained keenly; but, when both become deep and real convictions, then toleration is no longer easy. I dreamt

some years ago of the softening of the opposition between Roman Catholics and Protestants, having been beguiled by the apparent harmony subsisting between them, while the principles of both were slumbering. But I do not dream of it now; for the principles are eternally at variance, and now men are beginning to feel their principles, and act on them. I should not now be surprised if I live to see a time of persecution; and the histories of the old martyrs appear to me now things which we may ourselves be called upon to realise, for wherever men are not indifferent, I doubt greatly whether they are much advanced in charity.

296. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. (With regard to difficulties in the statutes of the Professorship.)

Fox How, December 26, 1841.

. . . The matter lies in a short compass, the present regulations could not be observed without injury to the University, if I were resident altogether and had nothing to do with Rugby. Twenty Lectures a year, if they are to be such as a Professor of History in Oxford ought to give, cannot be prepared in a year. I could give fifty, on the other hand, or any number which might be required, if I made my course an abridgement of all Modern History, . . . collected apparently from some popular book like Russell. My object would be to give eight Lectures every year like Guizot's on French History, for the history, chiefly the internal history of England, beginning at the fifteenth century. It would be a work for my life, and eight Lectures a year would be, I am sure, as much as any man could give with advantage. My present course will be introductory, on the method of reading History; and this too, will consist of eight Lectures. Now I am willing to go on with the present regulations, if the University think it advisable, provided always, that I am required to take no oath about them; because then as much of the salary may be forfeited now, as the Vice-Chancellor may think proper, and the question of reducing the number of Lectures may be considered at leisure, before I come to leave Rugby. But feeling earnestly desirous to do the duty of the Professorship efficiently, and believing that I can do it, I think I may ask the sanction of the University authorities for an application to the Government about the regulations, to have them altered as regards the number of Lectures, and, I think, also, to take away the oath, if such a thing be not required of other Professors. In the last century, there was a sad recklessness in requiring oaths on all occasions worthy or unworthy; but there is a better feeling now prevalent, . . . and I should hope to show that without the oath the duty might be done effectually.

In the mean time this uncertainty is very inconvenient, because we have actually engaged our house in Oxford, and I shall have enough to do to finish my Lectures in time if they are wanted, and, if they are not wanted, I can ill afford the time to work upon them. . . . But this cannot be helped, only the oath is a serious matter; and if I am

required to take it to the regulations attached to my patent, I have no alternative but refuse it most positively. We are all well here, and have the most beautiful weather; the mountain tops all covered with snow, and all their sides and the valleys rich with the golden ferns and the brown leaves of the oaks.

[The regulations in question were found not to be in force.]

297. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, December 31, 1841.

[After explaining the difficulties about the Professorship.] I do not like undertaking more than I can do, or being thought to do the work of my place inefficiently. And I would rather give up the Professorship a hundred times than to be thought to make a job of it. Yet I do value it very much, and look forward to having great parties of the young men of the various great schools with no small pleasure. I shall ask our Rugby-men to bring their friends of other schools, when they are good men. And I hope to see some of my boys and girls well bogged in the middle of Bagley Wood. It is the last night of the year. May the new year begin and go on happily with us both, and I think that at our age, we begin to feel that the word "happy" has no light meaning, and requires more than mere worldly prosperity or enjoyment to answer to its signification. Our family greetings to all yours.

298. TO THE SAME. Fox How, January 9, 1842.

. . . I have nearly finished six Lectures, although I scarcely know whether I shall deliver them. If I do go up to Oxford, many things, I can assure you, have been in my thoughts, which I wished gradually to call men's attention to; one in particular, which seems to me a great scandal, the debts contracted by the young men, and their backwardness in paying them. I think that no part of this evil is to be ascribed to the tradesmen, because so completely are the tradesmen at the mercy of the undergraduates, that no man dares refuse to give credit; if he did, his shop would be abandoned. The Colleges take care to secure themselves by requiring caution money, and other expedients; and I cannot but think, that their authority might be exerted to compel payment to tradesmen with nearly the same regularity, as they exact their own battells.

299. TO THE REV. J. HEARN. Fox How, January 17, 1842.

I do not like to leave your kind letters unanswered, lest you should think that I am indifferent to receiving them, which would be most far from the truth; and yet I have been so busy, and still am, that it not only makes it difficult to find time to write letters, but it makes them not worth reading when they are written, because it so engrosses me with one or two pursuits that it leaves me nothing to communicate which can be of interest to others. Next week, I suppose, our life will

have variety and excitement enough, when we go up to Oxford, with all our family, and are established at our house in Beaumont Street, which we have taken for three weeks. Nevertheless, I prefer writing from the delicious calm of this place, where the mountains raise their snowy tops into the clear sky by this dim twilight, with a most ghost-like solemnity; and nothing is heard, far or near, except the sound of the stream through the valley. I have been walking to-day to Windermere, and went out on a little rude pier of stones into the lake, to watch what is to me one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the life of blue water amidst a dead landscape of snow; the sky was bright, and the wind fresh, and the lake was dancing and singing as it were, while all along its margin lay the dead snow, covering everything but the lake,—plains and valleys and mountains. I have admired the same thing more than once by the seaside, and there the tide gives another feature in the broad band of brown shingles below high-water mark, interposed between the snow and the water. We have been here more than three weeks, and, as it always does, the place has breathed a constant refreshment on me, although I have never worked harder; having done six of my Lectures, besides a large correspondence about the school matters, as usual in the holidays. I have, in all, written seven Lectures, and leave one more to be written in Oxford, and this last week I hope to devote to my History. . . . We have been all well, and as my children grow up, we are so large and companionable a party, that we need no society out of ourselves. This is a great change in later married life, when your table is always full without company, and you live in the midst of a large party. And I am sure that its effect is to make you shrink from other society, which is not wanted to enliven you, and which, added to a large family in the house, becomes almost fatiguing.

I will say nothing of my deep interest in this Oxford election, and in the progress of the Newmanite party, on which so many seem to look either complacently or stupidly, who yet cannot really sympathise with it. But I shall see and hear enough, and more than enough, of all this during my stay in Oxford. . . . I half envy you your farming labours, and wish you all manner of success in them. I could enter with great delight into planting, but I am never here at the right season, and at Rugby I have neither the time nor the ground.

300. TO REV. HERBERT HILL. Oxford, February 9, 1842.

. . . If Mrs. Nichols* is alive and sensible, both my wife and I would wish to give her our affectionate remembrances. I can quite feel what you say, as to the good of sitting by, and watching her patience. It is a great lesson to learn how to die. . . . Our stay here has even surpassed my expectations, and the country is more beautiful than my recollections, but my keen enjoyment of it makes me satisfied that my dislike of the Rugby country proceeds from no fond contrast with Westmorland, but from its own unsurpassable dulness. I was

* A poor woman near Fox How.

to-day in the valley behind S. Hincksey, and in the thickets of Bagley Wood. I went up to town to see the King of Prussia at Bunsen's, and there met both Maurice and Carlyle. We go down on Friday. All join in kindest regards to Mrs. Hill, and in love to the babies, begging Katie's pardon for the affront of so calling her.

301. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (K.) Oxford, February 9, 1842.

. . . I think the question of the expediency of your residing for some time at Oxford is rather difficult. But on the whole, unless you have some special object in coming here which I do not know, I think that I should advise against it. This place appears, at this moment, to be overridden with one only influence, which is so predominant that one must either yield to it, or be living in a state of constant opposition to those around one, a position not very agreeable. Besides, are you not already engaged more usefully both to yourself and others, than you could be here, and reading what you do read in a healthier atmosphere? I say this, but yet there is not a man alive who loves this place better than I do, and I have enjoyed our fortnight's stay here even more than I expected. I have been in no feuds or controversies, and have met with nothing but kindness; but then my opinions are so well known, that they are allowed for as a matter of course, so that my difficulty here is less than that of most men. We go down to Rugby on Friday, when the school meets. It always gives me real pleasure to hear from you, nor would I answer you so briefly if I were not overwhelmed with work of various kinds, which leaves me not a moment to spare, insomuch that Rugby will be almost a relaxation.

302. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, March 3, 1842.

[After speaking of the statutes of the Professorship.] What the University itself drew up so lately, and which has never been more than an utter dead letter, may, I should think, be well altered by the University now. But this I should wish to leave entirely to the Heads of Houses, never having had the slightest wish to ask anything of the Government as a personal favour to myself, and still less anything which the University did not think desirable. I shall write again to Hawkins immediately, and, if the University wishes things to remain in statu quo, even let it be so. If they do not tender the oath, which I do not think they will, I shall not think of resigning, and they may deal with the salary as they think proper. But after the experience which I had this term, nothing shall induce me to resign so long as I can lawfully hold the place, and so long as the University itself does not wish me to give it up. Our stay in Oxford more than realised all my hopes in every way. I do not mean the attendance on the Lectures, gratifying as that was, but the universal kindness which was shown to us all, down to Fan and Walter, and the hearty delight with which I went over my old walks with the children, and seemed to be commencing residence once again.

303. TO ARCHDEACON HARE. Rugby, March 18, 1842.

I thank you very much for your Charge, and for the kind mention of my name, and the sanction given to what I have said, which you have added in the notes. I think it likely that if I were in your situation, or in any similar office in the Church, my sense of the good to be done, even under the present system, and of the necessity of being myself not idle, would lead me to a view perhaps more exactly agreeing with your own. As it is, I feel so deeply the danger and evil of the false Church system, that despairing of seeing the true Church restored, I am disposed to cling, not from choice, but necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian religion, and adjourning the notion of Church sine die. Thus I can take no part in aiding the new Colonial Bishoprics; because they seem to me to be likely to propagate to the ends of the earth the Popery * of Canterbury, the more so as the very appointment is not to be vested in the Crown but in the Bishops, which seems to me a very great step taken in the wrong direction. But I have no time to trouble you with my notions, and you have better things to do than to read them.

304. * TO THE REV. H. FOX. (Then settled as a Missionary in India.) Rugby, April 10, 1842.

I thank you very much for your letter, which gave me a very comfortable account of you and yours. Be assured that I shall be always very thankful to you for writing; nor will I fail to answer your letters; only you will remember that I write at a disadvantage, having nothing to communicate to you from a country which you know as well as I do, to be compared with the interest of your communications, which must be full of new information to one who has never been in India. I suppose † that the late events in Cabul must have produced a strong sensation all over India. They are deeply to be regretted, and very painful to me so far as I know about them, because they seem to have been brought on by such sad misconduct. Otherwise, the magnitude of their consequence seems to be overrated by many people; the Indian Empire, I believe, will stand no less securely, and will have the opportunity, whether employed or wasted, of doing great things for the welfare of Asia.

There must be a great interest in having to deal with minds, whose training has been so different from our own, though it would be to me a great perplexity. I should think its tendency would be at first to make one sceptical, and then, if that was overcome, to make one fanatical. I mean that it must be startling at first to meet with many persons holding as truths, things the most opposite from what we believe,

* In allusion to Lord Falkland's speech. See 5th Lect. on Mod. Hist.—The appointment here alluded to was still vested nominally in the Crown.

† "It gives me a pain I cannot describe," he said in one of his latest conversations, "to hear of all this misery which I have no power to alleviate. Yet it will be as it was with the Romans in Spain; we hear often of 'cæsus consul cum legionibus,' but then the next year another consul and new legions go out, just as before."

and even so differing from us in their appreciation of evidence. And first, this would incline one, I should think, to mistrust all truth, or to think that it was subjective merely, one truth for Europe, and another for India; then, if this feeling were repelled, there would be the danger of maintaining a conclusion which yet one did not feel one could satisfactorily prove,—the resolving that a thing shall be believed by the mind, whether reasonably or unreasonably. I should earnestly, I think, look out in a Hindoo's mind for those points which he had in common with us, and see if the enormous differences might not be explained, and their existence accounted for. In this way I have always believed in the existence of a moral sense amongst all men, in spite of the tremendous differences in the notions of different ages and countries as to right and wrong. I think these differences may be explained, and that they do not disprove a common idea of and appreciation of virtue, as consisting mainly in self-denial and love. But all this will have presented itself to you often, and mine is but hypothesis, for my sole acquaintance has been with European minds, trained more or less in the same school.

You would be glad to hear of the flourishing state of Rugby. Highton is permanently settled here as a Master. The school have subscribed £130 for another window in the Chapel, and Frank Penrose has looked at the roof, and given us a plan for getting rid of the flat roof, which has long been my great enemy. Of other news, I know none so good as that Clough is just elected at Oriel, which all his friends are most rejoiced at.

. . . I hear flourishing accounts of New Zealand, and Bishop Selwyn, who is gone out there, seems to be just the man for such a place,—very active and very zealous. I suppose that you will see Tucker ere long, as I find he is returned to Madras. We are doing Elphinstone's History of India in the Sixth, for our Modern History on Thursdays, as I wished to make the fellows know something of India, of which they knew next to nothing. It is a pity that Elphinstone had not a more profound knowledge of the ancient western world, which continually illustrates and is illustrated by the state of things in India. God bless you, my dear Fox, and prosper your work. I must beg you to offer my very kind regards to Mrs. Fox, and I rejoiced to hear of the birth of your little boy.

305. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN. Rugby, May 3, 1842.

. . . Since our return from Oxford, we have been living in a quiet, which offers a curious contrast to your life in London. We have seen fewer people than usual; and as I hardly ever read a newspaper, our thoughts have been very much kept within the range of our little world here, and of my subjects of writing. My Lectures will be published in a few days, and you shall have a copy immediately: and I hope to give another Lecture in Oxford in about a month, on the Life and Times of Gregory the First. Is there any good German work on that special subject? I am continually wanting to apply for information to

you, but I know that you have no time to answer me. One thing I will ask,—whether there is any good information to be had about the Iberian inscriptions and coins still to be found in various collections? I have been reading or referring to various Spanish books,—Masdeu, for instance, and Velasquez,—but they seem to me worth little. By the way, in looking into Larramendi's Basque Grammar, I was delighted to find the long-lost plural of "Ego," and singular of "Nos." It was evident that Ego and Nos had made a sort of match of convenience, each having lost its original partner; but behold, in Basque "gu" is "nos" and "ni" or "neu" is "ego." One cannot doubt, I think, that "ego" and "nos" have here found their lost other half. I hope to finish vol. iii. of Rome before the end of the holidays; and then, in the last month of them, my wife and I are going, I believe, to have a run abroad. I do not know where we shall go exactly, but I think very likely to Grenoble and the Val d'Isere, and thence to Marseilles or the eastern Pyrenees. If I can get to Carthagena, it would be a great satisfaction to me; for Polybius' account is so at variance with Captain Smith's Survey of the present town and port, that it is utterly perplexing. This is better than nothing in the way of a letter, but I know that it is not much: however, if it draws even a shorter answer from you, I shall be thankful.

306. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS. Rugby, May 19, 1842.

I beg your pardon for not having thanked you for your Sermon, which I had not only received, but read, and read with very great pleasure. I am delighted to find that on the Priest question, which I think is the fundamental one of the whole matter, we are quite agreed. And I am also not a little pleased that the Archbishop should have wished a sermon to be printed, containing, as I think, so much truth, and truth at this time so much needed. I will fix, as there seems no objection, Thursday, June 2, at one p.m., for my Lecture; and it may be called, if you please, "On the Life and Times of Pope Gregory the First, or the Great." The materials are very good and plentiful, if I had but more time to work at them. Thank you for accepting my Dedication. . . . Carlyle dined, and slept here on Friday last, and on Saturday we went over with my wife and two of my boys to Naseby field, and explored the scene of the great battle very satisfactorily.

307. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. Rugby, May 22, 1842.

. . . . I was not ignorant of what was going on about the Colonial Bishoprics; but you can well understand that all this movement wears to me rather a doubtful aspect. While I can fully enter into the benefits of giving a centre of government where there was none, and of having a clergyman of superior rank, and probably superior acquirements, made an essential part in the society of a rising colony, yet, on the other hand, I cannot but know that the principal advocates of the plan support it on far other principles;—that it is with them as enforcing

their dogma of the necessity of Succession-Episcopacy to a true Church; that accordingly the paper, which you sent me, speaks of the "Church" in America (U.S.) and of the various "sects" there,—language quite consistent in the mouths of High Churchmen, but which assumes as a truth, what I hold to be the very λαμπρότατον ψεῦδος of a false system. I feel, therefore, half-attracted and half repelled, doubting whether the practical administrative and social advantages to be gained are likely to outweigh the encouragement given to what I believe to be very mischievous error; and while "dubitatio ista non tollitur," I cannot feel disposed to come to the practical conclusion of a subscription. Believe me, it is no pleasure to me to be obliged to stand aloof from a movement which has so much of good in it, and might be so purely and gloriously good, were it not ——.

The time which he had originally fixed for his retirement from Rugby was now drawing near, and the new sphere opened to him in his Professorship at Oxford, seemed to give a fixedness to his future prospects, which would naturally increase his long-cherished wishes of greater leisure and repose. But he still felt himself in the vigour of life, and used to rejoice in the thought that the forty-ninth year, fixed by Aristotle as the acme of the human faculties, lay still some years before him. The education of his two younger sons was a strong personal inducement to him to remain a short time longer in his situation. His professorial labours were of course but an appendage to his duties in the school, and when some of the unforeseen details of the entrance on his new office had seemed likely to deprive him of the place which he had so delighted to receive,—"in good and sober truth," he writes to Archbishop Whately, "I believe that this and all other things are ordered far more wisely than I could order them, and it will seem a manifest call to turn my mind more closely to the great work which is before me here at Rugby." The unusual amount also of sickness and death which had marked the beginning of the school year, naturally gave an increased earnestness to his dealings with the boys. His latest scholars were struck by the great freedom and openness with which he spoke to them on more serious subjects,—the more directly practical applications which he made of their Scriptural lessons,—the emphasis with which he called their attention to the contrast between Christian faith and love, and that creed of later Paganism, which made "the feelings of man towards the Deity to be exactly those with which we gaze at a beautiful sunset."* The same cause would occasion those frequent thoughts of death which appear in his Chapel Sermons, and in his more private life during this last year. There had never, indeed, been a time from his earliest manhood, in which the uncertainty of human life had not been one of the fixed images of his mind; and many instances would recur to all who knew him, of the way in which it was constantly blended with all his thoughts of the future. "Shall I tell you, my little boy," he once said to one of his younger children whose joyful glee at the approaching holidays he had gently checked;

* MS. Notes of his lessons on Cic. Div. ii. 72.

"shall I tell you why I call it sad?"—and he then repeated to him the simple story of his own early childhood; how his own father had made him read to him a sermon on the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," on the very Sunday evening before his sudden death:—"Now cannot you see, when you talk with such certainty about this day week and what we shall do, why it seems sad to me?"—But it was natural that such expressions should have been more often remarked by those who heard them during this year, even had they not been in themselves more frequent. "It is one of the most solemn things I do," he said to one of his children, who asked him why, in the title-page of his MS. volume of Sermons, he always wrote the date only of its commencement, and left a blank for that of its completion,—"to write the beginning of that sentence, and think that I may perhaps not live to finish it." And his pupils recollected the manner in which he had announced to them, before morning prayers, the unexpected death of one of their number: "We ought all to take to ourselves these repeated warnings; God, in His mercy, sends them to us. I say in His *mercy*, because they are warnings to all of us here,—we ought all to feel them as such,"—adding emphatically,—"and I am sure I feel it so myself."

Whatever might be the general interest of this closing period was deepened during the last month by accidental causes, into which it is not necessary to enter, but which became the means of drawing forth all the natural tenderness of his character more fully than any previous passage of his life. There was something in the added gentleness and kindness of his whole manner and conversation,—watching himself, and recalling his words, if he thought they would be understood unkindly,—which, even in his more general intercourse, would make almost every one who saw him at that time connect their last recollections of him with some trait of thoughtfulness for others, and forgetfulness of himself; and which, to those nearest and dearest to him, seemed to awaken a consciousness, amounting almost to awe, of a visible growth in those qualities which are most naturally connected with the thought of another world. There was something also in the expressions of his own more personal feelings,—few and short as they ever were, but for that reason the more impressive when they did escape him,—which stamped them with a more than usual solemnity. Such were some of the passages in a private diary, which he now commenced for the first time, but not known till after his death by any, except her who alone shared his inmost thoughts, and who could not but treasure up in her memory every word connected with the beginning of this custom. It was about three weeks before his end, whilst confined to his room for a few days by an attack of feverish illness, to which, especially when in anxiety, he had always from time to time been liable, that he called her to his bed-side, and expressed to her how, within the last few days, he seemed to have "felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ;" and how he hoped that "all this might make him more gentle and tender," and that he might not soon lose the impression thus made upon him; adding, that, as a help to keeping it alive, he intended to write something in the evenings before he retired to rest.

From this Diary, written the last thing at night, not daily, but from time to time in each week, it has been thought right to give the following extracts :—

May 22.—I am now within a few weeks of completing my forty-seventh year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily its end,—what it is coming to, and must come to,—what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the very eve of becoming weaker, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too,—whether rapidly or not I know not—but they will decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and the seal of immortality; and what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength, and may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness.

Tuesday Evening, May 24.—Two days have passed and I am mercifully restored to my health and strength. To-morrow I hope to be able to resume my usual duties. Now then is the dangerous moment. . . . O gracious Father, keep me now through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world: keep the thought of Thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ: and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. O strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shall be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Strengthen my faith, that I may realise to my mind the things eternal—death, and things after death, and Thyself. O save me from my sins, from myself, and from my spiritual enemy, and keep me ever Thine through Jesus Christ. Lord, hear my prayers also for my dearest wife, my dear children, my many and kind friends, my household,—for all those committed to my care, and for us to whom they are committed. I pray also for our country, and for Thy Holy Church in all the world. Perfect and bless the work of Thy Spirit in the hearts of all Thy people, and may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need for Jesus Christ's sake.

Wednesday, May 25.—Again, before I go to rest would I commit myself to God's care, through Christ, beseeching Him to forgive me for all my sins of this day past, and to keep alive His grace in my heart, and to cleanse me from all indolence, pride, harshness and selfishness, and to give me the spirit of meekness, humility, firmness, and love. O Lord, keep Thyself present to me ever, and perfect Thy strength in my weakness. Take me and mine under Thy blessed care, this night and evermore, through Jesus Christ.

Thursday, May 26.—. . . O Lord, keep Thyself present to me

always, and teach me to come to Thee by the One and Living Way, Thy Son Jesus Christ. 1. Keep me humble and gentle. 2. Self-denying. 3. Firm and patient. 4. Active. 5. Wise to know Thy will, and to discern the truth. 6. Loving, that I may learn to resemble Thee and my Saviour. O Lord, forgive me for all my sins, and save me and guide me and strengthen me through Jesus Christ.

May 29. . . . O Lord, save me from idle words, and grant that my heart may be truly cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit, and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie down to sleep in entire confidence in Thee, and submission to Thy will, ready for life or for death. Let me live for the day, not overcharged with worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here, and desiring truly to be joined to Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom, and to those who are already gone to Thee. O Lord, let me wait on patiently; but do Thou save me from sin, and guide me with Thy Spirit, and keep me with Thee, and in faithful obedience to Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord.

May 31.—Another day and another month succeed. May God keep my mind and heart fixed on Him, and cleanse me from all sin. I would wish to keep a watch over my tongue, as to vehement speaking and censuring of others. I would desire to be more thoughtful of others, more thoughtful "ultro" of my own head, without the suggestions of others. I would desire to remember my latter end to which I am approaching, going down the hill of life, and having done far more than half my work. May God keep me in the hour of death, through Jesus Christ; and preserve me from over fear, as well as from presumption. Now, O Lord, whilst I am in health, keep my heart fixed on Thee by faith, and then I shall not lose Thee in sickness or in death. Guide and strengthen and enkindle me, and bless those dearest to me, and those committed to my charge, and keep them Thine, and guide and support them in Thy holy ways. Keep sin far from them, O Lord, and let it not come upon them through any neglect of mine. O Lord, inspire me with zeal, and guide me with wisdom, that Thy name may be known to those committed to my care, and that they may be made and kept always Thine. Grant this, O Lord, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, and may my whole trust towards Thee be through His merits and intercessions.

Thursday Evening, June 2.—Again the day is over and I am going to rest. O Lord, preserve me this night, and strengthen me to bear whatever Thou shalt see fit to lay on me, whether pain, sickness, danger or distress. . . .

Sunday, June 5.—I have been just looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling; when I contrast it with the lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or of trouble. May I be kept humble and zealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory! May He keep me His by night

STATUE OF THOMAS HUGHES.

AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDINGS, RUGBY.

From a photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby.

and by day, and strengthen me to bear and to do His will, through Jesus Christ.

Monday evening, June 6.—I have felt better and stronger all this day, and I thank God for it. But may He keep my heart tender. May He keep me gentle and patient, yet active and zealous, may He bless me in Himself and in His Son. May He make me humble-minded in this, that I do not look for good things as my portion here, but rather should look for troubles as what I deserve, and as what Christ's people are to bear. "If ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers," &c. How much of good have I received at God's hands, and shall I not also receive evil? Only, O Lord, strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in body, in mind, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace which Thou didst vouchsafe to Thy martyrs; and let me not fall from Thee in any trial. O Lord, let me cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear evenly and not sullenly. O Lord, reveal to me Thyself in Christ Jesus, which knowledge will make all suffering and all trials easy. O Lord! bless my dearest wife, and strengthen us in the hardest of all trials, evil befalling each other. Bless our dear children, and give me grace to guide them wisely and lovingly through Jesus Christ. O Lord, may I join with all Thy people in heaven and on earth in offering up my prayers to Thee through our Lord Jesus Christ; and in saying "Glory be to Thy most holy Name for ever and ever."

Meanwhile his general occupations during this last year had been going on as usual, though interrupted for a time by his Professorial Lectures at Oxford. On returning from them to Rugby, in February, he immediately engaged again upon the Roman History. "I thirst," he said, "for Zama," and on the 5th of May, he had begun the chapter immediately preceding the account of that battle, which with two more, would have completed the third volume. His Lecture on Gregory the Great had also been occupying his time and thoughts; and he had for this purpose been analysing and commenting on the earlier books of Paulus Diaconus, De Gestis Longobardorum. He was also beginning to make final arrangements for the edition of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had now for some years past been hoping to leave as a monument of his government of Rugby School. And it was about six weeks before his death that he explored the field of Naseby in company with Mr. Carlyle, who left his house at Rugby, expressing the hope that it might "long continue to be what was to him one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace."

His short illness presented no material interruption to his present pursuits or future plans. He looked eagerly forward to his holidays at Fox How, often writing to those of his children who had gone there before the usual time of their common journey, to inquire after the growth of his favourite trees, and the aspect of his favourite views; and he was also preparing for his meditated excursion to Carthagena, with a view to his history of the Punic wars. His more laborious and extended designs for his later years were still floating before him. "One inducement I should have if they would send me as Bishop to

any of the Australian Colonies," were his last words to one of his most attached pupils, while the attack of illness was still upon him, "that there should be at least one Bishop in those parts, who would endeavour to build up a Church according to my idea of what a true Church should be." His terminal Lecture at Oxford had been duly notified for the 2nd of June, and was not abandoned till he found that it would be physically impossible, in consequence of the unexpected interruption of his indisposition, to finish it in time. "I am obliged," he wrote to Dr. Hawkins, on the 27th of May, "to give up altogether the hope of coming to Oxford this term. I grieve for this very much, but, if I live and am well, I hope to give two Lectures next term to make up for it, for nothing would grieve me more than to be thought to escape from the duties of my office, so far as it is in my power to fulfil them."

The last week of the long summer half-year had now arrived—his fourteenth year at Rugby was drawing to its close—the course of sermons, in which, during the preceding month, he had dwelt on the three things necessary to be borne in mind by his scholars wherever they might be scattered in after-life, had now been ended. On the 5th of June the last and farewell sermon was preached in the Chapel, before the final dispersion of the boys for the holidays, in which he surveyed, from his own long experience, the peculiar difficulties and temptations of the place, and in which he concluded his parting advice with words to which, in the minds of his hearers, the sequel gave a new import, even in their minutest particulars. "The real point which concerns us all, is not whether our sin be of one kind or of another, more or less venial, or more or less mischievous in man's judgment, and to our worldly interests; but whether we struggle against all sin because it is sin; whether we have or have not placed ourselves consciously under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in Him, cleaving to Him, feeding on Him by faith daily, and so resolved, and continually renewing our resolution, to be His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end. To this," he said, "I would call you all, so long as I am permitted to speak to you—to this I do call you all, and especially all who are likely to meet here again after a short interval, that you may return Christ's servants with a believing and loving heart; and, if this be so, I care little as to what particular form temptations from without may take; there will be a security within—a security not of man, but of God."

The succeeding week was as usual one of much labour and confusion from the accumulation of work at the end of the half-year. There was the heavy pressure of the Fifth Form Examination, and the general winding-up of the school business;—there was the public day of the school-speeches, on Friday the 10th,—the presence of the yearly examiners from Oxford and Cambridge,—the visits of his former pupils on their way from the Universities at the beginning of the long vacation. It might seem needless to dwell on details which, though of deep interest to those who knew him well, differed but little from the tenor of his usual life. Yet for this very reason it is worth while to

recall so much of them as shall continue the same image down to its sudden close.

Whatever depression had been left by the feverish attack of the preceding fortnight, had in the two or three last days passed away, and he had recovered not only his usual health, but his usual spirits and energy, playing with his children, undertaking all the work of the Examination, and at the same time interrupting himself in his various occupations, to go and sit for an hour to relieve the anxiety or enliven the sick bed of an invalid; and though "glad to get off going up to Oxford to do battle," and wishing to avoid the excitement and inconvenience of a hurried journey, he offered, if it were necessary, to give his vote in convocation, on June 9th, for the repeal of the censure on Dr. Hampden.

Deeply, too, did he enter into the usual beauty of the summer of that genial year. In his daily walk to his bathing-place in the Avon, he was constantly calling the attention of his companions to the peculiar charm of this season of the year, when everything was so rich without being parched; the deep green of a field of clover, or of an old elm on the rise of a hill on the outskirts of Rugby, or of a fine oak, which called forth many old recollections of its associates in the adjoining hedges, of which it was one of the few survivors. And these walks were enlivened by those conversations in which his former pupils took so much delight, in which he was led on through the various topics of which his mind was full. There were the remembrances of his past tours, and "of the morning between Pisa and Rome, which gave him the most perfect outward enjoyment which he could conceive;" the expectation of future journeys—of the delight of visiting the Sierra Morena, "containing all the various stages of vegetation, and beautiful as the garden of the Lord,"—and yet again the constant feeling that "he never could rest anywhere in travelling,"—"if he stayed more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a longing for Fox How." There was also the anticipation of the more distant future; how he would have pupils with him in Westmorland during the long vacation, when he had retired from Rugby, and "what glorious walks he would take them upon Loughrigg."

His subjects of more general interest were also discussed as usual, —such as the comparison of the art of medicine in barbarous and civilised ages,—the philological importance of provincial vocabularies, —the threatening prospect of the moral condition of the United States, —united on the other hand with their great opportunities for good in "that vast continent." Of the Oxford opinions his language was strong as usual, but with none of that occasional vehemence of expression, which had of late years somewhat interfered with the freedom of his intercourse with some of his Oxford pupils, who thought more favourably than himself of the school in question. He objected, as he often did, to the use of ridicule in religious arguments, as incompatible with the painful feeling which should be aroused by the sight of serious errors or faults; and spoke of the irreconcilable difference of principle by

which he believed Roman Catholics and Protestants were divided, and "between which," he said, "the nineteenth century will have to make her choice,—dwelling at the same time on the inconsistency of any attempt to hold the Apostolical Succession short of Romanism; though with expressions of great affection of some of his friends, and with great respect of Mr. Maurice, who seemed to him to do this. "But such views," he said, "were my earliest dislike,—the words mean so entirely nothing, their system goes on two legs and a half,—the Oxford system on three and three-quarters,—the Roman Catholic on four."

On Saturday morning he was busily employed in examining some of the boys in Ranke's History of the Popes, in preparation for which he had sat up late on the previous night, and some of the answers which had much pleased him he recounted with great interest at breakfast. The chief part of the day he was engaged in finishing the business of the school, not accepting proffered assistance even in the mechanical details, but going through the whole work himself. He went his usual round of the school to distribute the prizes to the boys before their final dispersion, and to take leave of those who were not returning after the holidays. "One more lesson," he had said, to his own Form on the previous evening, "I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and then I will say to you what I have to say." That parting address to which they were always accustomed to look forward with such pleasure, never came. But it is not to be wondered at, if they remarked with peculiar interest, that the last subject which he had set them for an exercise was "Domus Ultima;" that the last translation for Latin verses was from the touching lines on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, in Spenser's "Ruins of Time;"—that the last words with which he closed his last lecture on the New Testament were in commenting on the passage of St. John:—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—"So, too," he said, "in the Corinthians, 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'—Yes," he added, with marked fervency, "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness."

In the afternoon he took his ordinary walk and bathe, enjoying the rare beauty of the day, and he stopped again and again to look up into the unclouded blue of the summer sky, "the blue depth of æther" which had been at all times one of his most favourite images in nature, "conveying," as he said, "ideas so much more beautiful, as well as more true, than the ancient conceptions of the heavens as an iron firmament." At dinner he was in high spirits, talking with his several guests on subjects of social or historical interest, and recurring with great pleasure to his early geological studies, and describing, with much interest, his recent visit to Naseby with Carlyle, "its position on some of the highest table-land in England,—the streams falling on the one side into the Atlantic, on the other into the German Ocean,—far away, too, from any town,—Market Harborough the nearest, into which the cavaliers were chased, late in the long summer evening, on the fourteenth of June, you know."

In the evening he took a short stroll, as usual, on the lawn in the further garden, with the friend and former pupil, from whom the account of these last few days has been chiefly derived. His conversation with him turned on some points in the school of Oxford Theology, in regard to which he thought him to be in error; particularly he dwelt seriously, but kindly, on what he conceived to be false notions of the Eucharist, insisting, especially, that our Lord forbids us to suppose that the highest spiritual blessings can be conferred only or chiefly through the reception of material elements,—urging with great earnestness, when it was said that there might be various modes of spiritual agency, "My dear Lake, God be praised, we *are* told the great mode by which we are affected—we have His own blessed assurance, 'The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.'"

At nine o'clock was a supper, which, on the last evening of the summer half-year, he gave to the Sixth Form boys of his own house; and they were struck with the cheerfulness and liveliness of his manner, talking of the end of the half-year, and the pleasure of his returning to Fox How in the next week, and observing, in allusion to the departure of so many of the boys, "How strange the Chapel will look to-morrow."

The school business was now completely over. The old school-house servant, who had been about the place many years, came to receive the final accounts, and delighted afterwards to tell how his master had kept him a quarter of an hour talking to him with more than usual kindness and confidence.

One more act, the last before he retired that night, remains to be recorded,—the last entry in his Diary, which was not known or seen till the next morning, when it was discovered by those to whom every word bore a weight and meaning, which he who wrote it had but little anticipated.

"Saturday Evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say, 'Vixi.' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work,* if I might be permitted to take part in it. But above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing,—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his

* To prevent any possibility of misconception, it may be as well to refer to chapter iv. p. 197.

wife, on her asking whether he felt well,—adding that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then again composed himself to sleep; but her watchful care, always anxious, even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened, and on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused from a remembrance of having heard of this in connexion with Angina Pectoris, and its fatal consequences, that in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick-bed of his sister Susannah. Reassured by her confidence that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs. Arnold returned to his room. She observed him, as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and soon afterwards, with a solemnity of manner and depth of utterance, which spoke more than the words themselves, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

From time to time he seemed to be in severe suffering; and, on the entrance of the old servant before mentioned, said, "Ah! Elizabeth, if I had been as much accustomed to pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better." To his wife, however, he uttered no expressions of acute pain, dwelling only on the moments of comparative ease, and observing that he did not know what it was. But the more than usual earnestness which marked his tone and manner, especially in repeating the verses from Scripture, had again aroused her worst fears; and she ordered messengers to be sent for medical assistance, which he had at first requested her not to do, from not liking to disturb at that early hour the usual medical attendant, who had been suffering from indisposition. She then took up the Prayer Book, and was looking for a Psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, "The fifty-first,"—which she accordingly read by his bedside, reminding him, at the seventh verse, that it was the favourite verse of one of the old almswomen, whom he was in the habit of visiting; and at the twelfth verse, "O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free spirit:"—he repeated it after her very earnestly. She then read the prayer in the "Visitation of the Sick," beginning, "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower," &c., kneeling herself at the foot of the bed, and altering it into a common prayer for them both.

As the clock struck a quarter to seven, Dr. Bucknill (the son of the usual medical attendant) entered the room. He was then lying on his back,—his countenance much as usual,—his pulse, though regular, was very quick, and there was cold perspiration on the brow and cheeks. But his tone was cheerful.—"How is your father?" he asked, on the physician's entrance: "I am sorry to disturb you so early—I knew that your father was unwell, and that you had enough to do." He

described the pain, speaking of it as having been very severe, and then said, "What is it?" Whilst the physician was pausing for a moment before he replied, the pain returned, and remedies were applied till it passed away; and Mrs. Arnold, seeing by the measures used that the medical man was himself alarmed, left the room for a few moments to call up her second son, the eldest of the family then at Rugby, and impart her anxiety to him; and during her absence her husband again asked what it was, and was answered that it was spasm of the heart. He exclaimed, in his peculiar manner of recognition, "Ha!" and then on being asked if he had ever in his life fainted,—"No, never." If he had ever had difficulty of breathing?—"No, never." If he had ever had sharp pain in the chest?—"No, never." If any of his family had ever had disease of the chest?—"Yes, my father had—he died of it." What age was he?—"Fifty-three." Was it suddenly fatal?—"Yes, suddenly fatal." He then asked, "If disease of the heart was a common disease?"—"Not very common." "Where do we find it most?"—"In large towns, I think." "Why?" (Two or three causes were mentioned.) "Is it generally fatal?"—"Yes, I am afraid it is."

The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs. Arnold now fully aware from him of her husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension, and, on his coming up to the bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression towards him, asked, "How is your deafness, my boy?" (he had been suffering from it the night before,)—and then, playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, "you must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick room." He then sat down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice: "My son, thank God for me;" and as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on, saying,—"Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain: I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me: now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it." And again, after a pause, he said,—alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it,—"How thankful I am that my head is untouched." Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer Book, and began to read the Exhortation, in which it occurs in the "Visitation of the Sick." He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically,—"Yes," at the end of many of the sentences. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ." "Yes."—"By suffering patiently troubles, adversities, and sickness."—"Yes." "He entered not into His glory before He was crucified."—"Yes." At the words "everlasting life," she stopped, and his son said,—"I wish, dear Papa, we had you at Fox How." He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed in his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment.

The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former

remedies were applied: there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said;—"If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it." He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one or two of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, "Is it likely to return?" and, on being told that it was, "Is it generally suddenly fatal?"—"Generally." On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied that he had none, but from the application of the external remedies; and then, a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given; and on being told, answered, "Ah, very well." The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned round, and saw him looking quite calm, but with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattling in the throat, and a convulsive struggle,—flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She had but just left the room before his last conversation with the physician, in order to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed upstairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling, from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered and saw their father's state, made no impression upon him—the eyes were fixed —the countenance was unmoved: there was a heaving of the chest—deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals,—and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more,—he breathed his last.

It must have been shortly before eight a.m. that he expired, though it was naturally impossible for those who were present to adjust their recollections of what passed with precise exactness of time or place. So short and sudden had been the seizure, that hardly any one out of the household itself had heard of his illness before its fatal close. His guest, and former pupil, (who had slept in a remote part of the house,) was coming down to breakfast as usual, thinking of questions to which the conversation of the preceding night had given rise, and which, by the great kindness of his manner, he felt doubly encouraged to ask him, when he was met on the staircase by the announcement of his death. The masters knew nothing till the moment, when, almost at the same time at the different boarding-houses, the fatal message was delivered in all its startling abruptness, "that Dr. Arnold was dead." What that Sunday was in Rugby, it is hard fully to represent: the incredulity—the bewilderment— the agitated inquiries for every detail—the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day—the feeling as if the very place had passed away with him who had so emphatically been in every sense its head—the sympathy which hardly dared to contemplate, and which yet could not

but fix the thoughts and looks of all on the desolate house, where the fatherless family were gathered round the chamber of death.

Five of his children were awaiting their father's arrival at Fox How. To them the news was brought on Monday morning, by the same pupil who had been in the house at his death, and who long would remember the hour when he reached the place, just as the early summer dawn—the dawn of that forty-seventh birthday—was breaking over that beautiful valley, every shrub and every flower in all its freshness and luxuriance speaking of him who had so tenderly fostered their growth around the destined home of his old age. On the evening of that day, which they had been fondly preparing to celebrate with its usual pleasures, they arrived at Rugby in time to see their father's face in death.

He was buried on the following Friday, the very day week, since, from the same house, two and two in like manner, so many of those who now joined in the funeral procession to the Chapel, had followed him in full health and vigour to the public speeches in the school. It was attended by his whole family, by those of his friends and former pupils who had assembled from various parts during the week, and by many of the neighbouring clergy and of the inhabitants of the town, both rich and poor. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby, from that place which, for fourteen years, had been occupied only by him who was gone, and to whom every part of that Chapel owed its peculiar interest; and his remains were deposited in the Chancel immediately under the Communion-table.

Once more his family met in the Chapel on the following Sunday, and partook of the Holy Communion at his grave, and heard read the sermon preached by him in the preceding year, on "Faith Triumphant in Death." And yet one more service in connexion with him took place in the Chapel, when, on the first Sunday of the next half-year, the school, which had dispersed on the eve of his death, assembled again within its walls under his successor, and witnessed in the funeral services, with which that day was observed, the last public tribute of sorrow to their departed master.

Nowhere could the shock have been so overwhelming as in the immediate circle of his friends and pupils. But the sensation occasioned by his death was far wider than the limits of his personal acquaintance. In London, and still more in Oxford, where his name had always excited so much interest,—where the last impression of him had been one of such life and energy, and of such promise for the future,—the tidings were received by men of the most various parties, with the shock which accompanies the announcement of a loss believed to be at once general and irreparable. Few men, it was felt, after having been centres of love and interest to a circle in itself so large, have been known and honoured in a circle yet larger, and removed from both, by an end so sudden and solemn. Some notion of the general sympathy may be formed by the notices of his death in most of the periodicals of the years 1842, 43, 44, amongst which may be especially mentioned the organs of the two most opposite parties, the extreme Radical and the

extreme Oxford school, with both of which in life he had had so little of friendly intercourse. As a testimony of gratitude to his services in the cause of education, a public subscription was set on foot, under the superintendence of a Committee, consisting of noblemen and gentlemen of different political and ecclesiastical parties, the proceeds of which were applied, after the erection of a monument in Rugby Chapel, to the foundation of scholarships, to be enjoyed in the first instance by his sons in succession, and afterwards dedicated to the promotion of general study at Rugby, and of the pursuit of history at Oxford.

But however wide was the sense of his loss, and the tribute of respect to his memory, it was only in the narrower range of those who knew him, especially of those who had been brought up under his charge, that the solemnity of the event could be fully appreciated. Many were the testimonies borne by them to the greatness of their loss, which it is impossible here to record. But it may be permitted to close this narrative with a letter to his widow from a former pupil, whose name has already occurred in these pages, which it has been thought allowable to publish, (though of course only the utterance of the first feelings of private sorrow,) as giving the impression left upon one who had been parted from him for three years in a distant country, and to whom his fellow-scholars will, it is felt, willingly leave the expression of thoughts and hopes in which so many will be able more or less to share.

Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Nov. 16, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNOLD,

If you knew the true affection I had for him whom we have lost, you would not forbid my writing of my grief to one most near and dear to him when here below. No one inspirited and encouraged my undertaking here as he did; no letters were so sure to bring fresh hopes and happiness as those which can never come again from him. It was not so much what he said in them, as the sense which they conveyed, that he still was as he had ever been, the same earnest faithful friend. It was this which made one feel that, while he was alive, it would indeed be pusillanimous to shrink from maintaining what was true and right. This I felt the last time I ever saw him, in the autumn of 1839. He rose early and spent the last hour with me, before we separated for ever: he to his school work and I to my journey here. We were in the dining-room, and I well remember the autumnal dawn—it was calm and overcast, and so impressed itself on my memory, because it agreed with the more than usual quietness; the few words of counsel which still serve me from time to time; the manner in which the commonest kindnesses were offered to one soon to be out of their reach for ever; the promise of support through evil fortune or good, in few words; once repeated, exceeding my largest deserts; and then the earnest blessing and farewell from lips never again to open in my hearing. His countenance and manner and dress—his hand, and every movement are all before me now more clearly than any picture—and you will understand

full well how a quiet scene like this has an impressiveness unrivalled by the greatest excitements. The uncertain consciousness that this parting might be the last hung about it at the time; and preserved the recollection of it, till now that the sad certainty gives a new importance to the slightest particular.

I feel how unequal I am to offer you any consolation that you do not already possess, in the far more solemn and painful parting to which you have been called. But how unhappy would it have been, had you foreseen that each day was drawing nearer and nearer to that fatal event, as surely as you now know that every passing hour is an hour nearer to a happy reunion. Fear not but that he will be himself again—some good men fall asleep in Jesus so full of infirmities, that they cannot but be greatly changed both in body and mind by the healing miracle of the Resurrection. But will not those who die, as Moses and Elias did, in the fulness of their labours and their strength, be as quickly recognised as were Moses and Elias by the faithful in God's holy mount? As our Saviour's wounds were healed on the morning of the Resurrection, so shall his mortal disease be healed, and all that we most loved in him shall become immortal. The tone of earnestness shall be there, deepened perhaps into a more perfect beauty by a closer intercourse with the Son of Man, when his ears have heard the "Verily, verily, I say unto you," that once used to be heard upon the earth—the cheerfulness shall be there without a cloud to dim it throughout all eternity,—and how will the most aspiring visions of reformation that ever filled his mind on earth be more than accomplished in that day of the restitution of all things! How will he rejoice in his strength and immortality, as he busies himself to perform the whole counsel of God, no longer doubted or disputed by men! What member of the Divine Body will glory more than he will in the catholic and perfect union of men with each other and with God!

My dear Mrs. Arnold, you have been heretofore a kind friend to one who is neither forgetful nor ungrateful. But, when thus gazing up into heaven after him, I remember that you are his, I pray with a double earnestness that you may follow him, and that when your time is come, you may present to him the greatest blessing that can now be added to his full cup of joy, yourself and your children perfect before the throne of God. Accept this blessing from your true and sincere friend,

JOHN PHILIP GELL.

APPENDIX.

(A.)

PRAYERS, WRITTEN BY DR. ARNOLD FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS IN RUGBY SCHOOL.

I. PRAYER READ EVERY MORNING IN THE SIXTH FORM.

(See chap. III. p. 74.)

O LORD, who by Thy holy Apostle, has taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love:—that, while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit; that we may be Thine in body and spirit in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

II. PRAYER USED ON SUNDAY EVENING IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

O Lord our God, we are once again arrived at the evening of Thy holy day. May Thy Spirit render it truly blest to us!

We have attended the public service of Thy church; Thou knowest, O Lord, and our own consciences each know also, whether while we worshipped Thee in form, we worshipped Thee in spirit and in truth. Thou knowest and our own consciences know also, whether we are or are likely to be any the better for what we have heard with our outward ears this day.

Forgive us, Lord, for this great sin of despising the means of grace

which Thou hast given us. Forgive us for all our carelessness, inattention, and hardness of heart: forgive us for having been far from Thee in mind, when our lips and outward expression seemed near to Thee.

Lord, will it be so for ever? Shall we ever hear and not heed? And when our life is drawing near to its end, as this day is now, shall we then feel that we have lived without Thee in the world, and that we are dying unforgiven? Gracious Father, be pleased to touch our hearts in time with trouble, with sorrow, with sickness, with disappointment, with anything that may hinder them from being hard to the end, and leading us to eternal ruin.

Thou knowest our particular temptations here. Help us with Thy Holy Spirit to struggle against them. Save us from being ashamed of Thee and of our duty. Save us from the base and degrading fear of one another. Save us from idleness and thoughtlessness. Save us from the sin of falsehood and lying. Save us from unkindness and selfishness, caring only for ourselves and not for Thee, and for our neighbours.

Thou who knowest all our weaknesses, save us from ourselves, and our own evil hearts. Renew us with Thy Spirit to walk as becomes those whom Thou hast redeemed, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

"III. PRAYER USED AFTER CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION.

O Lord, we thank Thee for having preserved us safe from all the perils and dangers of this day: that Thou hast given us health and strength, food and clothing, and whilst there are so many who are poor, so many who are sick, so many who are in sorrow, that Thou hast given us so richly such manifold and great blessings.

Yet more, O Lord, we thank Thee for Thy mercies to us in Thy Son Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for Thy infinite love shown in our redemption, that Thou hast opened, through Thy beloved Son, the kingdom of heaven to all believers. We thank Thee for the full assurance of hope which Thou hast given us, that if our earthly tabernacle be dissolved, we have yet a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thou hast shown to us nothing but goodness, O Lord, for this life and for life eternal; and yet we have sinned, and are sinning against Thee daily. We are forfeiting all Thy blessings, and turning them into a curse. Forgive us, for Jesus Christ's sake, all and each, for all our many sins in thought, word, and deed; whether known to others, or to our own conscience alone, or forgotten even by our own careless hearts, but known and recorded by Thee, against the great day of judgment.

One thing more, O Lord, we pray for, without which all these blessings shall only condemn us the more heavily. O Lord, increase and keep alive in us Thy faith. Let not the world, and our own health, and the many good things which Thou hast given us, prove a snare unto us. Let us endure, as seeing by faith Thee who art invisible.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst take our nature upon Thee, and art now standing as the Son of Man at the right hand of the Majesty on high, reveal Thyself to our minds and hearts, as Thou didst to the bodily eyes of Thy martyr Stephen. As Thou didst comfort and strengthen him in his suffering, so, O Lord, do Thou warn and chasten us in our enjoyments; making us to know and feel that in Thee is our only life, and that if we cleave not to Thee, and have not Thee abiding in us, we are dead now, and shall be dead for ever.

Quicken in us the remembrance of our baptism: how we were pledged to become Thy true servants and soldiers to our lives' end. Dispose us all to renew this pledge from the bottom of our hearts, both those of us who are going to receive the rite of confirmation soon, and those of us who have received it already, and those of us who may expect to receive it hereafter. Quicken in as many of us as have either this day or heretofore been partakers in the communion of Thy body and blood, the remembrance of that blessed sacrament, that we gave ourselves therein to be wholly Thine, in body, soul, and spirit, that we might evermore dwell in Thee, and Thou in us.

O Holy Spirit of God, who art the only author of all spiritual life, quicken us with Thy power, and preserve and quicken us in the life which is Thy gift. Forgive us that we have so often grieved Thee, and preserve us from grieving Thee so long and so often, that Thou wilt depart from us for evermore, and leave us to a state beyond repentance, and beyond forgiveness. Teach us to remember that every day which we spend carelessly and unprofitably, we are grieving Thee, and tempting Thee to leave us. Let not our prosperity harden our hearts to our destruction. Screen us from the horrible sin of casting a stumbling-block in our brother's way, of tempting him to evil, or discouraging him from good by our example, or by our laughter, or by our unkindness or persecution.

O Lord Almighty, this day is now drawing to its end. May the means of grace which Thou hast given us in it work good in us for to-morrow, and the days to come. May Thy blessing be with us on this first day of the week, to guide us and to strengthen us even to its end.

Bless all our friends in all places, and keep them in Thy faith and fear: bless Thy universal church militant here on earth, and grant that all who confess with their mouth the Lord Jesus, may believe on Him in their hearts, to life everlasting. Bless our Queen and our country; that we may be a Christian people, not in word only, but in power. Bless this school, that it may be a place of godly education, to Thy glory and the salvation of our own souls. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, that we may labour in our several duties towards one another and towards Thee, as befits those whom Thou hast redeemed by the blood of Thy dear Son.

Finally, we thank Thee for all those, whether we have known them on earth, or whether they were strangers to us, who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear; and who are safe and at rest till the day of Thy coming. Increase their number, O Lord, and enable us through

Thy grace to be of their company, that when Thou comest in Thy glorious majesty, and shalt call us all to judgment, we may stand with all Thy faithful people at Thy right hand, and may hear Thee call us "blessed," and bid us enter into Thy kingdom to see God face to face.

IV. PRAYER USED IN THE SICK ROOMS.

O Lord and heavenly Father, we come before Thee with our humble thanks for all Thy mercies towards us, more especially for the means of grace which Thou hast afforded us in this interruption to our usual course of health. We thank Thee for thus reminding us that our enjoyment of the blessings of this world will not last for ever—that the things in which we commonly take delight will one day cease to please us. We thank Thee that by calling us off for a little while from our common employments and amusements, Thou givest us time to think how we are passing our life, and what those joys are which if we once learn to know them will abide with us for ever. Lord, deliver us from all impatience and from all fear for our bodies, and fill us at the same time with spiritual fear; let us not be afraid of pain or sickness, but let us be afraid of Thee and not waste the opportunity which Thou art now affording us. Give us grace to think under the visitations of light sickness whether we are fit to be visited with dangerous sickness; let us consider what we should do if, while our body were weakened, our mind should be clouded also, so that we could not then pray to Thee for succour. Now, therefore, O Lord, teach us to call on Thee while we can call on Thee, to think on Thee while our reason is yet in its vigour. Teach us to look into our heart and life, to consider how Thou wouldest judge us, to ask Thy forgiveness through Thy Son Jesus Christ, for all that Thou seest amiss in us, and by the help of Thy Holy Spirit to overcome all that is evil in our heart, and to learn and practise all that is good. Restore us in Thy good time to our usual health, and grant that this interruption to it may be sanctified to our souls' health, so making it not an evil to us, but an infinite blessing, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

V. THANKSGIVING ON A BOY'S RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we give Thee our humble and hearty thanks for Thy goodness shown to Thy servant whom Thou hast been pleased to visit with sickness. We thank Thee for the prospect which Thou hast given him of recovery of his full health and strength, as well as for the present abatement of his disorder. Grant that Thy mercies may be felt by him and by us; that they may not lead us to tempt Thy long-suffering by continued hardness of heart, but may make us desirous of showing our gratitude to Thee by living according to Thy will. May we remember how nearly health and sickness come together, and that the time will surely come to us all when we shall be raised up from sickness no more.

While Thou yet sparest us, give us grace to turn to Thee in earnest, that we may not have to turn to Thee when it is too late with a vain

regret and despair. Grant this, O Lord, for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord.

The following prayers were contributed by Dr. Arnold, in 1842, to a "Book of Family Prayers for every Day in the Year," (published by Mr. Whittlemore, Brighton,) in answer to a request made to him by the Editor, and they are here inserted by the kind permission of the publisher. The subjects of them were doubtless suggested by two wants, which he often lamented, in the public services of the Liturgy, viz., a more direct reference to the blessings of the natural seasons, and also an offering of thanksgivings and prayers for the blessings of law and government, unconnected with any such political allusions, as occur in the Four State Services appended to the Book of Common Prayer.

I. JOHN IV. 35.

O Lord God, who givest us the promise of food for our bodies, and makest the seed sown to grow up and ripen and yield its fruits in its seasons, do Thou be pleased to give us the true bread of life, and to bless and ripen in us the seed sown by Thy Holy Spirit in our hearts, that it may bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Give us, we beseech Thee, the true bread of life, Thy beloved Son. May we ever hunger after Him and ever be filled. May we feed upon Him by faith, receiving into our hearts His most precious body and blood, even the virtue of His sacrifice which alone cleanseth from all sin. May we cleave unto Him, and grow into Him, that we may be one with Him and He with us. Ripen in us also, we pray Thee, the seed of Thy Holy Spirit. Make us to cherish every good resolution which He suggests to us, and dread the great sin of grieving Him. Save us from hardness of heart which will not listen to Him; from carelessness and lightness of heart which forgets Him; from worldliness and overmuch business, which cares for and loves other things more. Bless Thy spiritual works even as Thy natural works, and gather in Thy corn into Thy garner to Thy glory and our salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

II. EVENING.

O Lord, who hast given us thy summer sun to gladden us with his light and to ripen the fruits of the earth for our support, and who biddest him to set when his work is done, that he may rise again to-morrow; give Thy blessing to us Thy servants, that the lesson of the works of Thy hand may be learnt by us Thy living works, and that we may run our course like the sun which is now gone from us.

Let us rise early and go late to rest, being ever busy and zealous in doing Thy will. Let our light shine before men, that they may glorify Thee our Heavenly Father. Let us do good all our days, and be useful to and comfort others. And let us finish our course in faith, that we too may rise again to a course which shall never end, through the only merits of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

III.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, teach us to mark the flight of time, and learn from the course of the natural seasons to take a lesson for the benefit of our own souls.

The summer is nearly ended, and if Thou seest fit to deprive us of our time of harvest, or if we have neglected to do our part towards raising the fruits of the earth for our sustenance, then we can no more make good our neglect, and it will be too late to wish that we had been wiser. O Lord, our lives are fast running away, like the natural year; we have received Thy good gifts, the sun and the rain of Thy grace, that we should bring forth spiritual fruits. Now is the time of the harvest; now mayest Thou come to see whether or no the seed which has been sown in us is bringing forth fruit in its season. Every day, O Lord, mayst Thou expect to find fruit in us; our spiritual harvest should be ever ready for the sickle. Yet how many days hast Thou come seeking fruit in us, and finding none. How many days have we spent in sin, or in that which Thou callest sin, though we deem it innocent, in following our own ways, and our own pleasures, and neither working nor enjoying to Thy glory, because we thought not of Thee, nor of Thy beloved Son.

So, in one sense, O Lord, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. One summer, many summers have been so ended,—many times when we might have brought forth fruit and did not:—many birthdays have returned to us, and yet have not found us nearer Thee, although we were nearer to death and judgment.

Yet not for nothing, O Lord, does any man grieve Thy Holy Spirit and turn away from Thy loving call. Refusing Thy strength, we become weaker; refusing to live by faith, heavenly things become darker to us; despising Thy long-suffering, our hearts become harder; we are not what we once were; we are stained with many fresh sins, encumbered with many infirmities; we have built again the things which Christ destroyed; and next year we shall not be what we are now, but harder; and Thou hast said, there is a state in which it is impossible to be renewed unto repentance.

O Lord, save us from this dreadful state, a state of condemnation even before the judgment. O Lord, yet once more we pray Thee to deliver us; for Thy Son's sake, whose name we bear, and by whose blood we are redeemed, have mercy upon us. Cleanse our hearts from their manifold sins. Give strength to our feeble purposes. Deliver us from the malice of our enemy, to whom we have betrayed ourselves. Deliver us from sin which cannot be repented of; from the last hardness of heart, to be melted only by Thy judgments when the time of mercy is over. O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst warn Thy disciples when they failed to watch with Thee, that they should watch and pray lest they entered into temptation, grant us the help of Thy Holy Spirit, to do those things which Thou commandest us. Help us to watch, and help us to pray. Keep alive in us the resolutions which fade so quickly. Call to prayer the murmuring heart that tries to escape from

Thy service, and when we kneel down and our lips utter words of prayer, do Thou then restrain our wandering thoughts, and fix our whole soul and spirit in one earnest sense of our own perishing condition and of Thine almighty and ever-present love to us. And now, O Lord, the words which we have spoken, let us not deceive ourselves by them; let not our lips have prayed and our hearts be silent. Forgive the unworthiness of all our service, and cleanse us from the sin which cleaves to us in body, soul, and spirit, by Thy most precious blood, and by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit. And O God most holy, receive our prayers in the name of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

IV.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."
PSALM cxxii.

O Lord, who by Thy Holy Apostle hast commanded us to make prayers and intercessions for all men, we implore Thy blessing, more especially upon this our country, upon its government, and upon its people.

May Thy Holy Spirit be with our rulers, with the Queen, and all who are in authority under her. Grant that they may govern in Thy faith and fear, striving to put down all evil, and to encourage and support all that is good. Give Thy Spirit of wisdom to those whose business it is to make laws for us. Grant that they may understand and feel how great a work Thou hast given them to do; that they may not do it lightly or foolishly, or from any evil passion, or in ignorance, but gravely, soberly, and with a godly spirit, enacting always things just, and things wise, and things merciful, to the putting away of all wrong and oppression, and to the advancement of the true welfare of Thy people. Give to us and all this nation a spirit of dutiful obedience to the laws, not only for wrath but also for conscience sake. Teach us to remember Thy Apostle's charge, to render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, not defrauding or suffering to defraud those who in the receiving of custom and tribute are Thy ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

Give peace in our time, O Lord! Preserve both us and our government from the evil spirit of ambition and pride, and teach us to value, and to labour with all sincerity to preserve peace with all nations, not indulging in taunts and railings against other people, but showing forth a spirit of meekness, as becomes those who call themselves Christ's servants. Save us from all those national sins which expose us most justly to Thy heavy judgments. From unbelief and profaneness, from injustice and oppression, from hardness of heart and neglect of the poor, from a careless and worldly spirit, working and enjoying with no thought of Thee, from these and all other sins, be Thou pleased to preserve us, and give us each one for himself a holy watchfulness, that we may not by our sins add to the guilt and punishment of our country, but may strive to keep ourselves pure from the blood of all men, and to bring down Thy blessing upon ourselves and all who belong to us.

These things and all else which may be good for our temporal and for our spiritual welfare, we humbly beseech Thee to grant in the name and for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

(B.)

It has been thought worth while to select a few of the subjects which Dr. Arnold chose for exercises at Rugby, both as an illustration of what has been said on this point in the Chapter on his school life; and also because, at least to those who knew him, they would suggest, perhaps, as much as anything which could be given, his favourite images and trains of thought. They were of course varied with translations from the authors he most admired, and he used from time to time to give criticisms on different books or poems. Many of the subjects, as will be seen, are capable of various applications, which he used to indicate to the boys when he set the subjects. The subjects of the last half-year of his life have been given entire, and those who have read the account of that period will trace the connexion of many of them with some of the thoughts then uppermost in his mind.

SUBJECTS FOR PROSE EXERCISES.

1. The difference between advantages and merits.
2. On the excellences of Translation, and some of its difficulties.
3. I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
   With coldness still returning,
   Alas! the gratitude of men
   Hath oftener left me mourning.
4. Conversation between Thomas Aquinas, James Watt, and Sir Walter Scott.
5. How far the dramatic faculty is compatible with the love of truth.
6. The principal events and men of England, France, Germany, and Holland, A.D. 1600.
7. The ideal is superior to the real.
8. The good and evil which resulted from the seven years' war.
9. Cogitamus secundum naturam, loquimur ex præceptis, agimus e consuetudine. (Bacon.)
10. Magnus esse debet historiam legentibus fructus, superioris ævi calamitates cum hâc nostrâ humanitate et tranquillitate conferentibus.
11. Parum valet rerum ipsarum scientia, nisi accedat ingenii vigor, quæ informem molem in veram doctrinam effingat.
12. Henricus Jenkyns, jam extremâ senectute, quæ in tam longâ vitâ memoriâ dignissima viderit, nepotibus enarrat.
13. An bene constitutum sit debitoris non bona tantum, sed etiam corpus creditori esse obnoxium.
14. Franco-Gallorum exercitus, devictâ inferiori Ægypto, superiorem et urbem Thebas ingreditur.
15. De sæculo, quo Esaias vaticinia sua edidit.

16. Diversi nuntii a Novoburiensi prælio Londinum et Oxoniam pervenientes.

17. Oxoniæ descriptio, qualem redivivus describeret Herodotus. (Greek.)

18. Quæ in quascunque regiones peregrinantibus precipuè notanda.

19. Alexander Babylonem ingreditur, neque ita multò post morbo correptus, inter summum suorum fletum et dolorem animum expirat.

20. Africa provincia, postquam Romanis subjecta esset, quas potissimum vices usque ad hanc ætatem subierit.

21. Non ea est vitæ nostræ ratio ut sciamus omnia, neque ut de omnibus incerti dubitemus; sed ut neque scientes planè, neque ignorantes, probabili causâ moti credamus.

22. Definiantur voces quæ sequuntur, τὸ τίμιον, τὸ κάλον, ἐκκλησία, fides: necnon, voces Anglicæ,—"revolution," "philosophy," "art," "religion," "duty," "romantic," "sublime," "pretty."

23. Judæus quidam Athenas devectus Socrati de republicâ et puerorum institutione disputanti forte auditorem se et interrogatorem præbet.

24. De veris rerum miraculis.

25. De primævis animalibus et terræ hujus mirandis vicibus.

26. Europam per æstatem anni 1815 circumvectus, quem rerum statum apud singulos populos offendisset.

27. Descriptio monasterii, quæ sit singularum domi partium distributio, qualemque ibi vitam degant monachi.

28. De celèberrimis quæ in omni memoriâ scriptæ sunt legibus.

29. Calendarium naturale.

30. Ea demum vera est voluptas quæ non tam spe delectat, quam recordatione præteritâ—("Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.")

SUBJECTS FOR VERSE.

1. Pendent opera interrupta.

2. Venus eadem quæ Libitina.

3. Prytaneum.

4. Byzantinum sive Romanum Imperium inter novas Europæ respublicas solum antiquitatis monumentum superstes manet.

5. Africa, bonarum artium nutrix, nunc barbarie premitur

6. Ἔρωτες σοφιὰς πάρεδροι.

7. Mediterranei Asiæ campi.

8. Richardi Cromwellii in Senatum reditus.

9. Vulgo ferunt beatas esse nuptias, quas sol illuminat; inferias, quibus irrorant nubes.

10. The Land's End.

11. Supremi fructus anni.

12. Siccitate laborant agri.

13. Festum omnium Animarum, sive Dies in memoriam Christianorum defunctorum celebratus.

14. Ναῦς ἀφανισθεῖσα.

15. Epicurus scholam in hortulo suo instituit.

16. Polycarpi Martyrium.
17. Magna est funerum religio.
18. Oculis capto mens tamen intus viget.
19. Christianus, trajecto flumine, ob pericula viæ feliciter superata grates agit. (Pilgrim's Progress.)
20. (The Seven Sleepers.) De septem illis pueris qui cum per CLXXX. annos dormiissent, tum autem miraculo expergefacti sunt.
21. Duodecim vultures à Romulo visæ.
22. Ulysses in ipso mortis limine cum matris umbrâ colloquitur.
23. Demosthenis suprema fata.
24. Fasti Christiani.
25. Adventus Domini qualis ab ecclesiâ singulis annis celebratur.
26. Urbis Romæ vicissitudines.
27. Hortus Anglicus.
28. Prospectabat pulcherrimum sinum, antequam Vesuvius mons ardescens faciem loci verteret. Tac. Ann. iv. 67.
29. Pastores duo, hic mare ille dulcis aquæ flumina alternis versibus laudant.
30. Ne plus ultra.

PROSE SUBJECTS, FROM FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1842.

1. De fœnore et de legibus fœnebribus.
2. Duo viatores, ab ipso fonte profecti, Rhodani cursum animi causâ usque ad mare explorant.
3. Quis rerum fuerit status circa annum post Christum sexcentesimum.
4. "Nunc dimittis:" (Christianus, ipsis Apostolis æqualis, jam ad centesimum annum provectus, grates Deo agit ob fidem per universum ferè terrarum orbem pervulgatam.)
5. John xvi. 22. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." (English Prose.)
6. De sectis Judæorum, Pharisæis, Sadducæis, et Essenibus; necnon de Publicanis et quos vocant Judaizantibus sive Christianis Judaismum affectantibus.
7. Νεωτερίζουσι τοῖς ὀλίγοις ἀντιλέγει ὁ Θρασυβοῦλος. (Gk.)
8. Quintus Varus cum legionibus in Germaniâ occidione occisus.
9. Caius Trebatius Testa à Britanniâ Ciceronis litteris, (Ep. ad Div. lib. vii.) respondet.
10. De vitâ et moribus Sultani Mamudi.
11. De seditione inter Athenienses quâ quadringenti illi viri rempublicam invaserunt.
12. Macedonum et Russorum regna inter se comparantur.
13. Quæritur quæ sit philosophia et quam ob causam ei à pluribus invideatur.

VERSE SUBJECTS, FROM FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1842.

1. Abydos à Philippo expugnata
2. Gray's Hymn to Adversity.

3. Sophonisba.
4. Fodinæ mercenarii subito terræ lapsu pœne obruti post longum et gravissimum vitæ discrimen tandem ad lucem proferuntur.
5. Hannibal Italiam relinquit.
6. Novi Ulyssis errores—columnæ Herculis, Iberia, Oceanus.
7. Scipio Africanus in cellâ Jovis secum meditatur.
8. Translation from Cowper's Task, Book IV.
9. Kehama poculum immortalitatis impius arripit.
10. Translation from Pope's Third Moral Epistle.
11. Prometheus Liberatus.
12. Fortuna.
13. Halcyones.
14. Puteus in Monte Zion defossus vivas aquarum venas in lucem aperit, (in allusion to an Artesian well lately sunk in the dry rock of Jerusalem.)
15. Porcia, Catonis Filia, Bruti Uxor.
16. Domus ultima.

(C.)

EPITAPHS WRITTEN BY DR. ARNOLD, TO THE MEMORY OF A PUPIL, AND OF AN ASSISTANT-MASTER IN RUGBY CHAPEL.

M. S.
HENRICI SPARKES HATCH,*
SCHOLÆ RUGBIENSIS ALUMNI
QUEM BONARUM LITERARUM STUDIIS FELICITER INCUMBENTEM
SUA QUOQUE DISCIPLINA CARERE NOLUIT CHRISTUS;
SED LENI PRIMO MANU ACCEPTUM ATQUE EXCITATUM
DIVINÆQUE SUÆ VOCI INTER LÆTA OMNIA ASSUEFACTUM,
GRAVI TANDEM DOLORE LENTIQUE MORBI CRUCIATIBUS,
QUÆ EST CHRISTIANORUM INSTITUTIO,
DIU TENTATUM
AD SUUM SUORUMQUE EXEMPLAR INFORMAVIT,
INFORMATUM BREVI AD SE ACCESSIVIT.
VOS AUTEM TAM BONI SANCTIQUE ADOLESCENTIS ÆQUALES,
SI QUANDO EUM IMMATURA ABREPTUM MORTE
VESTRO AMICORUM CHORO DEESSE DOLEBITIS,
AT EIDEM EXACTO CERTAMINE VICTORI
EXAUCTORATO PRIMIS STIPENDIIS CHRISTI MILITI
PORTAM CŒLI QUIETEM NOLITE INVIDERE.
DESIDERANDUS QUIDEM INTERIIT, SED NON LUGENDUS,
QUIPPE TALIUM EST REGNUM DEI.
VIXIT ANNOS XIX. MENSES IX. DIEM I.
OBIIT A.D.V. IDUS OCTOBR. ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCXXXV.
PRIMUS IN HOC LOCO SEPULTUS EST.

* See Letters 108, 114. Sermons, vol. vi.—Death and Salvation.

M. S.
ALEXANDRI FREDERICI MERIVALE, A.M.
COLLEGII SS. TRINITATIS
APUD CANTABRIGIENSES
OLIM SOCII
ET HUJUSCE SCHOLÆ
PER TRES ANNOS E MAGISTRIS.
QUI PUBLICA ET PRIVATA MUNERA
OPTIMÈ AUSPICATUS
QUIPPE QUI CHRISTUM SOLUM AUSPICEM
NOVISSET,
INOPINATO CORREPTUS MORBI IMPETU,
RECENTISSIME NUPTAM UXOREM
MORIENS RELIQUIT,
INFELICEM INFELIX
NISI QUOD CHRISTIANAM CHRISTIANUS.
DOMINUS AUTEM QUEM DILIGIT CASTIGAT.
OBIIT A.D. III. ID. JUN. MDCCCXLI. ÆTAT. XXVII.
STOKIÆ CANONICORUM JUXTA EXONIAM
JACET SEPULTUS.

(D.)

EXTRACTS FROM TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

It will have been already gathered from Dr. Arnold's letters, how great a pleasure he took in travelling. It was in fact, except so far as his domestic life can be so considered, his chief recreation, combining, as it did, opportunities for following out his delight in History with his love of external nature, both in its poetical and scientific aspect. In works of art he took but little interest, and any extended researches in physical science were precluded by want of time, whilst from natural history he had an instinctive, but characteristic shrinking. "The whole subject," he said, "of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery, that I dare not approach it." But geography and geology in all their forms, plants and flowers, not from any botanical interest, but for their own sakes,—beauty of architecture and of scenery, —had an attraction for him, which it is difficult adequately to express; and, when to these were added the associations of great historical events, it may well be conceived how enthusiastic was his delight in his short summer tours, and how essential a part of his life they became, whether in present enjoyment, or past recollection.

It was his practice when travelling, to keep very minute journals, which, as his tours were, partly from necessity and partly from choice, extremely rapid, he wrote always on the spot, or immediately after, and often whilst actually in the act of travelling. And, being addressed throughout to his absent wife or children, as the case might be, they partake partly of the character of a private diary, or of private letters,

but rather of conversation, such as he would have held with those whom he was addressing, had they been actually with him.

It is obvious that no selections from journals of this description can give any adequate notion of the whole, of which they are fragments, —of the domestic playfulnesses,—the humorous details, in verse or prose, of travelling adventures,—the very jolts of the carriage, and difficulties of the road,—the rapid sketches of the mere geographical outline of the country,—the succession of historical associations,—the love, brought out more strongly by absence, for his own church and country,—the strain of devout thought and prayer pervading the whole, —which, when taken altogether, give a more living image of the man himself, than anything else which he has left. But to publish the whole of any one of the many volumes through which these journals extend, was for many reasons impossible, and it has therefore been thought desirable to select, in the following extracts, such passages as contained matters of the most general interest, with so much of the ordinary context as might serve to obviate the abruptness of their introduction, and in the hope that due allowance will be made for the difference in their character, as they are read, thus torn from their natural place, instead of appearing in the general course of his thoughts and observations, as they were suggested by the various scenes and objects through which he was passing.

I. TOUR IN THE NORTH OF ITALY, 1825.

Chiavasso, July 3, 1825.

1. I can now understand what Signor A—— said of the nakedness of the country between Hounslow and Laleham, as all the plains here are covered with fruit trees, and the villages, however filthy within, are generally picturesque either from situation, or from the character of their buildings, and their lively white. The architecture of the churches, however, is quite bad, and certainly their villages bear no more comparison with those of Northamptonshire, than St. Giles's does with Waterloo Place. There are more ruins here than I expected, ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here; but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery than theirs; and I cannot help thinking, that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel, their division of society would more tend to the general good, than ours. Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate them. I like

the simple crosses and oratories by the roadside, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin, and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the water of life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible, if, indeed, any man can be so, and yet belong to a system so abominable.

July 25, 1825.

2. On the cliff above the Lake of Como.—We are on a mule track that goes from Como along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half-way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lonely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, and the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right, the rock is too steep for anything to grow on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond, I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses, and further still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same, villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

On the edge of the Lake of Como.—We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery; we stopped at a walk at a spot, where a stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls; the dell so deep, that the sun could not reach the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear, that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them; the banks of the dell, all turf, and magnificent chestnuts, varied with rocks, and the broad lake bright in the sunshine stretched out before us.

II. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

August 9, 1826.

The cheapness of education is certainly a great thing for Scotland; and the new Edinburgh Academy promises to be as economical as the High School. They are both day schools; and parents mostly, therefore, reside in Edinburgh whilst their children are at school. About fourteen, youths enter at college, and at twenty-one they enter on their professions, at least those of Law and Physic; but at college they board

at home, or with some relation, or in some cheap boarding-house; thus the expenses are limited to the mere fees for attendance on lectures, which of course are trifling, but not more moderate than in Oxford; nay, a pupil at Oxford gets his college tuition comparatively cheaper, considering how much more an Oxford tutor can do, and does commonly, than a Professor who merely reads Lectures. The advantages of the Edinburgh system are, however, very considerable; in many respects I wish we could adopt them, or rather blend them with those points in which we are certainly far superior. The friendships of an English public school and university can rarely, I should think, be formed on the Scotch system: but on the other hand the domestic affections are more cherished. Jeffrey said that all nations remarked the want of filial affection in sons towards their fathers in England; the looking upon them as harsh and niggardly, and the want of entire love and confidence towards them, was peculiarly English,—and he attributed it to the estrangement from home, and the habits of expense which are at once generated by our system of education; the one loosening the intimacy, and close knowledge of one another, which should subsist between father and son, the other supplying a perpetual food for mutual complaints and unkindness. Assuredly this is true in some measure, and is an evil arising out of our system of education which had never struck me before. It certainly furnishes an additional reason for doing everything to reduce the expenses of our system; and there is this also to be said—if a boy in Scotland wastes the advantages given him, at least the loss to his father is not great in a pecuniary point of view; but in England a little fortune is sunk in a boy's education, and how often is the fruit returned absolutely nothing. On the other hand, in the most favourable cases, there can be no comparison between what Oxford and Cambridge can do for a man, and what he can gain at Edinburgh—nor indeed is the comparison quite fair, because we rarely leave the University till a year or two later than is the case in Scotland; and in *the most favourable cases*, a year between twenty-one and twenty-two is of incalculable benefit.

III. TOUR TO ROME THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

Paris, March, 1827.

1. In church to-day there was a prayer read for the king and royal family of France, but they were prayed for simply in their personal capacity, and not as the rulers of a great nation, nor was there any prayer for the French people. St. Paul's exhortation is to pray, not for kings, *and their families*, but for kings and *all who are in authority*, "that we may lead a peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." So for ever is this most pure command corrupted by servility and courtliness.

Joigny, April 6, 1827.

2. Sens has a fine cathedral with two very beautiful painted rose windows in the transepts, and a monument of the Dauphin, father to

the present king, which is much spoken of. Here the cheating of the blacksmiths went on in full perfection, and is really a very great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in France. The moment we stop anywhere, out comes a fellow with a leathern apron, and goes poking and prying about the carriage in hopes of finding some job to do; and they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessors' clumsiness. Again I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country, and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement; there seem great elements of good amongst the people here,—great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favourably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His name.

Approach to Rome, April, 1827.

3. When we turned the summit and opened on the view of the other side, it might be called the first approach to Rome. At the distance of more than forty miles, it was of course impossible to see the town, and besides the distance was hazy; but we were looking on the scene of the Roman History; we were standing on the outward edge of the frame of the great picture, and, though the features of it were not to be traced distinctly, yet we had the consciousness that there they were before us. Here, too, we first saw the Mediterranean; the Alban Hills, I think, in the remote distance, and just beneath us, on the left, Soracte, an outlier of the Apennines, which has got to the right bank of the Tiber, and stands out by itself most magnificently. Close under us in front, was the Ciminian Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded, as they all are, with their basin of wooded hills, and lying like a beautiful mirror stretched out before us. Then there was the grand beauty of Italian scenery, the depth of the valley, and the endless variety of the mountain outline, and the towns perched up on the mountain summits, and this now seen under a mottled sky which threw an ever-varying shadow and light over the valley beneath, and all the freshness of the young spring. We descended along one of the rims of this lake to Ronciglione, and from thence, still descending on the whole, to Monterossi. Here the famous Campagna begins, and it certainly is one of the most striking tracts of country I ever beheld. It is by no means a perfect flat, except between Rome and the sea; but rather like the Bagshot Heath country—ridges of hills with intermediate valleys, and the road often running between high

steep banks, and sometimes crossing sluggish streams sunk in a deep bed. All these banks were overgrown with the broom, now in full flower; and the same plant was luxuriant everywhere. There seemed no apparent reason why the country should be so desolate; the grass was growing richly everywhere, there was no marsh anywhere visible, but all looked as fresh and healthy as any of our chalk downs in England. But it is a wide wilderness; no villages, scarcely any houses, and here and there a lonely ruin of a single square tower, which I suppose used to serve as strongholds for men and cattle in the plundering warfare of the middle ages. It was after crowning the top of one of these lines of hills, a little on the Roman side of Caccano, at five minutes after six, according to my watch, that we had the first view of Rome itself. I expected to see St. Peter's rising above the line of the horizon as York Minster does, but instead of that, it was within the horizon, and so was much less conspicuous, and, only a part of the dome being visible from the nature of the ground, it looked mean and stumpy. Nothing else marked the site of the city, but the trees of the gardens about it, sunk by the distance into one dark mass, and the number of white villas, specking the opposite bank of the Tiber for some little distance above the town, and then suddenly ceasing. But the whole scene that burst upon our view, when taken in all its parts, was most interesting. Full in front rose the Alban Hills, the white villas on their sides distinctly visible even at that distance, which was more than thirty miles. On the left were the Apennines, and Tivoli was distinctly to be seen on the summit of its mountains, on one of the lowest and nearest points of the chain. On the right and all before us lay the Campagna, whose perfectly level outline was succeeded by that of the sea, which was scarcely more so. It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian bridge. About two miles further on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.

Rome, April, 1827.

4. . . . After dinner Bunsen called for us in his carriage and took us to his house first on the Capitol, the different windows of which command the different views of ancient and modern Rome. Never shall I forget the view of the former; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and, beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban Hills bright in the setting sun, which played full upon Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake; and further away in the distance, it lit up the old town of Lavicum. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and

throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen from rubbish at least fifteen feet, so that no wonder that the hills look lower than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was, one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation-stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honour of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in the fifth century. What the fragments of pillars belonged to, perhaps we never can know; but that I think matters little. I care not whether it was a temple of Jupiter Stator, or the Basilica Julia, but one knows that one is on the ground of the Forum, under the Capitol, the place where the tribes assembled, and the orators spoke; the scene, in short, of all the internal struggles of the Roman people. We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs, there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned His visible and local Temple to the hands of the heathen for the sins of His nominal worshippers, has taken to Him His great power and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon; and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of His holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcase of sin in every land, which the eagles of His wrath will surely find out, perish for ever from before Him. We returned to our inn to dress, and then went again to Bunsen's evening party. We came home about eleven; I wrote some Journal, and went to bed soon after twelve. Such was my first day in Rome; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in comparison with what I find here; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham; that so I might bring home my recollection of this place "unmixed with baser matter."

May 2, 1827.

5. . . . After dinner we started again in our carriage to the Ponte Molle, about two miles out of Rome. All the way the road runs under a steep and cliffy bank, which is the continuation of the Collis Hortulorum in Rome itself, and which turns off at the Ponte Molle, and forms the boundary of the Tiber for some way to the northward, the cliffs, however, being succeeded by grassy slopes. On the right bank, after crossing the Ponte Molle, the road which we followed ran south-west towards St. Peter's and the Vatican, between the Tiber and the Monte Mario. The Monte Mario is the highest point of the same line of hills, of which the Vatican and Janiculum form parts; it is a line intersected with many valleys of denudation, making several curves, and as it were little bays and creeks in it, like the hills on the right bank of the Thames behind Chertsey, which coming forward at St. Anne's, fall back in a very irregular line behind Stroud and Thorpe

Green, and then come forward again with a higher and steeper side close to the Thames at Cooper's Hill. The Monte Mario is like Cooper's Hill, the highest, boldest, and most prominent part of the line; it is about the height and steepness too of Cooper's Hill, and has the Tiber just at the foot of it like the Thames at Anchorwick. To keep up the resemblance there is a sort of terrace at the top of the Monte Mario planted with cypresses, and a villa, though dilapidated, crowns the summit, as also at our old friend above Egham. Here we stood, on a most delicious evening, the ilex and the gum-cistus in great profusion about us, the slope below full of olives and vines, the cypresses over our heads, and before our eyes all that one has ever read of in Roman History—the course of the Tiber between the low hills that bound it, coming down from Fidenæ, and receiving the Allia and the Anio; beyond, the Apennines, the distant and higher summits still quite white with snow; in front the Alban Hills; on the right, the Campagna to the sea, and just beneath us the whole length of Rome, ancient and modern—St. Peter's and the Colosseum rising as the representatives of each—the Pantheon, the Aventine, the Quirinal, all the well-known objects distinctly laid before us. One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this.

6. . . . From the Aventine we again visited the Colosseum, which I admired most exceedingly, but I cannot describe its effect. Then to the Church of St. John at the Lateran gate, before which stands the highest of the Egyptian obelisks, brought by Constantine to Rome. Near to this church also is the Scala Santa, or pretended staircase of Pilate's house at Jerusalem. It is cased with wood, and people may only ascend to it on their knees, as I saw several persons doing. Then we went to St. Maria Maggiore, to Maria degli Angeli at the baths of Diocletian, and from thence I was deposited again at ——. I care very little for the sight of their churches, and nothing at all for the recollection of them. St. John at the Lateran is, I think, the finest; and the form of the Greek cross at St. Maria degli Angeli is much better for these buildings than that of the Latin. But precious marbles, and precious stones, and gilding, and rich colouring, are to me like the kaleidoscope, and no more; and these churches are almost as inferior to ours, in my judgment, as their worship is to ours. I saw these two lines painted on the wall in the street to-day, near an image of the Virgin:

> "Chi vuole in morte aver Gesu per Padre,
> Onori in vita la sua Santa Madre."

I declare I do not know what name of abhorrence can be too strong for a religion which, holding the very bread of life in its hands, thus feeds the people with poison. I say "the bread of life;" for in some things the indestructible virtue of Christ's Gospel breaks through all their pollutions of it; and I have seen frequent placards also—but printed papers, not printed on the walls, and therefore, perhaps, the work of some good individual. "Iddio ci vede. Eternita." This is

a sort of seed scattered by the wayside, which certainly would not have been found in heathen Rome.

7. . . . I fear that our countrymen, and especially our unmarried countrymen, who live long abroad, are not in the best possible moral state, however much they may do in science and literature; which comes back to my old opinion that such pursuits will not do for a man's main business, and that they must be used in subordination to a clearly perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become as fatal as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spiritually empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge. But, in saying this I do not allude to ——, but to a class; I heard him say nothing amiss, except negatively; and I have great reason to thank him for his civility. But it is so delightful to meet with a man like Bunsen, with whom I know that all is right, that perhaps the contrast of those with whom I cannot feel the same certainty, is the more striking.

8. We found the Savignys at home, and I had some considerable talk with Savigny about the Roman Law, which was satisfactory to me on this account,—that, I found that I knew enough of the subject to understand what its difficulties were, and that in conversing with the most profound master of the Roman Law in Europe, I found that I had been examining the right sources of information. He thought that the Tribes voted upon laws down to a late period of the Emperor's government.

Rome, May, 1827.

9. Lastly, we ascended to the top of the Colosseum, Bunsen leaving us at the door, to go home; and I seated myself with ——, just above the main entrance, towards the Forum, and there took my farewell look over Rome. It was a delicious evening and everything was looking to advantage:—the huge Colosseum just under me,—the tufts of ilex and aliternus, and other shrubs that fringe the ruins everywhere in the lower parts,—while the outside wall, with its top of gigantic stones, lifts itself high above, and seems like a mountain barrier of bare rock, inclosing a green and varied valley.—I sat and gazed upon the scene with an intense and mingled feeling. The world could show nothing grander; it was one which for years I had longed to see, and I was now looking at it for the last time. I do not think you will be jealous, dearest, if I confess that I could not take leave of it without something of regret. Even with you and our darlings, I would not live out of our dear country, to which I feel bound alike by every tie of duty and affection; and to be here a vagrant, without you, is certainly very far from happiness. Not for an instant would I prolong my absence from Laleham, yet still I feel, at leaving Rome, very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties: and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere town full of curiosities, where the eye has been amused, and the intellect gratified. I never thought to

have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum.

In a ferry-boat on the Po, May 16, 1827.

10. Here we are in our carriage in a great boat, with another carriage alongside of us, in which is a priest of some dignity, as I imagine, with two servants. The Po has been uncivil to us, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged us to go round by Pavia, and then has made such a flood that we cannot land at the usual place, but are going to have a voyage of nearly a mile up the river. The scene is very Trentish; the wide and very dirty river; the exceedingly rich and fat plains, the church towers on the banks, and the exceeding clumsiness of the boats—so unlike those of the Thames. Meanwhile I gain some time for Journal, which I am in great need of. The whole of yesterday morning, from nine to half-past two, I spent in the Library at Parma, collating Thucydides. At a little before four we left Parma, and a little before nine we reached Placentia. I must not omit to mention the remarkable beauty of the fire-flies last night, just as we entered Placentia. The wide meadows before we reached the town were sparkling with the shifting light of hundreds of these little creatures, whose irregular movements and perpetual change resembled a fairy dance, in which each elf carried a lamp in his hand, alternately lighting and extinguishing it by magic power. I never saw them before in such abundance. The change of climate from Rome is very perceptible. We have no olives here, and few figs, and the flowers in the fields and hedges are mostly the same as our own: though I still see our garden gladiolus in the cornfields, and the dog roses are in full bloom. From Placentia here we have been again on old ground—still the great plain of Lombardy, which we have now followed for 120 miles without one hill—and we are going to follow it for 50 more on the other bank of the Po from here to Como. Its richness is apparently unequal, and about Placentia it seems much inferior to what it is about Bologna, Modena, and Reggio. We have just crossed about three miles of the Sardinian dominions in our way to the Po: and for this little bit we have again had trouble with the Custom House about my books: for it seems the Sardinian Government is afraid of light as well as its neighbours. There has evidently been a great deal of rain here lately, and all the streams from the Apennines are full. We should not have been able to cross the Trebbia had there not been a bridge built about two years since, and the same may be said of the Taro. These increasing facilities of communication are certainly very creditable to the governments, and of good omen for the people; as they may tend to give them some activity of mind, and some knowledge of what is going on at some little distance from their own homes; and thus they may in time be fit for liberty. But I cannot think that any good and wise man can regret the failure of the Piedmontese and Neapolitan revolutions of 1821. It would be a hopeless state of things

to see the half-informed and thoroughly unprincipled lawyers, merchants, and literati of Italy, put into the possession of power. With Prussia the case is totally different; but the king there has done so much good, that we may hope favourably of what he will do to make his people independent of the personal character of their sovereign. Successors like himself he cannot reckon on; and the true magnanimity of a sovereign is to resign the exclusive power of doing good to his people, and to be content that they should do it to themselves. By the way, I suppose it was this sentiment in my Life of Trajan that —— found so shocking; but be it so; at that rate I cannot write what will not be shocking,—and most ashamed I should be so to write as that such men should approve of it. The Po has been civil enough to redeem his incivility, so I shall part with him on good terms.

On the mountain side, above the Lake of Como (second visit).

May 19, 1827.

11. I am now seated, dearest M——, very nearly in the same spot from which I took my sketch with —— in 1825; and I am very glad to be here again, for certainly the steam-boat had given no adequate impression of the beauties of this lake, and I did not wish to go away from it—admiring it less than I did the last time. But now, seated under its chestnut woods, and looking down upon its clear water, it appears as beautiful as ever. Again I see the white sails specking it, and the cliff running down sheer into it, and the village of Tomo running out into it on its little peninsula, and Blevio nearer to me, and the houses sometimes lining the water's edge, and sometimes clustering up amidst the chestnuts. How strange to be sitting twice within two years in the same place, on the shores of an Italian lake, and to be twice describing the self-same scenery. But now I feel to be taking a final leave of it, and to be viewing the inexpressible beauty of these lakes for the last time. And I am fully satisfied;—for their images will remain for ever in my memory, and one has something else to do in life than to be for ever running about after objects to delight the eye or the intellect. "This I say, brethren; the time is short;" and how much is to be done in that time! May God, who has given me so much enjoyment, give me grace to be duly active and zealous in His service; that I may make this relaxation really useful, and hallow it as His gift, through Christ Jesus. May I not be idle or selfish, or vainly romantic; but sober, watchful, diligent, and full of love to my brethren.

IV. TOUR IN GERMANY.

June 9, 1828.

1. Early this morning we left Aix, and came on to Cologne. The country, which about Aix is very pretty, soon degenerates into great masses of table-land, divided at long intervals by the valley of the Roer, in which is Juliers, or Julich, where we breakfasted, and that of

the Ernst, in which is Bergheim. All this was dull enough, but the weather meantime was steadying and settling itself, and the distances were getting very clear, and at last our table-land ended and sank down into a plain, and from the edge of it, as we began to descend, we burst upon the view of the valley of the Rhine, the city of Cologne, with all its towers, the Rhine itself distinctly seen at the distance of seven miles,—the Seven Mountains above Bonn on our right, and a boundless sweep of the country beyond the Rhine in front of us. To be sure, it was a striking contrast to the first view of the valley of the Tiber from the mountain of Viterbo; but the Rhine in mighty recollections will vie with anything, and this spot was particularly striking: Cologne was Agrippa's colony inhabited by Germans, brought from beyond the river, to live as the subjects of Rome; the river itself was the frontier of the Empire—the limit as it were of two worlds, that of Roman laws and customs, and that of German. Far before us lay the land of our Saxon and Teutonic forefathers—the land uncorrupted by Roman or any other mixture; the birthplace of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen—of the soundest laws—the least violent passions, and the fairest domestic and civil virtues. I thought of that memorable * defeat of Varus and his three legions, which for ever confined the Romans to the western side of the Rhine, and preserved the Teutonic nation,—the regenerating element in modern Europe,—safe and free.

On the Elbe, a little before sunset, July, 1828.

2. We are now near Pirna, that is, near the end of the Saxon Switzerland; the cliffs which here line the river on both sides—a wall of cliff rising out of wood, and crowned with wood—will in a very short time sink down into plains, or at the best into gentle slopes, and the Elbe will wind through one unvaried flat from this point till it reaches the sea. There is to me something almost affecting in the striking analogy of rivers to the course of human life, and my fondness for them makes me notice it more in them than in any other objects in which it may exist equally. The Elbe rises in plains; it flows through plains for some way; then for many miles it runs through the beautiful scenery which we have been visiting, and then it is plain again for all the rest of its course. Even yet, dearest, and we have reached our middle course in the ordinary run of life; how much more favoured have we been than this river; for hitherto we have gone on through nothing but a fair country, yet so far like the Elbe, that the middle has been the loveliest. And what if our course is henceforth to run through plains as dreary as those of the Elbe, for we are now widely separated, and I may never be allowed to return to you; and I know not what may happen, or may even now have happened to you. Then the river may be our comfort, for we are passing on as it passes, and we are going to the bosom of that Being who sent us forth, even as the rivers return to the sea, the general fountain of all waters. Thus much

* This, and the defeat of the Moors by Charles Martel, he used to rank as the two most important battles in the world.

is natural religion,—not surely to be despised or neglected, though we have more given us than anything which the analogy of nature can parallel. For He who trod the sea, and whose path is in the deep waters, has visited us with so many manifestations of His grace, and is our God by such other high titles, greater than that of creation, that to him who puts out the arm of faith, and brings the mercies that are round him home to his own particular use, how full of overflowing comfort must the world be, even when its plains are the dreariest and loneliest! Well may every one of Christ's disciples repeat to Him the prayer made by His first twelve, "Lord, increase our faith!" and well may He wonder—as the Scripture applies such a term to God—that our faith is so little. Be it strengthened in us, dearest wife, and in our children, that we may be all one, now and evermore, in Christ Jesus.

V. TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND NORTH OF ITALY.

July 16, 1829.

1. How completely is the Jura like Cithæron, with its νάπαι and λειμῶνες, and all that scenery which Euripides has given to the life in the Bacchæ. Immediately beyond the post-house, at S. Cergues, the view opens,—one that I never saw surpassed, nor can I ever; for if America should afford scenes of greater natural beauty, yet the associations cannot be the same. No time, to civilised man, can make the Andes like the Alps; another Deluge alone could place them on a level. There was the Lake of Geneva, with its inimitable and indescribable blue,—the whole range of the mountains which bound its southern shore,—the towns that edge its banks,—the rich plain between us and its waters,—and immediately around us, the pines and oaks of the Jura, and its deep glens, and its thousand flowers,—out of which we looked on this Paradise.

Genoa, July 29, 1829.

2. Once again I am on the shore of the Mediterranean. I saw it only from a distance when I was last in Italy, but now I am once more on its very edge, and have been on it and in it. True it is, that the Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily, ὁ δὲ ἀγαπῶν, θεῷ ἤδη ὅμοιος,—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight.

On the Lake of Como, August 3, 1829.

3. I fancy how delightful it would be to bring one's family and live here; but then, happily, I think and feel how little such voluptuous

enjoyment would repay for abandoning the line of usefulness and activity which I have in England, and how the feeling myself helpless and useless, living merely to look about me, and training up my children in the same way, would soon make all this beauty pall, and appear even wearisome. But to see it as we are now doing, in our moments of recreation, to strengthen us for work to come, and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties ;—this, indeed, is delightful, and is a pleasure which I think we may enjoy without restraint. England has other destinies than these countries,—I use the word in no foolish or unchristian sense,—but she has other destinies; her people have more required of them; with her full intelligence, her restless activity, her enormous means, and enormous difficulties; her pure religion and unchecked freedom; her form of society, with so much of evil, yet so much of good in it, and such immense power conferred by it ;—her citizens, least of all men, should think of their own rest or enjoyment, but should cherish every faculty and improve every opportunity to the uttermost, to do good to themselves and to the world. Therefore these lovely valleys, and this surpassing beauty of lake and mountain, and garden and wood, are least, of all men, for us to covet ; and our country, so entirely subdued as it is to man's uses, with its gentle hills and valleys, its innumerable canals and coaches, is best suited as an instrument of usefulness.

Zurich, August 7, 1829.

4. Once more I must recross the Alps to Chiavenna, which certainly is amongst the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. Its situation resembles that of Aosta and Bellinzona, and I think, if possible, it surpasses them both. The mountains by which it is enclosed are formed of that hard dark rock which is so predominant in the lower parts of the Alps on the Italian side, and which gives them so decided a character. Above Chiavenna their height is unusually great, and their magnificence, both in the ruggedness of their form and the steepness of their cliffs, as in the gigantic size of the fragments which they have thrown down into the valley, and in the luxuriance of their chestnut woods, is of the very highest degree. The effect too is greater, because the valley is so much narrower than that of the Ticino at Bellinzona, or of the Dorea Baltea at Aosta; in fact the stream is rather a torrent than a river, but full and impetuous, and surprisingly clear, although the snowy Alps from which it takes its source rise at a very little distance; but their substance apparently is harder than that of the Alps about Mont Blanc, and the torrents therefore are far purer than the Dorea or the Arve. In the very midst of the town of Chiavenna, now covered with terrace walls and vineyards to its very summit, stands an enormous fragment of rock, once detached from the neighbouring mountains, and rising to the height, I suppose, of seventy or eighty feet. It was formerly occupied by a fortress built on its top by the Spaniards in their wars in the north of Italy ; but it all looks quiet and peaceful now. Miss H., her brother, and I wandered out before dinner to take a scramble amidst the rocks and chestnuts. We followed

a path between the walls of the vineyards, wide enough for one person only, till it led us out amid the rocks, and then continued to wind about amongst them, leading to the little grotto-like dwellings which were scattered amongst them, or built on to the enormous fragments which cover the whole mountain side. On the tops of these fragments, however, as well as between them, a vegetation of fine grass has contrived to establish itself, and the chestnuts twist their knotty roots about in every direction till they find some fissure by which they can strike down into the soil. It is impossible therefore to picture anything more beautiful than a scramble about these mountains. You are in a wood of the most magnificent trees, shaded from the sun, yet not treading on mouldering leaves or damp earth, but on a carpet of the freshest spring turf, rich with all sorts of flowers. You have the softness of an upland meadow and the richness of an English park, yet you are amidst masses of rock, now rearing their steep sides in bare cliffs, now hung with the senna and the broom, now carpeted with turf, and only showing their existence by the infinitely varied form which they give to the ground, the numberless deep dells, and green amphitheatres, and deliciously smooth platforms, all caused by the ruins of the mountain which have thus broken and studded its surface, and are yet so mellowed by the rich vegetation which time has given them, that they now only soften its character.

This to me unrivalled beauty of the chestnut woods was very remarkable in two or three scenes which we saw the next day; one before we set out for the Spulgen, when we drove a little way up the valley of Chiavenna to see a waterfall. The fall was beautiful in itself, as all waterfalls must be, but its peculiar charm was this, that instead of falling amidst copsewood, as the falls in Wales and the North of England generally do, or amidst mere shattered rocks, like that fine one in the Valais near Martigny—here, on the contrary, the water fell over a cliff of black rock into a deep rocky basin, and then as it flowed down in its torrent it ran beneath a platform of the most delicious grass, in which the great chestnut trees stood about as finely as in an English park, and rose almost to a level with the top of the fall, while the turf underneath them was steeped in a perpetual dew from the spray. The other scene was on the road to Isola, on the way to the Splugen, in the valley of the Lina. It is rather a gorge than a valley, so closely do the mountains approach one another, while the torrent is one succession of falls. Yet just in one place, where the road by a succession of zigzags had wound up to the level of the top of the falls, and where the stream was running for a short space as gentle and as limpid as one of the clear rapid chalk streams of the south of Hampshire, the turf sloped down gently from the road to the stream, the great chestnut trees spread their branches over it, and just on its smooth margin was a little chapel, with those fresco paintings on its walls which are so constant a remembrance of Italy. Across the stream there was the same green turf and the same chestnut shade, and if you did not lift up your eyes high into the sky, to notice the barrier of insurmountable cliff and mountain which surrounded you on each side,

you would have had no other images before you than those of the softest and most delicate repose, and of almost luxurious enjoyment.

Champagne, August 12, 1829.

5. Between Brienne and Arcis the valley was full of villages, and they were large and comfortable-looking, almost every cottage having a good garden. These valleys in Champagne are, on a small scale, what Egypt is on a large scale; highly cultivated, and with a crowded population along the streams, because all the country on either side of the valley is an uninhabitable desert. Arcis is a very poor town, and from thence to Chalons it was a country not to be paralleled, I suppose, in civilised Europe, except it be in Castile in Spain. A waste it was not, for it was all cultivated, but the dreariness of a boundless view all brown and dry, corn-fields either cleared or ready for the harvest, without a tree or a green field, or a house, was exceedingly striking, and Champagne is worth seeing for the very surpassing degree of its ugliness. They are, however, in several places, beginning to plant firs, and if this system be followed, the aspect as well as the value of the country will be greatly improved. Chalons, at a distance, looks well; and the green valley and fine stream of the Marne are quite delicious to eyes accustomed to one brown extent of plain or table-land during thirty miles.

VI. TOUR IN NORTH OF ITALY.

Chamberri, July 17, 1830.

1. The state of feeling displayed by ——, and the rest of the party, filled me with thoughts that might make a volume. It was, I fear, certainly unchristian and ultra-liberal;—looking to war with very little dismay, but anxious to spread everywhere what they considered liberal views, "les Idées du Siècle," and so intolerant of anything old, that —— made it a matter of reproach to our Government that Guernsey and Jersey still retained their old Norman laws. They were strongly Anti-Anglican, regarding England as the great enemy to all improvement all over the world. Now as to mending —— and ——, that is not our concern; but for ourselves, it did fill me with earnest thoughts of the fearful conflict that must soon take place between the friends and enemies of the old system of things, and the provoking intermixture of evil in the latter, which makes it impossible to sympathise wholly in their success. I was struck, too, with the total isolation of England from the European world. We are considered like the inhabitants of another planet, feared perhaps, and respected in many points, but not loved, and in no respect understood or sympathised with. And how much is our state the same with regard to the Continent. How little do we seem to know, or to value their feelings,—how little do we appreciate or imitate their intellectual progress. . . . Is it never to be that men shall be at once Christians, and really liberal and wise: and shall the improvement of our social condition always be left to unhallowed hands to effect it? I conclude with the lament of the Persian

noble:—ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη πόλλὰ φρονέοντα μηδένος κρατέειν; or rather, I should say, it would be ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη, did we not believe that there was One in whom infinite wisdom was accompanied with infinite power: and whose will for us is that we should follow after what is good ourselves, but should not wonder or be disappointed if "another take the city, and it be called after his name." There is a want of moral wisdom among the Continental Liberals, as among their opponents both abroad and at home, which makes one tremble to follow such guides. I gave my Thucydides to ——; would that he could read it and profit by it; for, sad to say, Thucydides seems to me to have been not only a fairer and an abler man, but one of a far sounder moral sense, and deeper principle, than the modern Liberals. Between what a Scylla and Charybdis does the state of society seem to be wavering, the brute ignorance and coarse commonplace selfishness of the Tories, and the presumption and intellectual fever of the Liberals. "To the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them who believe, both Jews and Greeks, CHRIST, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,"—Ἀμὴν ναὶ ἔρχου Κύριε Ἰησοῦ.

Varese, July 24, 1830.

2. We arrived here, at the Star inn, the post, about a quarter after five, got a hasty dinner, and —— and I were in our carriage, or rather in a light cabriolet, hired for the purpose, a little after six, to drive about two miles out, to the foot of the mountain of S. Maria. At the foot of the mountain we began to walk, the road being a sort of paved way round the mountain in great zigzags, and passing by in the ascent about twenty chapels or arches, introductory to the one at the summit. Over the first of these was written, "Her foundations are upon the holy hills;" and other passages of Scripture were written over the succeeding ones. In one of these chapels, looking in through the window, we saw that it was full of waxen figures as large as life, representing the Apostles on the day of Pentecost; and in another there was the sepulchre hewn out of the rock, and the Apostles coming, as on the morning of the Resurrection, "to see the place where Jesus lay." I confess, these waxen figures seemed to me anything but absurd; from the solemnity of the place altogether, and from the goodness of the execution, I looked on them with no disposition to laugh or to criticise. But what I did not expect was the exceeding depth and richness of the chestnut shade, through which the road partially ran, only coming out at every turning to the extreme edge of the mountain, and so commanding the view on every side. But when we got to the summit we saw a path leading up to the green edge of a cliff on the mountain above, and we thought if we could get there we should probably see Lugano. Accordingly, on we walked; till just at sunset we got out to the crown of the ridge, the brow of an almost precipitous cliff, looking down on the whole mountain of S. Maria del Monte, which on this side presented nothing but a large mass of rock and cliff, a perfect contrast to the rich wood of its other side. But neither S. Maria del Monte, nor the magnificent view of the plain of Lombardy, one mass

of rich verdure, enlivened with its thousand white houses and church towers, were the objects which we most gazed upon. We looked westward full upon the whole range of mountains, behind which, in a cloudless sky, the sun had just descended. It is utterly idle to attempt a description of such a scene. I counted twelve successive mountain outlines between us and the farthest horizon; and the most remote of all, the high peaks of the Alps, were brought out strong and dark in the glowing sky behind them, so that their edge seemed actually to cut it. Immediately below our eyes, plunged into a depth of chestnut forest, varied as usual with meadows and villages, and beyond, embosomed amidst the nearer mountains, lay the Lake of Lugano. As if everything combined to make the scene perfect, the mountain on which we stood was covered, to my utter astonishment, with the Daphne Cneorum, and I found two small pieces in flower to ascertain the fact, although generally it was out of bloom. We stood gazing on the view and hunting about to find the Daphne in flower, till the shades of darkness were fast rising; then we descended from our height, went down the mountain of S. Maria, refreshing ourselves on the way at one of the delicious fountains which are made beside the road, regained our carriage at the foot of the mountain, and, though we had left our coats and neckcloths at Varese before we started, and were hot through and through with the skirmish, yet the soft air of these summer nights has nothing chilly in it, and we were only a little refreshed by the coolness during our drive home. I now look out on a sky bright with its thousand stars, and have observed a little summer lightning behind the mountains. If any one wishes for the perfection of earthly beauty, he should see such a sunset as we saw this evening from the mountain above S. Maria del Monte.

Mule track above the Lake of Como, under the chestnuts (third visit).

July 25, 1830.

3. Once more, dearest M——, for the third time, seated under these delicious chestnuts, and above this delicious lake, with the blue sky above, and the green lake beneath, and Monte Rosa and the S. Gothard, and the Simplon rearing their snowy heads in the distance. It would be a profanation of this place to use it for common journal; I came out here with —— partly to enjoy the associations which this lake in a peculiar manner has connected with it to my mind. Last year it did not signify that I was not here, for you were with me; but, with you absent, I should have grieved to have visited Como, and not have come to this sweet spot. I see no change in the scenery since I was last here in 1827, and I feel very little, if any, in myself. Yet for me, "summer is now ebbing;" since I was here last, I have passed the middle point of man's life, and it is hardly possible that I should be here again without feeling some change. If we were here with our dear children, that itself would be a change, and I hardly expect to be again on this very spot, without having them. But what matters, or rather what should matter change or no change, so that the decaying body

and less vigorous intellect were but accompanied with a more thriving and more hopeful life of the spirit. It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty, for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil, not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which dwelleth in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—this is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God. Alas! how easy to see this and say it—how hard to do it and to feel it! Who is sufficient for these things? No one, but he who feels and really laments his own insufficiency. God bless you, my dearest wife, and our beloved children, now and evermore, through Christ Jesus.

July 29, 1830.

4. The Laquais de Place, at Padua, was a good one of his kind, and, finding that his knowledge of French was much less than mine of Italian, if that be possible, we talked wholly in Italian. He said that the taxes now were four times as heavy as under the old Venetian government, or under the French. He himself, when a young man, had volunteered into the republican army, after the overthrow of the Venetian aristocracy in 1797, and had fought at Marengo, where he was wounded. He said they had in Padua a Casa di Ricovero, or asylum for the infirm and infant poor, and here also, he said, relief was given to men in full age and vigour, when they were thrown out of employment. I asked how it was supported. He said, chiefly by bequests; for whenever a man of property died, the priest who attended him never failed to suggest to him that he should leave something to the Casa di Ricovero; and he seemed to think it almost a matter of course that such a recommendation should be attended to. It seems then, that in the improved state of society, the influence of the Catholic clergy is used for purposes of general charity, and not for their own advantage; and who would not wish that our clergy dared to exercise something of the same influence over our higher classes, and could prevent that most unchristian spirit of family selfishness and pride, by which too many wills of our rich men are wholly dictated? But our Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth. The child of regal and aristocratical selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great, but has contented herself with lecturing the poor. "I will speak of Thy testimonies even before kings, and will not be ashamed," is a text which the Anglican Church, as a national institution, seems never to have caught the spirit of. Folly, and worse than folly is it, to think that preaching what are called

orthodox doctrines before the great is really preaching to them the Gospel. Unless the particular conclusions which they should derive from those doctrines be impressed upon them; unless they are warned against the particular sins to which they are tempted by their station in society, and urged to the particular duties which their political and social state requires of them, the Gospel will be heard without offence, and, one may almost say, without benefit. Of course I do not mean offence at the manner in which it is preached, nor offence indeed, at all, in the common sense of the word; but a feeling of soreness that they are touched by what they hear, a feeling which makes the conscience uneasy, because it cannot conceal from itself that its own practice is faulty.

Latsch, August 3, 1830.

5. In the market-place at Meran there is a large statue of the Virgin, to commemorate two deliverances from the French, in 1796, and in 1799, when the enemy on one occasion came as far as Botzen, and on the other as far as Glurns and Eyers. But this is so exactly a thing after the manner of Herodotus, that I must for a few lines borrow his language.

Ἕστηκε δὲ ἐν μέσῃ τῇ ἀγορῇ ἄγαλμα ξύλινον Ἀθήνης ἀλεξικάκου· ἐστὶ δὲ τὸ ἄγαλμα καὶ γραφῇ καὶ ἔργῳ εἰκασμένον· καὶ τῇ μὲν κεφαλῇ τῆς θεοῦ περικέεται στέφανος ἀστέρων, τῇ δὲ στήλῃ πολλὰ ἐπιγεγράπται, τὴν αἰτίην τοῦ ἀναθήματος ἀποδεικνύμενα. Ἦν γὰρ ποτὲ μέγας ἀνὰ πάσην, ὡς εἰπεῖν, Ἐυρώπην πόλεμος· συχναὶ δὲ ἐγένοντο πολέων ἀναστάσιες, ἐτὶ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀγρῶν δηώσεις καὶ ἀνθρώπων φόνοι. Ἐν μὲν ὦν τούτῳ τῷ πολέμῳ μέγιστα δὴ πάντων ἔργα ἀπεδέξαντο οἱ Γαλάται· καὶ πολὺς ἐπέκειτο πασῇσι τῇσι περιωκημένῃσι πολίσιν ὁ ἀπ' αὐτῶν κίνδυνος. Οὗτοι οἱ Γαλάται Ἀυστριάνοις ἐπολεμοῦν· τοῦ δὲ Ἀυστριάνων βασίλεος τὸ Τιρωλίκον ἔθνος ἦν ὑπήκοον. Οἱ δὲ Ἀυστρίανοι πολλῇσιν ἤδη μάχῃσι νικήθεντες, κακῶς ἔπασχον· καὶ περὶ τῆς ἑαυτῶν ἀρχῆς ἤδη καθίστατο ὁ ἀγών. Καὶ τῆς μὲν Τιρωλίδος γενναίως ὑπερεμάχοντο οἱ ἐπιχώριοι, πλήθει δὲ ὑπερβαλλόμενοι τοὺς Γαλάτας ἐς τὴν χώρην ἐσεδέχοντο. Οὗτοι δὲ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα δηώσαντες ἐς τὴν τῶν Μεράνων οὐκ ἀφίκοντο, εἴτε συντυχίῃ τινὶ, εἴτε τῆς θεοῦ οὕτω διαθείσης. Ἀλλά γε οἱ Μέρανοι ἐς θεῖόν τι ἀναφέροντες πὸ πρῆγμα, καὶ οὐ τύχῃ μᾶλλον ἢ θεῶν ἐυνοίᾳ σωθῆναι τοτὲ ἡγούμενοι, τό τε ἄγαλμα τῇ θεῷ ἀνέθηκαν, καὶ ἐτὶ ἐς τὸ νῦν ἀεὶ, ὡς δι' αὐτὴν περιγιγνόμενοι, διαφερόντως τιῶμσι.

August 11, 1830.

6. My dearest M——, this book [a new MS. volume of the journal] ought surely to begin with good omens, as it begins on our wedding day. How much of happiness and of cause for the deepest thankfulness is contained in the recollections of this day; for in the ten years that have elapsed since our marriage there has been condensed, I suppose, as great a portion of happiness, with as little alloy, as ever marked any ten years of human existence. It is impossible to look back, and to look forwards, without some feelings of awe and apprehension; for the future cannot be more full of earthly happiness than the past, and, in all human probability, must, in one way or another, be less so. Perhaps it is best that it should be; for one cannot help feeling the enormous disproportion between desert and blessing; and though this

is not a true feeling, for desert has nothing to do with it, yet the unfitness for blessings is a real and just consideration: a sickly state cannot bear such delicious fare; a constitution that has so much to struggle with should be braced with a harder discipline for the conflict. And yet how vain would any such considerations be to alleviate the actual misery of a change: then nothing could, I think, tend so much to support me as the simple consideration of Christ's example. He pleased not Himself, nor entered into His rest till He had gone through the worst extremity of evil. Perhaps, however, the best way of taking such anniversaries as this is, not by speculating on the future, or on how we could bear a change, but by remembering *now*, in our season of happiness, that it is but an earnest of more, if we receive it with true thankfulness, and that let come what will, all will work to good if, while it is day, we labour to work the work that is set before us. May I remember this; and remember too, that God's work is to believe on Him whom He hath sent: that is, not only to do my earthly business honestly and zealously, but to do it as a Christian, humbly and piously,—not trusting in any degree in myself, but labouring for that strength which is made most perfect in him who feels his own weakness. God bless us both, my dearest M——, and our dearest children, through Christ Jesus.

[This account of his visit to Niebuhr, being written in the carriage on the journeys of the subsequent days, was interspersed with remarks on the route, which have been omitted.]

August, 1830.

7. . . . In person Niebuhr is short, not above five feet six, or seven, I should think, at the outside; his face is thin, and his features rather pointed, his eyes remarkably lively and benevolent. His manner is frank, sensible, and kind, and what Bunsen calls the Teutonic character of benevolence, is very predominant about him, yet with nothing of what Jeffrey called, on the other hand, the beer-drinking heaviness of a mere Saxon. He received me very kindly, and we talked in English, which he speaks very well, on a great number of subjects. I was struck with his minute knowledge of the Text and MSS. of Thucydides, and with his earnest hope, several times repeated, that we might never do away with the system of classical education in England.—I told him of ——'s nonsense about Guernsey and Jersey, at which he was very much entertained, but said that it did not surprise him. He said that he was now much more inclined to change old institutions than he had been formerly,—but "possibly," said he, "I may see reason in two or three years more to go back to my old views." Yet he anticipated no evil consequences to the peace of Europe, even from a Republic in France, for he thought that all classes of people had derived benefit from experience.

Niebuhr spoke with great admiration of our former great men, Pitt and Fox, &c., and thought that we were degenerated; and he mentioned as a very absurd thing a speech of ——, who visited him at Bonn, that if those men were now to come to life, they would be thought nothing of with our present lights in political economy. Niebuhr asked me

with much interest about my plans of religious instruction at Rugby, and said that in their Protestant schools the business began daily with the reading and expounding a chapter in the New Testament. He spoke of the Catholics in Prussia, as being very hypocritical, that is, having no belief beyond outward profession. Bunsen, he said, was going to publish a collection of German hymns for the Church service. Their literature is very rich in hymns in point of quantity, no fewer than 36,000, and out of these Bunsen is going to collect the best. Niebuhr's tone on these matters quite satisfied me, and made me feel sure that all was right. He spoke with great admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. He often protested that he was no revolutionist, but he said, though he would have given a portion of his fortune that Charles X. should have governed constitutionally, and so remained on the throne, "yet," said he, "after what took place, I would myself have joined the people in Paris, that is to say, I would have given them my advice and direction, for I do not know that I should have done much good with a musket."—Niebuhr spoke of Mr. Pitt, that to his positive knowledge, from unpublished State Papers, which he had seen, Pitt had remonstrated most warmly against the coalition at Pilnitz, and had been unwillingly drawn into the war to gratify George III.—My account of Niebuhr's conversation has been sadly broken, and I am afraid I cannot recollect all that I wish to recollect. He said that he once owed his life to Louis Bonaparte, who interceded with Napoleon when he was going to have Niebuhr shot; and promised Niebuhr that, if he could not persuade his brother, he would get him twenty-four hours' notice, and furnish him with the means of escaping to England. After this Niebuhr met Louis at Rome, and he said that he did not well know how to address him; but he thought that the service which he had received from him might well excuse him for addressing him as "Sire." He asked me into the drawing-room to drink tea, and introduced me to his wife. Niebuhr's children also were in the room, four girls and a boy, with a young lady, who, I believe, was their governess. They struck me as very nice mannered children, and it was very delightful to see Niebuhr's affectionate manner to them and to his wife. While we were at tea, there came in a young man with the intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had been proclaimed king, and Niebuhr's joy at the news was quite enthusiastic. He had said before, that in the present state of society, a Republic was not to his taste, and that he earnestly hoped that there would be no attempt to revive it in France. He went home with me to my inn, and when I told him what pleasure it would give me to see any of his friends in England, he said that there was a friend of his, a nobleman, who was thinking of sending his son to be educated in England. The father and mother, he said, were pious and excellent people, and devoted to the improvement of their tenantry in every respect, and they wished their son to be brought up in the same views. And Niebuhr said that if this young man came to England, he should be very happy to avail himself of my offer. And he expressed his hope that you and I might be at Bonn again some day together, and that he might receive us under his own roof. He

expressed repeatedly his great affection for England, saying that his father had accustomed him from a boy to read the English newspapers, in order that he might early learn the opinions and feelings of Englishmen. On the whole, I was most delighted with my visit, and thought it altogether a great contrast to the fever and excitement of ——. The moral superiority of the German character in this instance was very striking: at the same time I owe it to the French to say, that now that I have learnt the whole story of the late revolution, I am quite satisfied of the justice of their cause, and delighted with the heroic and admirable manner in which they have conducted themselves. How different from even the beginning of the first revolution, and how satisfactory to find that in this instance the lesson of experience seems not to have been thrown away.

August, 1830.

8. The aspect of Germany is certainly far more pleasing than that of France, and the people more comfortable. I cannot tell whether it really is so, but I cannot but wonder at Guizot placing France at the head of European civilisation: he means because it is superior to Germany in social civilisation, and to England in producing more advanced and enlarged individual minds. Many Englishmen will sneer at this notion, but I think it is to a certain degree well founded, and that our intellectual eminence in modern times by no means keeps pace with our advances in all the comforts and effectiveness of society. And I have no doubt that our miserable system of education has a great deal to do with it. I maintain that our historians ought to be twice as good as those of any other nation, because our social civilisation is perfect. . . . Then, again, our habits of active life give our minds an enormous advantage, if we would work; but we do not, and therefore the history of our own country is at this day a thing to be done, as well as the histories of Greece and Rome. Foreigners say that our insular situation crams and narrows our minds; and this is not mere nonsense either. If we were not physically a very active people, our disunion from the Continent would make us pretty nearly as bad as the Chinese. As it is, we are so distinct in habits and in feelings, owing originally in great measure to our insular situation, that I remember observing in 1815, that the English stood alone amidst all the nations assembled at Paris, and that even our fellow subjects, the Hanoverians, could understand and sympathise with the French better than with us. Now it is very true that by our distinctness we have gained very much, —more than foreigners can understand. A thorough English gentleman,—Christian, manly, and enlightened,—is more, I believe, than Guizot or Sismondi could comprehend; it is a finer sentiment of human nature than any other country, I believe, could furnish. Still it is not a perfect specimen by a great deal; and therefore it will not do to contemplate ourselves only, or, contenting ourselves with saying that we are better than others, scorn to amend our institutions by comparing them with those of other nations. Our travellers and our exquisites imitate the outside of foreign customs without discrimination, just as in

the absurd fashion of not eating fish with a knife, borrowed from the French, who do it because they have no knives fit to use. But monkeyish imitation will do no good; what is wanted is a deep knowledge and sympathy with the European character and institutions, and then there would be a hope that we might each impart to the other that in which we are superior.

VII. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

July, 1831.

1. I was at Church (at Greenock) twice on Sunday, once at the Presbyterian Church, and once at the Episcopal Chapel. My impressions, received five years ago, were again renewed and strengthened as to the merits of the Presbyterian Church and our own. The singing is to me delightful,—I do not mean the music, but the heartiness with which all the congregation join in it. And I exceedingly like the local and particular prayers and addresses which the freedom of their services allows the minister to use. On the other hand, the people should be protected from the tediousness or dulness of their minister; and that is admirably effected by a Liturgy, and especially by such a Liturgy as ours. As to the repetitions in our Service, they arise chiefly from Laud's folly in joining two Services into one; but the repetition of the Lord's Prayer I can hardly think objectionable; not that I would contend for it, but neither would I complain of it. Some freedom in the Service the minister certainly should have; some power of insertion to suit the particular time and place; some power of explaining on the spot whatever is read from the Scriptures, which may require explanation, or at any rate of stating the context. It does seem to me that the reforms required in our Liturgy and Service are so obvious, and so little affect the system itself, that their long omission is doubly blamable. But more remains behind, and of far greater difficulty:—to make the Church at once popular and dignified,—to give the people their just share in its government, without introducing a democratical spirit,—to give the Clergy a thorough sympathy with their flocks, without altogether lowering their rank and tone. When Wesley said to his ministers, that they had no more to do with being gentlemen than with being dancing-masters, τὸ μὲν ὀρθῶς εἶπε, τὸ δὲ ἥμαρτεν. In Christ's communication with His Apostles there is always a marked dignity and delicacy, a total absence of all that coarseness and vulgarity into which Wesley's doctrine would infallibly lead us. Yet even in Christ, the Lord and Master of His Disciples, there is a sympathy which is a very different thing from condescension, a spirit of unaffected kindness and, I had almost said, of sociability, which the spirit of gentlemanliness has doubtless greatly dulled in the Church of England. "I have called you friends," is a text which applies to the Christian minister in his dealings with his brethren and equals, in an infinitely stronger degree than it could do to Him, who was our Lord and Master, and whose calling us brethren was not of nature, but out of the condescension of His infinite love. And he who shall thus far

keep and thus far get rid of the spirit of gentlemanliness, would go near to make the Church of England all but perfect, no less in its popularity than in its real deserving of popularity, *καὶ περὶ μὲν τούτων εἰρήσθω ἐπὶ τοσοῦτο, ἥκειμι δὲ ἐπὶ τὸν ἄνω λόγον.*

July, 1831.

2. Again (at Glasgow) the Scotch minister's sermon struck me as addressed more ad clerum than ad populum; and again more than ever I felt the superiority of our service. I cannot say how doubly welcome and impressive I thought the Lord's Prayer, when the minister (to my surprise by the way) used it before the sermon. Nothing, it seems to me, can be worse than the introductory prayers of the Scotch Service, to judge from what I have hitherto heard: the intercessory prayer after the sermon is far simpler, and there the discretion given to the minister is often happily used. But altogether, taking their Service as it is, and ours as it is, I would far rather have our own; how much more, therefore, with the slight improvements which we so easily might introduce—if only—— But even to the eleventh hour we will not reform, and therefore we shall be not, I fear, reformed, but rudely mangled or overthrown by men as ignorant in their correction of abuses as some of us are in the maintenance of them. Periodical visitations of extreme severity have visited the Church and the world at different times, but to no human being is it given to anticipate which will be the final one of all. Only the lesson in all of them is the same. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" And in each of these successive "comings" of our Lord, how little is the faith which He has found even among His professed followers! May He increase this faith in me, and those who are dearest to me, ere it be too late for ever!

VIII. TOUR IN FRANCE.

Dover, August 11, 1837.

1. Twenty and twenty-two years ago I was backwards and forwards at this place, being then a young man with no wife or children, but with a mother whose house was my home, with a brother, aunt and sisters. Ten, eight, and seven years ago, I used to be also passing often through here; I had then lost my dear brother, and latterly my dearest mother, and I had a wife and children; I had also a sister living here with her husband and children. Now, after another period of seven years, I am here once more; with no mother or aunt, with no remains left of my early home; my sister who did live here has lost her husband, and now lives at Rugby; but I have not only my dearest wife with me, but—a more advanced stage of life—three dear children are with us, and their pens are all busy with their journals, like their mother's and mine. So Dover marks very strikingly the several periods of my life, and shows me how large a portion of my space here I have already gone through.

Then for the world at large. When I first came here, it was so

soon after Napoleon's downfall, that I remember hearing from one of the passengers in the packet the first tidings of Labedoyere's execution. At my second and third visits, the British army still occupied the north of France. My second period of coming here, from 1825 to 1830, marked the last period of the old Bourbon reign in France, and the old Tory reign in England. When I first landed here, it was in the brief interval between the French and Belgian Revolutions: it was just after the triumphant election of 1830 in England, which overthrew the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, and led to the Reform Bill. And now we seem to be witnessing the revival of Toryism in England, perhaps of the old Bourbon principles in part in France. The tide is turned, and will advance no higher till the next flood; let us only hope that its ebb will not be violent; and in the meanwhile our neighbours have got rid of the white flag, and we have got rid of the rotten boroughs of Schedule A. This is a clear gain; it is a question whether the positive good which either of us have gained, is equal to the positive evil which we have destroyed; but still in the course of this world, Seeva the destroyer is ever needed, and in our imperfect state, the very deliverance from evil is a gratification and a good.

On Saturday last we were at our delicious Westmorland home, at that dear Fox How, which I love beyond all other spots of ground in the world, and expatiating on the summit of our familiar Fairfield. There on a cloudless sky we were beholding the noble outline of all our favourite mountains; the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bow Fell, Sca Fell, Great Gable, the Langdale Pikes, the Pillar, Grassmoor, Helvellyn, Place Fell, High Street, Hill Bell; there we saw Ulleswater and Coniston, and our own Winandermere, and there too we looked over a wide expanse of sea of the channel which divides England from Ireland. On Tuesday last we were at our dear Rugby home; seeing the long line of our battlements and our well-known towers backed by the huge elms of the school-field, which far overtopped them; and looking on the deep shade which those same elms, with their advanced guard of smaller trees and shrubs, were throwing over the turf of our quiet garden. And now, on Friday morning, we are at an inn at Dover, looking out on the castle and white cliffs which are so linked with a thousand recollections; beholding the sea, which is the highway from all the life of England to all the life of Europe, and beyond there stretches out the dim line of darker shadow which we know to be the very land of France.

And besides, in this last week, I have been at an Election; one of those great occasions of good or evil which are so largely ministered to Englishmen; an opportunity for so much energy, for so much rising beyond the mere selfishness of domestic interests, and the narrowness of mere individual or local pursuits; but an opportunity also for every base and bad passion; for corruption, for fear, for tyranny, for malignity. Such is an election, and such is all human life; and those who rail against these double-handed appointments of God, because they have an evil handle as well as a good,* may desire the life of the Seven

* "The Epicureans," he said, "did not meddle with politics, that they might

Sleepers, for then only can opportunities of evil be taken from us, when we lose also all opportunity of doing or of becoming good. However, even as an occasion of evil, there is no doubt that our elections are like an inoculating for a disorder, and so mitigating; the party spirit and the feuds which now spend themselves in bloodless contests, would, if these were away, find a far more deadly vent; they solve that great problem how to excite a safe and regulated political activity.

We also in the course of the week have been travelling on the great railway from Manchester to Birmingham. The distance is ninety-five miles, which we accomplished in five hours. Nothing can be more delightful, as well as more convenient. It was very beautiful too, to be taken, as it were, into the deepest retirement of the country, surprising lone farm-houses and outlying copses with the rapid darting by of a hundred passengers, yet leaving their quiet unbroken; for no houses have as yet gathered on the line of the railway, and no miscellaneous passers at all times of the day and night serve to keep it ever in public. Only at intervals, four or five times a day, there rushes by the long train of carriages, and then all is as quiet as before.

We also passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys; and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmorland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

Chartres, August, 1837.

2. . . . Chartres was a very fine termination of our tour. We stopped at the Hotel du Grand Monarque, on an open space just at the outside of the town, and from thence immediately made our way to the Cathedral. The high tower, so celebrated all over France is indeed remarkably beautiful; but the whole church far surpassed my expectations. The portails of both transepts are rich in figures as large as life, like the great portail at Rheims; the rose windows over them are very rich, and the windows all over the church are most rich in painted glass. The size is great, a very essential element, I think, in the merits of a cathedral, and all the back of the choir was adorned with groups of figures in very high relief, which had an extremely fine effect. These are all the proper and perpetual beauties of Chartres Cathedral; but we happened to see it on the Festival of the Assumption, when the

be as quiet as possible from the strife of tongues. There are good people who do this now, remaining in willing ignorance of what is going on. But the mischief is, they cannot set their passions to sleep as they can their understanding; and when they do come to interfere, they are violent and prejudiced in proportion to their ignorance. Such men, to be consistent, should live like Simon Stylites."

whole church was full of people in every part, when the service was going on in the choir, and the whole building was ringing with the peals of the organ, and with the voices of the numerous congregation. Unchristian as was the service, so that one could have no sympathy with it in itself, yet it was delightful to contrast the crowded state of the huge building,—nave, transepts and aisles, all swarming with people, and the sharing of all in the service,—with the nakedness of our own cathedrals, where all, except the choir, is now merely a monument of architecture. There is no more provoking confusion to my mind than that which is often made between the magnificence and beauty of the Romish Church and its superstitions. No one abhors more than I do the essence of Popery, *i.e.* Priestcraft; or the setting up a quantity of human mediators, interpreters, between God and man. But this is retained by those false Protestants who call themselves High Churchmen; while they have sacrificed of Popery only its better and more popular parts; its beauty and its impressiveness. On the other hand, the Puritans and Evangelicals, whilst they disclaim Popery, undervalue the authority and power of the *Church*, not of the Clergy, and have a bibliolatry, especially towards the Old Testament, quite as foolish and as mischievous as the superstition of the Catholics. The open churches, the varied services, the beautiful solemnities, the processions, the Calvaries, the crucifixes, the appeals to the eye and ear through which the heart is reached most effectually, have no natural connexion with superstition. People forget that Christian worship is in its essence spiritual,—that is, it depends for its efficacy on no circumstances of time or place or form,—but that Christianity itself has given us the best helps towards making our worship spiritual to us, that is, sincere and lively, by the visible images and signs which it has given us of God and of heavenly things; namely, the Person of the Man Christ Jesus and the Sacraments.

To forbear, therefore, from all use of the Humanity of Christ, as an aid to our approaching in heart to the Invisible Father, is surely to forfeit one of the merciful purposes of the Incarnation, and to fall a little into that one great extreme of error, the notion that man can either in his understanding, or in his heart, approach to the Eternal and Invisible God, without the aid of a μεσίτης or "interpres;" (the English word, "Mediator," has become so limited in its sense, that it does not reach to the whole extent of the case,) we want not an interpreter only, but a medium of communication,—some middle point, in which the intelligible may unite with the perfections of the unintelligible, and so may prepare us hereafter to understand Him who is now unintelligible.

I think that this is important, for many reasons, both as regards Popery and our Pseudo-Popery, and Evangelicalism and Unitarianism. The errors of all four seem to flow out of a confusion as to the great truth of our need of a μεσίτης, and of the various ways in which Christ is our One μεσίτης, and that with infinite perfectness.

IX. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Paris, July 14, 1839.

1. . . . But really, when we went out on these leads, and looked down on the whole mass of the trees of the Tuilleries' garden, forming a luxuriant green bed below us, and saw over them the gilded dome of the Invalids, and the mass of the Tuilleries, and the rows of orange trees, and the people sitting at their ease amongst them, and the line of the street not vanishing, as in London, in a thick cloud of smoke or fog, but with the white houses as far as the eye could reach distinct on the sky,—and that sky just in the western line of the street, one blaze of gold from the setting sun—not a weak watery sun, but one so mighty that his setting was like the death of a Cæsar or a Napoleon,—of one mighty for good and for evil,—of one to be worshipped by ignorant men, either as God or Demon,—one hardly knew whether to rejoice or to grieve at his departure;—when we saw all this, we could not but feel that Paris is full of the most poetical beauty.

Cosne, July 16, 1839.

2. . . . The wide landscape under this bright sky looks more than joyous, and the sun in his unobstructed course is truly giant-like. Here one can understand how men came to worship the sun, and to depict him with all images of power and of beauty,—armed with his resistless arrows, yet the source of life and light. And yet feeling, as none can feel more strongly, the evils of the state of England, yet one cannot but see also, that the English are a greater people than these,—more like, that is, one of the chosen people of history, who are appointed to do a great work for mankind. We are over-bustling, but there is less activity here, without more repose. But, however, "It is not expedient, doubtless;" and have not we failed to improve the wonderful talents which have been given to us?

Arles, July 20, 1839.

3. We have just been walking round this town, after having first been down to the Rhone, and had a bathe in him, which, as we had seen so much of him, was, I thought, only a proper compliment to him. But I ought to go back in order, dearest M——, to the Pope's palace at Avignon, only this heat makes me lazy. There was an old porter, who opened to us the first gate, and led us into an enormous court full of soldiers, for it is now used as a barrack; then he opened a door into a long gallery,—perhaps 100 feet long,—through which we were to pass. . . .The rooms beyond were scenes not to be forgotten:—prisons where unhappy men had engraved their names on the stones, and mottoes, mostly from Scripture, expressing their patience and their hope. One man had carved simply our Lord's name, as if it gave him a comfort to write it; there was I. H. S., and nothing more. Some of these dens had been the torture-rooms, and one was so contrived in the roof and walls as to deaden all sound; while in another there was a huge stone

trough, in which the question, "á l'eau bouillante" used to be put; and in yet another the roof was still blackened by the fires in which the victims had been burnt alive. One of these same rooms, long since disused by the Inquisition, had been chosen as the prison and scene of the murder of the victims of the aristocratical party in the massacre in 1790; and in it there was a sort of trap-door, through which the bodies were thrown down into the lowest room of the tower, which was then used as an ice-house. And the walls of the intermediate room were visibly streaked with the blood of those who were so thrown down after they had been massacred.*

July, 1839.

4. . . . We are now between the Lion d'Or and Salon, on the famous Plaine de Crau, or Plain of Stones, one vast mass of pebbles, which cover the country for several leagues, and reduce it to utter barrenness. . . . We are now in the midst of this plain of stones, utter desolation on every side, the magnificent line of the Alpines, as they are called, or Provence mountains, stretching on our left; and on our right, close along by the roadside, runs, full and fresh and lively, a stream of water, one of the channels of irrigation brought from the Durance, and truly giving life to the thirsty land. "He maketh the wilderness a running water," might be said truly of this life in the midst of death. Here are two houses just built by the roadside, and opposite to them a little patch of ground just verdured, surrounded by a little belt of cypresses and willows; now, again, all is desolate,—all but the living stream on our right, and some sheep wandering on the left amidst the stones, and living one sees not how. The sun has just set over his vast plain, just as at sea. Reeds and yellow thistles fringe the stream.

Salon, July 20, 1839.

We have stopped here on our way to Marseilles from Arles, and I really never saw anything more romantic than it is. There are tall trees, one very fine plane amongst them in the middle of the street, and under their shade is a fountain playing, which makes a perpetual music—up above is the cloudless sky, and the almost full moon, and below, in full activity, is the population of Salon. They crowded round the carriage, as there was some difficulty in getting open the boot, and I could have fancied myself in Spain to see their dark faces and eyes, their grave manner, their white felt hats, worn alike by man and boy, and to hear their Provençal language, which sounds much more like Spanish than French, and is indeed quite as like one as the other, and the old fille of the inn might pass for Spanish anywhere. But what a difference is made by good laws and regular government; here all is peace and civility, while on the other side of the Pyrenees all is blood and hatred. The bedrooms here are French enough, but I suspect that there would be many things thoroughly Spanish if I were to pry into the mysteries of the kitchen and back settlements.

Left Salon 5.40. I am so glad we did not go on last night, dearest,

* See Letter in chap. ix. p. 358.

for we should have lost a great deal. Salon is at the end of the Plain of Stones overhung by the rocky hills in tiers of cliff, but no longer bare, but covered with olives and mulberries. We made our way up to the top of these hills, and opened on a view of a character such as I had never seen. It was the French picture in point of breadth and richness, set in an Italian framework of mountains, and with the details, as to the buildings which are scattered over the valley and the profusion of olives and mulberries, very much as I imagine like Spain.

Point above St. Cergues, August 2, 1839.

5. . . . I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot,—the point almost of our own view, to see the morning sun on Mount Blanc and on the Lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and Church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling, and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting. And now I turn away from the Alps, and from the south, and may God speed us to one another, and bless us and ours, in Him and in His Son, now and for ever.

August 4, 1839.

6. . . . It is curious to observe how nations run a similar course with each other. We are now on a new road, made by some private speculators, with a toll on it, and they laud it much as a great improvement. And such it is really: yet it is quite like "Bit and Bit," * at Whitemoss, for it goes over a lower part of the hill, instead of keeping the valley; so that forty years hence we may have "Radical Reform" in the shape of a road quite in the valley; and then come railroads by steam, and then perhaps railroads by air, or some other farther improvement. And "quis finis?" That we cannot tell; and we have great need, I know, to strengthen our moral legs, seeing that our physical legs are getting such great furtherances to their speed. But still, do not check either,† but advance both; for though one may advance without

* Playful names which he gave to two roads between Rydal and Grasmere.

† The delight with which, from such associations as these, he regarded even the unsightliness of the great Birmingham Railway, when it was brought to Rugby, was very characteristic of him.—"I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows,—"I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct. Bunyan thought that the giant Pope was disabled for ever,—and how greatly was he mistaken."

the other, yet one cannot be checked without the other; because to check the development of any of our powers, δυνάμεις, is in itself sinful.

Calais, August 7, 1839.

7. . . . Of the mere face of the country, I have spoken enough already, and I am quite sure that English travellers do it great injustice. I see a great deal of travelling, particularly in the south, a great number of diligences, and a very active steam navigation on the Rhone, both up and down. The new suspension bridges thrown over the Rhone, at almost every town from Lyons to Avignon, are a certain evidence of a stir amongst the people; and there is also a railway from Lyons to St. Etienne, and, from Roanne to Lyons. I see crosses and crucifixes,—some new,—set up by the roadside, and treated with no disrespect; but I think I see, also, a remarkable distinctness here between the nation and the Church, as if it by no means followed that a Frenchman was to be a Christian. I saw this morning "Ecole Chrétienne," struck up in Aire, which implied much too clearly that there might be "Ecoles non Chrétiennes." And this I have seen in French literature: religious men are spoken of as acting according to the principles of Christianity, just as if those principles were something peculiar, and by no means acknowledged by Frenchmen in general. I see again a state of property which does appear to me an incalculable blessing. I see a fusion of ranks, which may be an equal blessing.—I do not know whether it is. Well-dressed men appear talking familiarly with persons of what we should call decidedly the lower classes.* Now, if this shows that the poorer man is raised in mind to the level of the richer, it is a blessing of the highest order; if it shows that the richer man has fallen to the level of the poorer, then I am not so sure that it is a blessing. But I have no right to say that it is so, because I do not know it; only we see few here whose looks and manners are what we should call those of a thorough gentleman; and though I do not believe that I am an aristocrat, yet I should grieve beyond measure if our standard either of morals or of manners were to be lowered. Unquestionably to English eyes the women look far more ladylike than the men look like gentlemen: I speak only of the *look*, for a hasty traveller cannot judge farther. We have, I think, what France has not;—as she has in her large population of proprietors, what we have not. But it seems to me that according to the ordinary laws of God's Providence, the state of France is more hopeful for the future, that society in its main points is more stable, and that time being thus gained, religious and moral truth will or may work their way, whenever it shall please God to prepare His instruments for the work. Whereas,

* "If there is any one truth after the highest for which I would die at the stake," was one of his short emphatic sayings, "it would be Democracy without Jacobinism." Believing that the natural progress of society was towards greater equality, he had also great confidence in the natural instincts implanted in man—reverence for authority, and resistance to change—as checks on what he considered a Jacobinical disregard of existing ties or ancient institutions. "What an instructive work," he said, "might be written on God's safeguards against Democracy, as distinguished from man's safeguards against it."

In England, what moral power, without a direct and manifest interposition of God, can overcome the physical difficulties of our state of population and property? And if Old England perish as Old France perished in the first Revolution, let no man hope to see, even at an equal cost of immediate crime and misery, a New England spring up in its room, such as New France now is. If Old England perish, there perishes, not a mere accursed thing, such as was the system of Old France, which had died inwardly to all good long before the axe was laid to its root:—but there perishes the most active and noble life which the world has ever yet seen,—which is made up wholesomely of past and present, so that the centuries of English History are truly "bound each to each by natural piety." Now to destroy so great a life must be an utterly unblessed thing, from which there can come only evil. And would England, with her dense manufacturing and labouring population,—with her narrow limits,—and her intense activity, ever be brought into a state like that of agricultural France, with her peasant proprietors? No tongue or thought of man could imagine the evil of a destruction of our present system in England; wherefore may God give us His spirit of wisdom and power and goodness, to mould it into as happy accordance with the future as it is already with the past: to teach the life that is in it to communicate itself to the dead elements around it, for unless they are taken into the living body, and partake of its life, they will inevitably make it partake of their death. And now may God grant that I may be restored safely to that England to-morrow, and that I may labour to promote her good. "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem—peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces."

Adieu, dearest wife, and may God bless us both now and ever!

X. TOUR TO ROME AND NAPLES THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, 1840.

[The passages marked as quotations have been inserted from the memoranda of conversations kept by a former pupil, who accompanied him and his wife on the greater part of this tour. Most of these being, like the Journal, connected more or less with the localities of the journey, would not, it was thought, be out of place here. It may be as well to add, that the extracts in No. 6 form one continuous portion, which was selected to give a better notion of the Journals in their original state than could be collected from mere fragments.]

Orleans, June 22, 1840.

1. Here we are at last in a place which I have so long wanted to see. It stands quite in a flat on the north or right bank of the Loire. One great street under two names, divided by the Square or Place of Martray, from north to south,—from the barrier on the Paris road to the river. We have now been out to see the town, or at least the cathedral, and the bridge over the Loire. The former is by far the finest Gothic building of the seventeenth century which I ever saw;

the end of the choir is truly magnificent, and so is the exterior, and its size is great. We then drove to the bridge, a vast fabric over this wide river,—the river disfigured by sandbanks, as at Cosne, but still always fine, and many vessels lying under the quays for the river navigation.

"The siege of Orleans is one of the turning points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage to France. So little does the prosperity of a people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had, have been two of our greatest blessings, Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.'s reign, the victory over the Irish proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterwards have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us like Ireland." *

June 24, 1840.

2. . . . Now for Bourges a little more. In the crypt is a Calvary, and figures as large as life representing the burying of our Lord. The woman, who showed us the crypt, had her little girl with her; and she lifted up the child, about three years old, to kiss the feet of our Lord. Is this idolatry? Nay, verily, it may be so, but it need not be, and assuredly is in itself right and natural. I confess I rather envied the child. It is idolatry to talk about Holy Church and Holy Fathers—bowing down to fallible and sinful men;—not to bend knee, lip and heart, to every thought † and every image of Him our manifested God.

June 25, 1840.

3. Left Montluçon, and were well out of the town, 6.14, June 25th. A lovely morning in this lovely country. *τῶν δὲ ἐπιχωρίων ἡ ἐσθῆς τοιαδέ τις εστι τὰς μὲν ἀναξυρίδας καὶ τοὺς χιτῶνάς φοροῦσιν εἰρινέας, καὶ τὸ αὐτὸ ἔχοντας χρῶμα, κυάνεον βεβαμμένους τὰς δέ κυνέας ὑπερμεγέθεις τε καὶ Κυκλοτέρεις, τὴν παρωροφίην ὡς ἐιπεῖν, λέγω δέ τὸ ὀπὲρ τὰς ὄφρυς ὑπὲρέχον, εχοντας ευρυτατην.* We are now turning off eastwards, to leave this lovely valley of the Cher, stealing up one of its feeders towards Neris. On our left is the outer wall of the main valley, bare schistous hills, with very slight ravines: on our right is an *ὑπωρεια*, the boundary of our immediate valley. We passed a lovely scene just now; the bottom of a small combe, with fine oaks above on each slope, and haymaking, or rather mowing, going on busily between. The combe was so narrow that the trees on each side seemed to overshadow all of it. The geology I do not make out: I see granite pebbles, but what the hills themselves are, I do not know. I think that it is the grit of the coal, and the Neris waters, I suppose, are like Harrowgate. We have passed through Neris without

* "Bannockburn," he used to say, "ought to be celebrated by Englishmen as a national festival, and Athunree lamented as a national judgment."

† See this more fully developed in Essay on Interpretation of Scripture, Serm. vol. ii., and note to Serm. II., in vol. iii.

stopping, on our way to Montaign, and are now on a table land between the valley of the Cher, and that of his feeder, the Aumance, which we crossed yesterday at Meaulac. Then from the same ridge we looked down upon both streams, but now there is a table land of some miles between them. It is a country of hedges and hedgerow trees, with scattered houses, very quiet and peaceful, but, of course, being table land, not beautiful. But as we entered Neris up a long hill overhanging the feeder of the Cher, or looking down the valley upon Montluçon, and the wide landscape beyond, it was most beautiful. Now we are descending into the valley of the Aumance, or rather of his feeders; a perfectly English country, like that between Coleshill and Litchfield; woods, hedges, hedgerow trees, corn, pasture, and a valley not wider than in England, which makes the resemblance. Arrived at Montaign 9.55. Left it at 10.2. We are now descending to Bonble, a feeder of the Allier. The country most beautiful, not mountainous, but of the best sort of hill and valley. The woods are fine, and the scattered oaks in the combes and everywhere are most picturesque. Here we cross the Bonble at S. Elvy to ascend through a forest of fine trees on the other hill side. We have just caught a view of the Puy de Dome, Mont d'Or, &c., and are going to descend into the valley of the Sioule at Menat.—We have crossed the Sioule and are ascending: but I was not in the least prepared for the sort of scenery. The descent was through a narrow rocky valley, after having swept round the sides of the hills in an extremely good line. The hills here are just like those on the Rhine, the same slate, but much finer, because here the valleys being narrow, the height is somewhat in proportion. They have made a beautiful new bridge of two high arches over the Sioule, and are everywhere improving the line of road, another proof of the progress which France is making, certainly in physical prosperity,—I hope and believe, also, in moral. This is Auvergne, the kernel, as it were, of France; but the language hitherto is quite intelligible to me, and the costume does not seem to have changed from that of Bourbonnais. Oxen are used for draught, and on these hills there is of course not much corn, and no vines, but there is a good deal of beech wood on the higher points, at least on the side by which we descended. Right before us now, on an opposite hill, is a ruined castle, one of those dens of Cacus happily laid open to the day and untenanted; for no Jacobinism was ever so detestable as that of the feudal aristocracy, where every man derived his dominion from his own power, and used it for his own purposes. I dislike Jacobinical liberty, how much more, then, Jacobinical oppression.

June 25.

4. "It is absurd to extol one age at the expense of another, since each has its good * and its bad. There was greater genius in ancient

* He used frequently to dwell on this essentially mixed character of all human things; as, for example, in his principle of the application of Prophecy to human events or persons: so, too, his characteristic dislike of Milton's representation of Satan. "By giving a human likeness, and representing him as a bad man, you necessarily get some images of what is good as well as of what is bad; for no living

times, but art and science come late. But in one respect it is to be feared we have degenerated—what Tacitus so beautifully expresses, after telling a story of a man who, in the civil war in Vespasian's time, had killed his own brother, and received a reward for it; and then relates that the same thing happened before in the civil war of Sylla and Marius, and the man when he found it out killed himself from remorse; and then he adds, 'tanto major apud antiquos ut virtutibus gloria, ita *flagitiis pœnitentia* erat.' The deep remorse for crime is less in advanced civilisation. There is more of sympathy with suffering of all kinds, but less abhorrence of what is admitted to be crime."

June, 1840.

5. On board the Sardinian steamer, the Janus, in Marseilles Harbour, July 2nd, and this moment in movement, by my watch, at 1.50. The day is delicious,—not a cloud in the sky, the sea bluer than blue, the gentlest air fanning us, and the steamer not crowded. There is no lady on board besides M——, and but few gentlemen. The mountain barrier of this coast is always fine, and in many places the hills come down steep, and bare, and dry, to the sea;—but often, as now, there is an interval of plain between them and the water, covered with olives and scattered houses, a gorgeous belt round the waist of the rough Torso-like mountains. It is quite a new scene in my life to witness the almost more than earthly beauty of this navigation. Now we are passing just between the islands Javos and Risa and the land: the sea a perfect lake: the islands of fantastic rocky forms, and the mainland of the same character. We have now passed Cassis, and are just come to Cap l'Aigle:—in a short time we shall open upon La Ciotat,—a small town between Marseilles and Toulon. We are, as usual, close under the cliffs, which present their steep and scarred sides to the sea, bare for the most part, but here and there with some pines upon them. Now they are preparing dinner; not in a small and unsavoury cabin, but out on the deck under awnings;—and the table-cloth is of the whitest, and the plates are of our own blue and white china, with the three men and the bridge; and the wine is in nice English decanters, and there is the nicest of desserts being spread, which it seems is to precede the dinner instead of following it.—Dinner is over, and a right goodly dinner it has been: we sat down on deck a party of ten, two Englishmen besides ourselves, both agreeable enough in their way. And now we are just off Toulon, seeing those beautiful mountains behind the town, and the masts of the shipping rising over the low ground

man is entirely evil. Even banditti have some generous qualities; whereas the representation of the Devil should be purely and entirely evil, without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil; and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it was different; their gods were themselves made up of good and of evil, and so might well be mixed up with human associations. The hoofs and the horns, and the tail were all useful in this way, as giving you an image of something altogether disgusting. And so Mephistophiles, in Faust, and the other contemptible and hateful character of the Little Master in Sintram, are far more true than the Paradise Lost."

which forms the entrance into the road, and the green hills which lie towards Hyeres, while the islands lie off as a low land, which I am afraid we are going to leave to our left, instead of passing between them and the land. Well, we are just coming to the point from which we shall see Hyeres: for we are not going outside the islands, as I think, but between them and a projecting point of the coast, connected only by a low strip of sand or shingle with the mainland. And now the sun is almost setting, and from him to us there is one golden line through the water, and the mountains, sea, and sky, are all putting on a softer and a deeper tint. It is solemnly beautiful to see the sea under the vessel, just where the foam caused by the paddles melts away into the mass of blue: the restless but yet beautiful finite lost in the peaceful and more beautiful infinite. The historical interest of this coast and sea almost sink in their natural beauties; together, they give to this scene an interest not to be surpassed. And now, good night, my darling—and all of you—you know how soon night comes here after the sun is down; and even now his orb is touching the mountains. May God's blessing be with you and with us, through Jesus Christ.

Genoa, July 4, 1840.

6. We are now farther from England than at any time in our former tour, dearest ——, but our faces are still set onwards, and I believe that the more I dislike Italy, or rather the Italians, so the more eagerly do I desire to see those parts of it which remind me only of past times, and allow me to forget the present. Certainly I do greatly prefer France to Italy, Frenchmen to Italians; for a lying people, which these emphatically are, stink in one's moral nose all the day long. Good and sensible men, no doubt, there are here in abundance; but no nation presents so bad a side to a traveller as this. For,—whilst we do not see its domestic life and its private piety and charity,—the infinite vileness of its public officers, the pettiness of the Governments, the gross ignorance and the utter falsehood of those who must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a soldier here, you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now in England we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest. In France and in Prussia we know the same; and with us, though many of our clergy may be idolaters, yet we feel sure that none is an unbeliever.

Pisa, July 5, 1840.

7. . . . But O the solemn and characteristic beauty of that cathedral, with its simple, semicircular arches of the twelfth century, its double aisles, and its splendour of marbles and decoration of a later date, especially on the ceiling. Then we went to the Baptistery, and lastly

to the Campo Santo,—a most perfect cloister, the windows looking towards the burying-ground within, being of the most delicate work. But that burying-ground itself is the most striking thing of all; it is the earth of the Holy City; for when the Pisan Crusaders were in Palestine, they thought no spoil which they could bring home was so precious as so many feet in depth of the holy soil, as a burying-place for them and their children. This was not like Anson watching the Pacific from Tinian to Acapulco, in order to catch the Spanish treasure ship.

Now, however, this noble burying-ground is disused, and only a few favoured persons are laid there by the especial permission of the Grand Duke. The wild vine grows freely out of the ground, and clothes it better, to my judgment, than four cypresses, two at each end, which have been lately planted. The Campo Santo is now desecrated by being made a museum. The famous Cenotaphium Pisanum is here, a noble monument, but Julia's sons and Augustus's grandsons have no business on the spot which the Pisans filled with the holy earth of Jerusalem. The town itself is very striking; the large, flat pavement filling up the whole street as at Florence, and the στόαι on each side, or else good and clean houses, varied with some of illustrious antiquity. And after all we were not searched at the gate of Pisa: it seems it has been lately forbidden by the government—a great humanity. And now, dearest ——, good night, and God bless you and all our darlings, and wish us a prosperous journey of three days to the great city of cities; for Naples, I confess, does in comparison appear to me to be viler than vile, a city without one noble association in ancient days or modern.

July 6, 1840.

8. And now we are on the great road from Florence to Rome. Rome once again, but now how much dearer, and to me more interesting than when I saw it last, and in how much dearer company. Yet how sad will it be not to find Bunsen there, and to feel that Niebuhr is gone. I note here in every group of people whom I meet many with light, very light eyes. Is this the German blood of the middle age conquests and wars, or are the mass of the present Italians descended from the Roman slaves—Ligurians, Kelts, Germans, and from all other nations? However, of the fact of the many light eyes in Tuscany I am sure. The country is beautiful, and we are going up amidst oak woods chiefly. The hedges here are brilliant; the Sweet William pinks of the deepest colour; the broom, the clematis, and the gum-cistus Salvianus, that beautiful flower which I have never seen wild since 1827. Here is the beginning of the mountain scenery of Central Italy, only a very faint specimen of it; but yet bearing its character—the narrow valley, the road in a terrace above it, the village of Staggia with its old walls and castle tower, the vines, figs and olives over all the country, and the luxuriant covering of all the cliffs and roadside banks, the wild fig and wild vine. Arrived at Castiglioncello 1.45. Left it 1.53. Ascending gradually towards Sienna, which is at the top of the whole country, dividing the streams which feed the Arno from

those that feed the Ombrone. The road here is a defile through oak woods, very beautiful; and after having got up through the wood, we are in a high plain, but with higher hills around us, and a great deal of wood. Here the country looks parched, for the soil is shallow.

Arrived at the gates of Sienna 3.16. I hope that I shall not have much time to write; nor have I, for the carriage is at the door. Left Sienna 4.50. We did not stop long, as is evident, but we dined, for two pauls each, about one franc, and we saw the cathedral, a thing very proper to do, and moreover the cathedral is fine and very rich, and has some pictures; amongst the rest, a set of pictures of the events of the life of my old friend Æneas Sylvius, designed, it is said, by Raphael in his early youth. There were also some fine illuminations of some ancient music books, and some very well executed Mosaics. Yet I should be a false man if I professed to feel much pleasure in such things. What I did rejoice in was the view which we had, far and wide, from the heights of Sienna, a boundless range of Apennines. And coming out of Sienna, we have just had a shower of Cicada drop from the trees upon the carriage, who hopped off when anything threatened them behind with an agility truly marvellous. And now we are descending from our height, amidst a vast extent of cornfields just cleared, and the view is not unlike that from Pain à Bouchain, only some of the Apennines before us are too fine for the hills about Roanne. Let me notice now several things to the credit of the Italians hereabouts. First of all, the excessive goodness of the Albergo del' Ussaro at Pisa, where the master, who speaks English, changed my French money into Tuscan and Roman, a convenience to avoid the endless disputes about the exact value of the foreign coinage. Next, at Castiglioncello, the stage before Sienna, there is "Terzo Cavallo," and justly, seeing that the whole stage is uphill. I said to the ostler, "You have a right, I believe, here, to a third horse;" to which he said, "Yes." But presently he added, "You are only two persons, and I shall send you with two;" and this he did without any compromise of paying for two horses and a half: but we had two, and we paid only for two. And finally, the Sienna dinner, at four pauls, at the Aquila Nera, was worthy of all commendation.

As I have occasion to complain often of the Italians, it is pleasant to be able to make these exceptions. Sienna stands like Langres, and as we have been descending, two little streams have risen in the hill-sides right and left, and now they meet and form a green valley, into which we are just descended, and find again the hedgerows, the houses, and the vines. Arrived at Montaroni 5.57. Left it 6.4. And still, I believe, we are going to have another stage of descent to Buon Convento. Alas! an adventure has sadly delayed us, for though the stage be mostly descent or level ground, yet there was one sharp little hill soon after we left Montaroni, in the middle of which our horses absolutely would not go on, wherefore the carriage would go back, and soon got fast in the ditch. M—— got out very safely, and we got the carriage out of the ditch, but it was turned round in the doing it, and the road was so narrow that we could not turn it right again for a long time.

Meanwhile, a passing traveller kindly carried a message back to the post for a Terzo, and after a while Terzo and a boy came to our aid, and brought us up the hill valiantly; and Terzo is now trotting on, a bright example to his companions.

July 7. Left Buon Convento 5.16. Again a lovely morning, dearest ——, and certainly if man does not glorify God in this country, yet, as we have just been reading,* "the very stones do indeed cry out." The country is not easy to describe, for the framework of the Apennines here is very complicated, the ribs of the main chain being very twisted, and throwing out other smaller ribs which are no less so, so that the valleys are infinitely winding; but, generally, we were on the Ombrone at Buon Convento, and at Torrinieri shall be on one of his feeders, which runs so as to form a very acute angle with him at his confluence. Between the two the ground is thrown about in swells and falls indescribable. The country is generally open corn land, just cleared, but varied with patches of copse, of heath, and of vines and other trees in the valleys, and the farmhouses perched about in the summit of the hills with their odd little corn stacks, some scattered all over the fields, and others making a belt round the houses. Il Cavallo Inglese at Buon Convento was a decent place as to beds, but roguish, as the small places always are, in their charges. The Terzo did well, and brought us well to Buon Convento after all. At this moment, Monte Alcino, on a high mountain on the right, is looking splendidly under the morning sun, with its three churches, its castle, and the mass of trees beneath it. Arrived at Torrinieri, 6.15. Left it 6.21, with four horses, but only three are to be paid for, which is all quite right; the fourth is for their own pleasure. We have just crossed the Orcia, and these great ascents, which require the Terzo, are but shoulders dividing one feeder of the Ombrone from another, the Orcia from the Tressa. We have had one enormous ascent, and a descent by zig and zag to a little feeder, and now we are up again to go down to another. On this intermediate height, rising out of a forest of olives, with its old wall, its church, with a fine Norman doorway, and its castle tower, stands S. Quirico, on no river, my M——, but a place beginning with a Q., when we "play at Geographical." We are just under its walls, with a mass of ilex sloping down from the foot of the walls to the road; the machicolations of the walls are very striking. We are descending towards Tressa, a vast view before us, bounded by the mountains of Radicofani. The hills which we are descending are thickly wooded on our right, with most picturesque towns on their summits, while the deep furrows of this blue marl, though rock would doubtless be finer, are yet very striking in all the gorges and combes. Arrived at La Poderina, that most striking view, 7.45. Left it 7.53. We have crossed the Tressa, a rocky stream in a deep dell between noble mountains on each side crowned with the most picturesque towns and castles. The postillion calls the river the Orcia, and I think he is right: the town is Rocca d'Orcia; it is the scene I had noticed

* *i.e.* in the daily lessons of Scripture, which, with the Te Deum, they used to read every morning on starting.

in my former journal, and indeed it is not easy to be forgotten; but I had fancied the spot had been at Buon Convento. This stage is the only one as yet that could be called at all dull; much of it is through a low plain, without trees or vines, and therefore it is now bare; in this plain, however, there stands one of the finest oaks by the road side, a lonely and goodly tree, which has the plain to itself. They are also doing a very good work, in making a line of road, quite in the plain, to avoid the many ups and downs of the present road in crossing the valleys of the small streams which run down into the main valley. But although the immediate neighbourhood of the road is dull, yet how glorious are the mountains all around! Arrived at Riccorsi, 9.10. Left it 9.18. I was speaking of the mountains, and I am quite sure that a scene so picturesque as that which we have just above Riccorsi, in this stage, which people who read and sleep through the country call dull, can very rarely be rivalled in England. The mountains are very high, and their sides and banks and furrowing combes, nobly spread out before you, covered mostly with oak forests, but the forest toward the plain thinning off into single trees till it gives place to the olives and vines; and near the summit there is a great scar or cliff, on which, or to which, sit or stick as they can the houses of Campiglia, with its picturesque towers as usual. And now we are really going up to the head of the country, to the fantastic rocks of Radicofani, which turn the waters to the Ombrone and Tiber, and are visible from the Ciminian hills. Again the road itself is in the bare hillside, with masses of rock here and there. But across the torrent, the mountain sides are clothed more or less with trees, in some places thickly, and before us the hillside is yellow with the still standing corn. The torrent beds, however, are here for the most part quite dry. Those creatures which dropped on our carriage yesterday, are here in great numbers; they call them Cavaletti or Grigli; they are a species of Cicada, but not those which croak on the trees, and which, I believe, are never seen on the ground. We have just crowned the summit, and see before us the country towards Rome, and the streams going to the Tiber. The valley of the Paglia for miles lies before us. Alas! to think of that unhappy papal government, and of the degraded people subject to it. Arrived at Radicofani, 10.45.

There is a good inn here, so we have stopped to get something to eat, and to give M—— some rest, which she greatly needs; and from here our way is in a manner all downhill. Glorious indeed is the view all around us, and there is also a nice garden under the house, where I see an oleander in bloom, although our height above the Mediterranean must be very great, and up here the corn is not ripe. The air is pure and cool enough, as you may suppose, but there is no chill in it, and the flies are taking liberties with my face, which are disagreeable. It is very strange to see so nice-looking an inn at this wild place, but the movement of the world does wonders, and it improves even the mountain of Radicofani. I have exposed myself to the attacks of those who cannot bear to hear of the movement of the nineteenth century improving anything; however, I was thinking only of physical improve-

ment in roads and inns, which is a matter not to be disputed. But in truth the improvement does go deeper than this, and though the work is not all of God (and did even Christianity itself except the intermeddling hand of Antichrist?) yet in itself it is of God, and its fruits are accordingly good in the main, though mixed with evil always, and though the evil sometimes be predominant; sometimes it may be alone to be found; just as in this long descent which I see before me to Ponte Centino there are portions of absolutely steep uphill. It is a lying spirit undoubtedly that says "look backwards."

Viterbo, July 8th, 1840.—On May 9th, 1827, I entered Rome last, dearest ——; and it gives me a thrill to look out from my window on the very Ciminian hills, and to know that one stage will bring us to the top of them. But the Caffé bids me stop. Left Viterbo 5.30. A clever piccolo has aided our carriage well by leading Terzo round some very sharp turnings in the narrow streets. And now we are out amidst gardens and olives, with the Ciminian hills all green with their copsewood right before us. We are now amidst the copsewood; many single chestnuts and oaks are still standing; the tufts of gum-cistus Salvianus by the roadside mingled with the broom are most beautiful. Long white lines of cloud lie in the plains, so that the Sabine mountains seemed to rise exactly from the sea. And now a wooded point rises above us of a very fine shape, a sort of spur from the main ridge like Swirl Edge from Helvellyn. Here the oaks and chestnuts are fine. Thick wood on both sides of the road. Again we descend gradually towards Monterossi, Soracte, and the mountains behind it finer than can be told. We may now say that we are within what was the Roman frontier in the middle of the fourth century, U.C., for we have just crossed the little stream which flows by both Sutrium and Nepete, and they were long the frontier colonies towards Etruria. Here we join the Perugia and Ancona road, and after the junction our ways seem much improved. And now we are ascending a long hill into Monterossi, which seems to stand on a sort of shoulder running down from the hills of the Lake Sabatinus towards the Campagna. I suppose that this country must have been the περίοικις of Veii. The twenty-sixth milestone from Rome stands just at the foot of the hill going up into Monterossi. Here they are threshing their corn vigorously out in the sun; I should have thought that it must be dry enough anywhere. Arrived at Monterossi 9.30, at the twenty-fifth milestone, 9.44. Here begins the Campagna, and I am glad to find that my description of it in Vol. I. is quite correct. Here are the long slopes and the sluggish streams, such as I have described them, and the mountain wall almost grander than my recollection of it. And, as our common broom was tufting all the slopes and banks when I was here last in April and May, so now, in July we have our garden broom no less beautiful. I observe that since we have joined the Perugia road, everything seems in better style, both roads and posting, because that is the great road to Bologna and Ancona, and the Sienna road leads within the Roman States to no place of consequence. Here is one of the lonely Osterie of the Campagna, but now smartened up into the Hotel des Septe Veines, Sette

Vene, strange to behold. Here we found our Neapolitan friend, who, not liking his horses, had sent them back to Monterossi, and was waiting for others. The postillions would have changed them for ours, deeming our necks, I suppose, of no consequence; but our Neapolitan friend most kindly advised me not to allow them to change; a piece of disinterested, or rather self-denying consideration, for which I felt much obliged to him. Strange it is to look at these upland slopes, so fresh, so airy, so open, and to conceive that malaria can be here. They have been planting trees here by the roadside, acacias and elms and shumacks, a nice thing to do, and perhaps also really useful, as trees might possibly lessen the malaria. We see the men who come to reap the crops in the Campagna sleeping under the shade by the roadside; we are going up the outer rim of the Baccano crater; the road is a "via cava," and the beauty of the brooms and wild figs is exquisite. Now we are in the crater, quite round, with a level bottom about one mile and a half in diameter. Arrived at Baccano, 10.35. Left it, 10.45. And now we are going up the inner rim of the crater, and it is an odd place to look back on. I put up Catstabber, take my pen, and look with all my eyes, for here is the top of the rim, and Rome is before us, though as yet I see it not. We have just seen it, 11.5. S. Peter's within the horizon line, the Mons Albanus, the portal into the Hernican country, Præneste, Tiber, and the valley of the Anio towards Sublaqueum. Of earthly sights τρίτον αὖτε—Athens and Jerusalem are the other two—the three people of God's selection, two for things temporal, and one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister. Greek cultivation and Roman polity prepared men for Christianity, as Mahometanism * can bear witness, for the East, when it abandoned Greece and Rome, could only reproduce Judaism. Mahometanism, six hundred years after Christ, justifies the wisdom of God in Judaism; proving that the eastern man could bear nothing more perfect. Here I see perfectly the shoulder of land which joins the Alban Hills to the mountains by Præneste, and through the gap over them I see the mountains of the Volscians. A long ridge lies before us, between us and La Storta, but, if we turned to the left before we ascended it, we could get down to the Tiber without a hill. And here I look upon Veii, (Isola Farnese,) and see distinctly the little cliff above the stream which was made available for the old walls. We are descending to the stream at Osteria del Fosso, which was one of those that flowed under the walls of Veii. And here at Osteria del Fosso we have the little cliffy banks which were so often used here for the fortifications of the ancient towns, and such as I have just seen in Veii itself. We are going up the ridge from Osteria de Fosso, and have just passed the 11th milestone. These bare slopes overgrown with thistles and fern are very solemn, while the bright broom cheering the road banks might be an image of God's grace in the wilderness, and a type that it most cheers those who keep to the straight road of duty.

* "The unworthy idea of Paradise" in the Koran, he used to say, "justifies the ways of God in not revealing a future state earlier, since man in early ages was not fit for it."

Past the tenth milestone, and here apparently with no descent to reach to, is La Storta. Arrived at La Storta, 12.4. Left it 12.14. Here is a Campagna scene, on the left a lonely Osteria, and on the right one of the lonely square towers of this district, old refuges for men and cattle in the middle ages. We descend gradually; the sides of the slopes both right and left (for we are on a ridge) are prettily clothed with copsewood. I have just seen the Naples road beyond Rome, the back of the Monte Mario, the towers of the churches at the Porta del Popolo. And now, just past the fourth milestone, S. Peter's has opened from behind Monte Mario, and we go down by zig and zag towards the level of the Tiber. It brings us down into a pretty green valley watered by the Acqua Traversa, where, for the first time, we have a few vines on the slope above. The Acqua Traversa joins the Tiber above the Milvian bridge, so we cross him and go up out of his little valley on the right. And here we find the first houses which seem like the approach to a city. There are the cypresses on the Monte Mario, and here is the Tiber and the Milvian bridge. We are crossing the Tiber now, and now we are in the AGER ROMANUS. Garden walls and ordinary suburb houses line the road on both sides, but the Collis Hortulorum rises prettily on the left with its little cliffs, its cypresses, copsewood and broom. The Porta del Popolo is in sight, and then Passport and Dogana must be minded, so here I stop for the present, 1.20.

ROME, July 9. Again this date, my dearest ——, one of the most solemn and interesting to me that my hand can ever write, and now even more interesting than when I saw it last.

9. The Pantheon I had never seen before, and I admire it greatly; its vastness, and the opening at the top which admitted the view of the cloudless sky, both struck me particularly. Of the works of art at the Vatican, I ought not to speak, but I was glad to find that I could understand the Apollo better than when I last saw it.

S. Stefano Rotondo on the Cælian, so called from its shape, consists of two rows of concentric pillars, and contains the old Mosaic of our Lord, of which I spoke in my former journal. It exhibits, also, in a series of pictures all round the church, the martyrdoms of the Christians in the so-called Persecutions, with a general picture of the most eminent martyrs since the triumph of Christianity. No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted, will bear no critical examination; it is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. But this is a thankless labour, such as Lingard and others have undertaken with respect to the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the Irish massacre of 1642. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty—by fifty if you will—but after all you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments and death for conscience' sake and for Christ's, and by their sufferings manifestly, with God's blessing, ensuring the triumph of Christ's Gospel. Neither do I think that we consider the excellence of this martyr spirit half enough. I do not think that pleasure is a sin:* the Stoics of old, and the ascetic Christians since, who have

* He had, however, a great respect for the later Stoics:—"It is common to

said so, (see the answers of that excellent man Pope Gregory the Great, to Augustine's questions, as given at length by Bede,) have, in saying so, overstepped the simplicity and the wisdom of Christian truth. But, though pleasure is not a sin, yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom in our daily life suffering seems so far removed. And, as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace no less mighty now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might in us be no less glorified in a time of trial. And that such time of trial will come, my children, in your days, if not in mine, I do believe fully, both from the teaching of man's wisdom, and of God's. And, therefore, pictures of martyrdoms are, I think, very wholesome,—not to be sneered at, nor yet to be looked on as a mere excitement,—but a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of His people to bear. Neither should we forget those who, by their sufferings, were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us, in securing to us the safe and triumphant existence of Christ's blessed faith—in securing to us the possibility—nay, the actual enjoyment, had it not been for the Antichrist of the Priesthood—of Christ's holy and glorious ἐκκλησία, the congregation and commonwealth of Christ's people.

July 12, 1840.

10. . . . And I see Sezza on its mountain seat; but here is a more sacred spot, Appii Forum, where St. Paul met his friends, when, having landed at Puteoli, he went on by the Appian road to Rome. Here the ancient and the present roads are the same,—here, then, the Apostle Paul, with Luke and with Timothy, travelled along, a prisoner, under a centurion guard, to carry his appeal to Cæsar. How much resulted from that journey—the manifestation of Christ's name ἐν ὅλῳ τῷ πραιτωρίῳ, the four precious Epistles ad Ephesios, ad Philippenses, ad Colossenses, ad Philemona; and on the other hand, owing to his long absence, the growth of Judaism, that is, of priestcraft, in the eastern churches, never, alas! to be wholly put down.

July 13, 1840.

11. . . . M—— says that she never saw so beautiful a spot as Mola di Gaeta. I should say so too, in suo genere; but Fox How and Chiavenna are so different, that I cannot compare them; so again are Rome from S. Pietro in Montorio,—Oxford, from the pretty field, or from St. John's Gardens,—London, from Westminster Bridge, and Paris, from the Quays. But Mola is one of those spots which are of a beauty not to be forgotten while one lives.

"At Mola is what is called Cicero's Villa. There is no greater

ridicule them," he said; "but their triumph over bodily pain was one of the noblest efforts after good ever made by man, without revelation. He that said to pain, 'Thou art no evil to me, so long as I can endure thee,'—it was given him from God."

folly than to attempt to connect particular spots in this uncertain way with great names; and no one, who represents to his own mind the succession of events and ages which have passed, will attempt to do it upon conjecture, the chances being thousands to one against correctness. There can be no traditions, from the long period when such things were forgotten and uncared for; and what seems to be tradition, in fact, originates in what antiquarians have told the people. People do not enough consider the long periods of the Roman empire after Augustus's time,—the century of the greatest activity under Trajan, and the Antonines, when the Republic and the Augustan age were considered as ancient times,—then Severus and his time,—then Diocletian and Theodosius,—when the Roman laws were in full vigour."

Naples, July 14, 1840.

12. While we are waiting for dinner, my dearest ——, I will write two or three lines of journal. Here we actually are, looking out upon what but presents images which, with a very little play of fancy, might all be shaped into a fearful drama of Pleasure, Sin, and Death. The Pleasure is everywhere,—nowhere is nature more lovely, or man, as far as appears, more enjoying; the Sin is in the sty of Capreæ, in the dissoluteness of Baiæ and Pompeii,—in the black treachery which, in this ill-omened country, stained the fame even of Nelson,—in the unmatchable horrors of the White Jacobins of 1799,—in the general absence of any recollections of piety, virtue, or wisdom—for "he that is not with me is against me." And the Death stands manifest in his awfulness in Vesuvius,—in his loathsomeness at the abominable Campo Santo. Far be it from me, or from my friends, to live or to sojourn long in such a place; the very contradictory, as it seems to me, of the hill Difficulty, and of the House Beautiful, and of the Land of Beulah. But, behold, we are again in voiture, going along the edge of the sea in the port of Naples, and going out to Salerno. Clouds are on the mountains which form the south-east side of the bay; but Vesuvius is clear, and quite quiet,—not a wreath of smoke ascends from him. Since I wrote this, in the last five minutes, there is a faint curl of smoke visible. Striking it is to observe the thousand white houses round his base, and the green of copsewood which runs half-way up him, and up to the very summit of his neighbour, the Monte Somma,—and then to look at the desolate blackness of his own cone.

July 15, 1840.

13. We have just left Pompeii, after having spent two hours in walking over the ruins. Now what has struck me most in this extraordinary scene, speaking historically? That is, what knowledge does one gain from seeing an ancient town destroyed in the first century of the Christian era, thus laid open before us? I do not think that there is much. I observed the streets crossing one another at right angles: I observed the walls of the town just keeping the crown of the hill, and the suburbs and the tombs falling away directly from the gates: I observed the shops in front of the houses,—the streets narrow, the

rooms in the houses very small; the dining-room in one of the best was twenty feet by eighteen nearly. The Forum was large for the size of the town; and the temples and public buildings occupied a space proportionably greater than with us. I observed the Impluvium, forming a small space in the midst of the Atrium. And I think, farther, that Pompeii is just a thing for pictures to represent adequately; I could understand it from Gell's book, but no book can give me the impressions or the knowledge which I gain from every look at the natural landscape. Then, poetically, Pompeii is to me, as I always thought it would be, no more than Pompeii; that is, it is a place utterly unpoetical. An Osco-Roman town, with some touches of Greek corruption,—a town of the eighth century of Rome, marked by no single noble recollection, nor having—like the polygonal walls of Ciolano—the marks of a remote antiquity and a pure state of society. There is only the same sort of interest with which one would see the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, but indeed there is less. One is not authorised to ascribe so solemn a character to the destruction of Pompeii; it is not a peculiar monument of God's judgments, it is the mummy of a man of no worth or dignity,—solemn, no doubt, as everything is which brings life and death into such close connexion, but with no proper and peculiar solemnity, like places rich in their own proper interest, or sharing in the general interest of a remote antiquity, or an uncorrupted state of society. The towns of the Ciolano are like the tomb of a child,—Pompeii is like that of Lord Chesterfield.

July 18, 1840.

14. The panorama of mountains, and the infinite variety of light and shade caused by a very bright sun and very black clouds, cannot be described. Aquila is seen rising on its hills on the left bank of the Aternus, about nine miles off. Behold something of a section of the plain and valley, if I can make them intelligible——. By the way I saw the Tratturo delle Pecore, or Cattle Path, "Callis," which Keppel Craven mentions, in our upland plain, a broad marked track on the turf, which ran close by the road for a space, and then passed it. We are now down fairly in the valley, at the 125th mile, and the Gran Sasso d'Italia, or Monte Como, the highest of the Apennines, 9000 feet above the level of the sea, spreads out his huge mass just behind the near hills of this valley——. I have endeavoured to represent his outline, and his enormous ribs and deep combes, but I must not forget his verdure; for as the sun shines upon him, the turf upon his swells and ridge looks green as Loughrigg, the peak looks as I have so often seen Fairfield when a slight snow has fallen:—the snow lies where the steepness of the cliffs will let it lie. We are in a fresh valley amidst streams of running water: but there is malaria here. And now, 6.56, we are just beginning the ascent of the hill on which Aquila itself is built. Nothing can be fresher than everything around us, the vines on the hills, the deep green of the poplars and willows that fringe the streams, and the bright grass of a little patch of meadow. Then the mountains rise behind on all sides, their tops still gleaming with

the sun which is set to us in the valley, (129th mile, within a quarter of a mile of the entrance into Aquila,) while the mountains to the N.W. are steeped in one of the richest glows of crimson that I ever saw. Passports at Aquila gate, or rather at the gate of the old περιβολος; but Aquila has shrunk, and a long avenue through corn-fields leads from the gate of what was the town to the beginning of the part inhabited now.

July 19. Left Aquila, 6.8, passing under the citadel and with the Gran Sasso facing us in all his brightness.—I did not see his main summit last night after all, for it was behind, and the clouds covered it; so I have put it in slightly this morning. We have got to-day, not a Cheval but an Homme de Renfort, to help the carriage through the difficulties of the pass of Antrodoco. And now, dearest, it is Sunday morning, and a brighter day never shone: the clouds and cold have vanished, and summer seems returned. May God bless you all, my darlings, and us your absent parents—to whom the roads of Italy on this day are far less grateful than the chapel of Rydal or of Rugby. It is here amongst strangers or enemies that I could most zealously defend the Church of England:—here one may look only at its excellencies; whereas at home, and amongst ourselves, it is idle to be puffing what our business is rather to mend and to perfect.

July 20, 1840.

15. Rieti is so screened by the thousand elms to which its vines are trained, that you can hardly see the town till you are in it. It stands in the midst of the "Rosea Rura," this marvellous plain of the Velinus, a far fairer than the Thessalian Tempe. Immediately above it are some of the rocky but exquisitely soft hills of the country,—so soft and sweet that they are like the green hills round Como, or the delicate screen of the head of Derwentwater; the Apennines have lost all their harsher and keep only their finer features—their infinite beauty of outline, and the endless enwrappings of their combes, their cliffs, and their woods. But there is water everywhere, which gives a universal freshness to everything. Rieti, I see, stands just at an opening of the hills, so that you may catch its towers on the sky between them. We have crossed the Velino to its left bank, just below its confluence with the Torrano, the ancient Tereno, as I believe, up whose valley we have just been looking, and see it covered with corn, standing in shocks, but not carried. It has been often a very striking sight to see the little camp of stacks raised round a farm-house, and to see multitudes of people assembled, threshing their corn, or treading it out with mules' or horses' feet. Still the towns stand nobly on the mountains. Behold Grecio before us,—two church towers, and the round towers of its old bastions, and the line of its houses on the edge of one cliff, and with other cliffs rising behind it. The road has chosen to go up a shoulder of hill on the left of the valley, for no other visible reason than to give travellers a station like the Bowness Terrace, from which they might have a general view over it. It is really like "the garden of the Lord," and the "Seraph guard" might keep their watch on the summit of the

opposite mountains, which, seen under the morning sun, are invested in a haze of heavenly light, as if shrouding a more than earthly glory. Truly may one feel with Von Canitz,* that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable,—what infinitely more of Him who is the author of both! And if I feel thrilling through me the sense of this outward beauty—innocent, indeed, yet necessarily unconscious,—what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty,—of God the Holy Spirit's creation,—of humbleness and truth, and self-devotion and love! Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind and wise and holy thoughts, and words, and actions; more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's † patient waiting for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, feeling as if she owed us anything,—than this glorious valley of the Velinus. For this will pass away, and that will not pass away: but that is not the great point;—believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish; still there is in the moral beauty, an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have; for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely His work: His living and conscious ministers and servants are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the living God Himself.

July 20, 1840.

16. We have now one of the best possible specimens of the ancient mountain towns close above us. This is Torri, standing on the top of a hill, and stretching down towards the plain. Its churches are at the summit like an acropolis, and from thence its walls diverge down the hill, and are joined by a cross wall, the base of the triangle, near but not at the plain——. The walls are perfect, and, there being no suburbs, the town is quite distinctly marked, standing in a mass of olives around it; and below that I see that it is not quite a triangle, but rather a triangle stuck on to a rude circle. Spoleto is still beautifully visible at the end of the plain behind us. I can conceive Hannibal's Numidians trying to carry it ἀντοβοεί after they had harried all this delicious plain; and if the colony shut its gates against them, and was not panic-struck by the terror of Thrasymenus, it did well, and deserved honour, as did Nola in like case, although Marcellus's son lied about his father's life no less valiantly than he did about his death.

Arrived at Ponte Centesimo, 5.51. Left it 6.2. The valley narrow, and the oaks very nice on the hill sides. The road ascends steeply from Ponte Centesimo along the side of the hills as a terrace. The road is now very beautiful, the hills on both sides are wooded, and the turf under them is soft in the morning sun. We have still the vines and the maize, but I doubt whether we shall see many more olives; for from here to the top of the Apennines it will be too high for them, and they have the good taste not to grow in that mongrel Italy between

* See the story and poem in Serm. vol. iv. note B.

† An old woman in the Almshouses at Rugby, alluded to at pp. 131, 460.

the Apennines and the Alps. Here we cross a great feeder of the main stream, great in width of bed, but very small in his supply of water, while the main stream, like an honest man, seems to be no more than he is, has a little channel, but fills it with water. Behold meadows by the stream side, and mowing going forward; and O marvellous for a summer scent in Italy! the smell of fresh hay! It is quite lovely, the hill sides like Rydal Park, and the valley like our great hay-fields, with cattle feeding freely; but still the Apennine character of endless dells and combes in the mountain sides, which give a character of variety and beauty to the details of the great landscape, quite peculiar to central Italy. We have had no stage like this since we have entered Italy, and it goes on still with the same beauty. And now we have crossed our beautiful stream, and are going up a little valley to our right, in which stands Nocera. I did not notice when we arrived at Nocera, but we left it 7.30. If for a moment the country in the preceding stage could have made us forget that we were in Italy, the town of Nocera would soon have reminded us of it; standing on a hill as usual, and with all its characteristic style of building. A few olives too were and are still to be seen, and the vines are luxuriant. We went up a steep hill, and down a steeper out of Nocera; to get out of the valley of the Nocera feeder, and to come again into the valley of our old friend the Calcignolo; but now it is very wide, and we are not near his stream, but on the roots of the mountains, with a wide view right and left of upland slopes, corn, and vines, and the hills beautifully wooded, and the combes delicious, and water trickling down, or rather running in every little stream bed. We have had much up and down over the swellings and sinkings of the hill sides and combes, but as Terzo is gone back, our way, I presume, will now be smoother. As I now sit between Guisano and Gualdo, I see the valley or upland plain in which we are stretching away quite to the central ridge, which sinks at that point perceptibly, so that the Apennines are here penetrated from the south with no trouble. Even here I see a few olives, but the vines and maize grow freely over the whole country, and the hills are beautifully wooded, so that a more delightful or livable region is not easily to be found. Compare this pass of the Apennines with that between Isermia and Castel di Sangro, or with the tremendous descent from the Five mile plain to Sulmona. We descend a steep hill into the combe, in which is Gualdo, and arrive at the post, 9.0. I did not notice our leaving it, because there was a dispute about a Terzo. We have just passed a road, going to Gubbio Iguvium, so famous for its tables in the Umbrian language, but some of them written in the Latin character. Still ups and downs perpetual, but fresh water everywhere, which freshens the whole landscape, and it is truly beautiful. Still I see a few olives on the hill side above us, but they must be nearly the last. Here is another such descent into the combe, on the opposite side of which stands Sigillo, and still here are the olives. Arrived at Sigillo, 10.44. Left at 11.0. Still the same beautiful plain, corn, and maize, and festooning vines, although we are on high ground, and going to cross the main ridge of the Apennines with no Terzo; and still olives,

while fine oaks are scattered over the plain, and raise their higher foliage above the universal green of the young trees where the vines are trained. The road has continued stealing up along the sides of the hills till we are nearly arrived at the head of the valley, and also at the extremity of cultivation, for only a thin belt of vines now intervenes between us and the bare hill side. And yet there are olives even here, and the oaks are quite beautiful; and walnuts are intermixed with them. The road turns left across the valley to go round a spur or shoulder which runs out from the hills on the right; how or where we cross the watershed I do not yet see. —— We have turned our spur and the road goes right, and the watershed opens before us—just a straight line between the hills, and closing up the valley as with a dam;—exactly as in ascending Winster we find the top of the valley, just before going down upon Windermere. Yet one or two olives are to be found even here, and the vines and maize are everywhere. I know of no other such passage of a great mountain chain, preserving actually up to the very watershed all the richness of a southern valley, and yet with the freshness of a mountain region too. And here we are on the "ipsissimum divortium," still amidst the trailing vines; and here is La Schezzia, on a stream which is going to the Adriatic.

Banks of the Metaurus, July 21, 1840.

17. "Livy says, 'the farther Hasdrubal got from the sea, the steeper became the banks of the river.' We noticed some steep banks, but probably they were much higher twenty-three centuries ago; for all rivers have a tendency to raise themselves, from accumulations of gravel, &c.; the windings of the stream, also, would be much more as Livy describes them, in the natural state of the river. The present aspect of this tract of country is the result of 2000 years of civilisation, and would be very different in those times. There would be much of natural forest remaining, the only cultivation being the square patches of the Roman messores, and these only on the best land. The whole plain would look wild, like a new and half settled country. One of the greatest physical changes on the earth is produced by the extermination of carnivorous animals; for then the graminivorous become so numerous as to eat up all the young trees, so that the forests rapidly diminish, except those trees which they do not eat, as pines and firs."

July 23, 1840.

18. Between Faenza and Imola, just now, I saw a large building standing back from the road, on the right, with two places somewhat like lodges in front, on the road side. On one of them was the inscription "Labor omnia vicit," and the lines about iron working, ending "Argutæ lamina serræ." On the other were Horace's lines about drinking without fear of "insanæ leges." Therefore, I suppose that these buildings were an iron foundry, and a public or café; but the classical inscriptions seemed to me characteristic of that foolery of classicalism which marks the Italians, and infects those with us who are called "elegant scholars." It appears to me that in Christian

Europe the only book from which quotations are always natural and good as inscriptions for all sorts of places, is the Bible; because every calling of life has its serious side, if it be not sinful; and a quotation from the Bible relating to it, is taking it on this serious side, which is at once a true side, and a most important one. But iron foundaries and publics have no connexion with mere book literature, which to the people concerned most with either, is a thing utterly uncongenial. And inscriptions on such places should be for those who most frequent them: a literary man writing up something upon them, for other literary men to read, is like the impertinence of two scholars talking to each other in Latin at a coach dinner.

Bologna July 23, 1840.

19. . . . And now this is the last night, I trust, in which I shall sleep in the Pope's dominions; for it is impossible not to be sickened with a government such as this, which discharges no one function decently. The ignorance of the people is prodigious,—how can it be otherwise? The booksellers' shops sad to behold,—the very opposite of that scribe, instructed to the kingdom of God, who was to bring out of his treasures things new and old,—these scribes, not of the kingdom of God, bring out of their treasures nothing good, either new or old, but the mere rubbish of the past and the present. Other governments may see an able and energetic sovereign arise, to whom God may give a long reign, so that what he began in youth, he may live to complete in old age. But here every reign must be short; for every sovereign comes to the throne an old man, and with no better education than that of a priest. Where, then, can there be hope under such a system, so contrived as it should seem for every evil end, and so necessarily exclusive of good? I could muse long and deeply on the state of this country, but it is not my business; neither do I see, humanly speaking, one gleam of hope. "1517," said Niebuhr, "must precede 1688;" but where are the symptoms of 1517 here? And if one evil spirit be cast out, there are but seven others yet more evil, if it may be, ready to enter. Wherefore, I have no sympathy with the so-called Liberal party here any more than has Bunsen. They are but types of the counter evil of Popery,—that is, of Jacobinism. The two are obverse and reverse of the coin,—the imprinting of one type on the one side, necessarily brings out the other on the other side; and so in a perpetual series; for [Newmanism] leads to [Socialism], and [Socialism] leads to [Newmanism],—the eternal oscillations of the drunken mima,—the varying vices and vileness of the slave, and the slave broken loose. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave," and the other half goes when he becomes a slave broken loose. Wherefore may God grant us freedom from all idolatry, whether of flesh or of spirit; that fearing Him* and loving Him, we may fear and bow down before no idol, and never worshipping what ought not to be worshipped, may so

* "He fears God thoroughly, and he fears neither man nor Devil beside," was his characteristic description of a thoroughly courageous man.

escape the other evil of not worshipping what ought to be worshipped. Good night, my darlings.

20. As we are going through this miserable state of Modena, it makes me feel most strongly what it is to be ἐλευθέρας πολέως πολίτης. What earthly thing could induce me to change the condition of an English private gentleman for any conceivable rank or fortune, or authority in Modena? How much of my nature must I surrender; how many faculties must consent to abandon their exercise before the change could be other than intolerable? Feeling this, one can understand the Spartan answer to the Great King's satrap, "Hadst thou known what freedom was, thou wouldst advise us to defend it not with swords, but with axes." Now there are some, Englishmen unhappily, but most unworthy to be so, who affect to talk of freedom, and a citizen's rights and duties, as things about which a Christian should not care. Like all their other doctrines, this comes out of the shallowness of their little minds, "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." True it is, that St. Paul, expecting that the world was shortly to end, tells a man not to care even if he were in a state of personal slavery. That is an endurable evil which will shortly cease, not in itself only, but in its consequences. But even for the few years during which he supposed the world would exist, he says, "if thou mayst be made free, use it rather." For true it is that a great part of the virtues of human nature can scarcely be developed in a state of slavery, whether personal or political. The passive virtues may exist, the active ones suffer. Truth, too, suffers especially; if a man may not declare his convictions when he wishes to do so, he learns to conceal them also for his own convenience; from being obliged to play the hypocrite for others, he learns to lie on his own account. And as the ceasing to lie is mentioned by St. Paul, as one of the first marks of the renewed nature, so the learning to lie is one of the surest marks of nature unrenewed. . . . True it is, that the first Christians lived under a despotism, and yet that truth, and the active virtues were admirably developed in them. But the first manifestation of Christianity was in all respects of a character so extraordinary as abundantly to make up for the absence of more ordinary instruments for the elevation of the human mind. It is more to the purpose to observe, that immediately after the Apostolic times, the total absence of all civil self-government was one great cause which ruined the government of the Church also, and prepared men for the abominations of the priestly dominion; while on the other hand Guizot has well shown that one great cause of the superiority of the Church to the heathen world, was because in the Church alone there was a degree of freedom and a semblance of political activity; the great bishops, Athanasius and Augustine, although subjects of a despotic ruler in the State, were themselves free citizens and rulers of a great society, in the management of which all the political faculties of the human mind found sufficient exercise. But when the Church is lost in the weakness and falsehood of a priesthood, it can no longer furnish such a field, and there is the greater need therefore of political freedom. But the only perfect and entirely whole-

some freedom, is where the Church and the State are both free, and both one. Then, indeed, there is Civitas Dei, then there is ἀρίστη καὶ τελειοτάτη τῆ πολίτεια. And now this discussion has brought me nearly half through this Duchy of Modena, for we must be more than half-way from Rubbiera to Reggio.

Canton Ticino, July 25, 1840.

21. We have now just passed the Austrian frontier, and are entered into Switzerland, that is into the canton Ticino—Switzerland politically, but Italy still, and for a long time geographically. In comparing this country with central Italy, I observe the verdure of the grass here, and the absence of the olive, and mostly of the fig, and the comparative rarity of the vine. Again, the villages are more scattered over the whole landscape, and not confined to the mountains; and the houses themselves, white and large and with overhanging roofs, and standing wide and free, have no resemblance to the dark masses of uncouth buildings which are squeezed together upon the scanty surface of their mountain platforms in central Italy. Here too is running water in every field—which keeps up this eternal freshness of green. But in central Italy all the forms are more picturesque, the glens are deeper, the hills are bolder, and at the same time softer, besides the indescribable charm thrown over every scene there by the recollection of its antiquities. Still I am not sure that I could justify to another person my own preference beyond all comparison of the country between Antrodoco and Terni over this between Como and Lugano. Mola di Gacta, Naples, Terracina, and Vietri, having the sea in their landscape, cannot fairly be brought into comparison.

July 28, 1840.

Left Amsteg, 6.50. The beauty of the lower part of this valley is perfect. The morning is fine, so that we see the tops of the mountains, which rise 9000 feet above the sea directly from the valley. Huge precipices, crowned with pines, rising out of pines, and with pines between them, succeed below to the crags and glaciers. Then in the valley itself, green *hows*, with walnuts and pears, and wild cherries, and the gardens of these picturesque Swiss cottages, scattered about over them; and the roaring Reuss, the only inharmonious element where he is,—yet he himself not incapable of being made harmonious if taken in a certain point of view, at the very bottom of all. This is the Canton Uri, one of the Wald Staaten, or Forest Cantons, which were the original germ of the Swiss confederacy. But Uri, like Sparta, has to answer the question, what has mankind gained over and above the ever precious example of noble deeds, from Mungarten, Sempach, or Thermopylæ. What the world has gained by Salamis and Platæa, and by Zama, is on the other hand no question, any more than it ought to be a question what the world has gained by the defeat of Philip's armada, or by Trafalgar and Waterloo. But if a nation only does great deeds that it may live, and does not show some worthy object for which it has lived, and Uri and Switzerland have shown but too

little of any such, then our sympathy with the great deeds of their history can hardly go beyond the generation by which those deeds were performed; and I cannot help thinking of the mercenary Swiss of Novara and Marignano, and of the oppression exercised over the Italian bailiwicks and the Pays de Vaud, and all the tyrannical exclusiveness of these little barren oligarchies, as much as of the heroic deeds of the three men, Tell and his comrades, or of the self-devotion of my namesake of Winkelried, when at Sempach he received into his breast "a sheaf of Austrian spears."

Steamer on the Lake of Luzern, July 29, 1840.

22. We arrived at Fluelen about half-past eight, and having had some food, and most commendable food it was, we are embarked on the Lake of Luzern, and have already passed Brünnen, and are outside the region of the high Alps. It would be difficult certainly for a Swiss to admire our lakes, because he would ask, what is there here which we have not, and which we have not on a larger scale? I cannot deny that the meadows here are as green as ours, the valleys richer, the woods thicker, the cliffs grander, the mountains by measurement twice or three times higher. And if Switzerland were my home and country, the English lakes and mountains would certainly never tempt me to travel to see them, destitute as they are of all historical interest. In fact, Switzerland is to Europe, what Cumberland and Westmorland are to Lancashire and Yorkshire; the general summer touring-place. But all country that is actually beautiful, is capable of affording to those who live in it the highest pleasure of scenery, which no country, however beautiful, can do to those who merely travel in it; and thus while I do not dispute the higher interest of Switzerland to a Swiss, (no Englishman ought to make another country his home, and therefore I do not speak of Englishmen,) I must still maintain that to me Fairfield is a hundred times more beautiful than the Righi, and Windermere than the Lake of the Four Cantons. Not that I think this is overvalued by travellers, it cannot be so; but most people undervalue greatly what mountains are when they form a part of our daily life, and combine not with our hours of leisure, of wandering, and of enjoyment, but with those of home life, of work and of duty. Luzern, July 29. We accomplished the passage of the lake in about three hours, and most beautiful it was all the way. And now, as in 1827, I recognise the forms of our common English country, and should be bidding adieu to mountains, and preparing merely for our Rugby lanes and banks, and Rugby work, were it not for the delightful excrescence of a tour which we hope to make to Fox How, and three or four days' enjoyment of our own mountains, hallowed by our English Church, and hallowed scarcely less by our English law. Alas, the difference between Church and Law, and clergy and lawyers; but so in human things the concrete ever adds unworthiness to the abstract. I have been sure for many years that the subsiding of a tour, if I may so speak, is quite as delightful as its swelling; I call it a subsiding, when one passes by common things indifferently, and even great things with a fainter

interest, because one is so strongly thinking of home and of the returning to ordinary relations and duties.

Swiss Lowlands, July 29, 1840.

23. . . . We have left the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, and are entering upon the Lowlands, which like those of Scotland are always unduly depreciated by being compared with their Highlands. The Swiss Lowlands are a beautiful country of hill or valley—never flat, and never barren;—a country like the best parts of Shropshire or Worcestershire. They are beautifully watered—almost all the rivers flowing out of lakes, and keeping a full body of water all the year, and they are extremely well wooded, besides the wooded appearance given to the country by its numerous walnut, pear, and apple trees. They are also a well inhabited and apparently a flourishing country; nor could I ever discern that difference between the Protestant and Catholic Cantons, under similar circumstances, which some of our writers have seen or fancied. As for the present aspect of the country—the corn is cutting but not cut; and much of it has been sadly laid. Vines there are none hereabouts, nor maize, but plenty of good grass, apple, and pear trees, and walnuts numberless,—hemp, potatoes and corn. The views behind the mountains are and will be magnificent all the way till we get over the Hauenstein hills, the continuation of the Jura, and we are now ascending from the valley of the Reuss to get over to the feeder of the Aar—the great river of the Bernese Oberland and of Bern.

August 6, 1840.

24. Arrived at St. Omer.—And Pavé is dead, and we have left our last French town except Calais, and all things and feelings French seem going to sleep in me,—cares of carriage—cares of passport—cares of inns—cares of postillions and of Pavé, and there revive within me the habitual cares of my life, which for the last seven weeks have slumbered. In many things the beginning and the end are different, in few more so than in a tour. "Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt," is in my case doubly false. My mind changes twice, from my home self to my travelling self, and then to my home self back again. On this day seven weeks I travelled this very stage; its appearance in that interval is no doubt altered; flowers are gone by, and corn is yellow which was green; but I am changed even more—changed in my appetites and in my impressions; for then I craved locomotion and rest from mental work—now I desire to remain still as to place, and to set my mind to work again;—then I looked at everything on the road with interest, drinking in eagerly a sense of the reality of foreign objects—now I only notice our advance homeward, and foreign objects seem to be things with which I have no concern. But it is not that I feel any way tired of things and persons French, only that I do so long for things and persons English. I never felt more keenly the wish to see the peace between the two countries perpetual; never could I be more indignant at the folly and wickedness which on both sides of the water are trying to rekindle the flames

of war. The one effect of the last war ought to be to excite in both nations the greatest mutual respect. France, with the aid of half Europe, could not conquer England; England, with the aid of all Europe, never could have overcome France, had France been zealous and united in Napoleon's quarrel. When Napoleon saw kings and princes bowing before him at Dresden, Wellington was advancing victoriously in Spain; when a million of men in 1815 were invading France, Napoleon engaged for three days with two armies, each singly equal to his own, and was for two days victorious. Equally and utterly false are the follies uttered by silly men of both countries, about the certainty of one beating the other. Ὀυ πόλυ διαφέρε ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου, is especially applicable here. When Englishmen and Frenchmen meet in war, each may know that they will meet in the other all a soldier's qualities, skill, activity, and undaunted courage, with bodies able to do the bidding of the spirit either in action or in endurance. England and France may do each other incalculable mischief by going to war, both physically and morally; but they can gain for themselves, or hope to gain nothing. It were an accursed wish in either to wish to destroy the other, and happily the wish would be as utterly vain as it would be wicked.

August 6, 1840.

25. Left Dover, 7.45. What am I to say of this perfect road and perfect posting; of the greenness and neatness of everything, the delicate miniature scale of the country,—the art of the painter held in honour, and extending even to barns and railings,—of the manifest look of spring and activity and business which appears in everybody's movements? The management of the Commissioner at Dover in getting the luggage through the Custom House, was a model of method and expedition, and so was the attendance at the inns. All this fills me with many thoughts, amongst which the prevailing one certainly is not pride; for with the sight of all this there instantly comes into my mind the thought of our sad plague spots, the canker worm in this beautiful and goodly fruit corrupting it within. But I will not dwell on this now,—personally, I may indulge in the unspeakable delight of being once again in our beloved country, with our English Church and English Law.

August 7, 1840.

26. Even whilst I write, the houses of the neighbourhood of London are being left behind, and these bright green quiet fields of Middlesex are succeeding one another like lightning. So we have passed London —no one can tell when again I may re-visit it;—and foreign parts, having now all London between me and them, are sunk away into an unreality, while Rugby and Fox How are growing very substantial. We are now just at Harrow; and here too harvest, I see, has begun. And now we are in Hertfordshire, crossing the valley of the Coln at Watford. Watford station, 5.54. Left it, 5.56. Tring station, 6.28. Left it, 6.30. And now we are descending the chalk escarpment, and

it may be some time before I set my eyes upon chalk again. Here too in Buckinghamshire I see that the harvest is begun. Leighton Buzzard station, 6.48. Left it, 6.51. This speed is marvellous, for we have not yet been two hours on our journey, and here we are in the very bowels of the kingdom, above 110 miles from Dover, and not quite 240 from you, my boys. Here is the iron sand, and we shall soon come on our old friend the Oolite. The country looks delicious under the evening sun, so green and rich and peaceful. Wolverton station and the food, 7.15. Left it, 7.27. Blisworth station, 7.53. Left it, 7.56. And now we are fairly in Northamptonshire, and in our own Rugby country in a manner, because we come here on the Kingsthorpe clay.

August 9, 1840.

27. Left Milnthorpe, 6.21. My last day's journal, I hope, dearest, and then the faithful inkstand which has daily hung at my button-hole may retire to his deserved rest. Our tea last night was incomparable; such ham, such bread and butter, such cake, and then came this morning a charge of 4*s.* 6*d.* for our joint bed and board; when those scoundrels in Italy, whose very life is roguery, used to charge double and triple for their dog fare and filthy rooms. Bear witness Capua, and that vile Swiss-Italian woman whom I could wish to have been in Capua (Casilinum) when Hannibal besieged it, and when she must either have eaten her shoes, or been eaten herself by some neighbour, if she had not been too tough and indigestible. But, dearest, there are other thoughts within me as I look out on this delicious valley (we are going down to Levens) on this Sunday morning. How calm and beautiful is everything, and here, as we know, how little marred by any extreme poverty. And yet do these hills and valleys, any more than those of the Apennines, send up an acceptable incense? Both do as far as nature is concerned—our softer glory and that loftier glory each in their kind render their homage, and God's work so far is still very good. But with our just laws and pure faith, and here with a wholesome state of property besides, is there yet the Kingdom of God here any more than in Italy? How can there be? For the Kingdom of God is the perfect development of the Church of God: and when Priestcraft destroyed the Church, the Kingdom of God became an impossibility. We have now entered the Windsor Valley, and are got precisely to our own slates again, which we left yesterday week in the Vosges. The strawberries and raspberries hang red to the sight by the roadside; and the turf and flowers are more delicately beautiful than anything which I have seen abroad. The mountains, too, are in their softest haze; I have seen Old Man and the Langdale Pikes rising behind the nearer hills most beautifully. We have just opened on Windermere, and vain it is to talk of any earthly beauty ever equalling this country in my eyes; when mingling with every form and sound and fragrance, comes the full thought of domestic affections, and of national, and of Christian; here is our own house and home—here are our own country's laws and language—and here is our English Church. No Mola di Gaeta, no valley of the Velino, no Salerno or Vietri, no

Lago di Pie di Lugo can rival to me this vale of Windermere, and of the Rotha. And here it lies in the perfection of its beauty, the deep shadows on the unruffled water—the haze investing Fairfield with everything solemn and undefined. Arrived at Bowness, 8.20. Left it at 8.31. Passing Ragrigg Gate, 8.37. On the Bowness Terrace, 8.45. Over Troutbeck Bridge, 8.51. Here is Ecclerigg, 8.58. And here Lowood Inn, 9.4½. And here Waterhead and our ducking bench, 9.12. The valley opens—Ambleside, and Rydal Park, and the gallery on Loughrigg. Rotha Bridge, 9.16. And here is the poor humbled Rotha, and Mr. Brancker's cut, and the New Millar Bridge, 9.21. Alas! for the alders gone and succeeded by a stiff wall. Here is the Rotha in his own beauty, and here is poor T. Flemming's Field, and our own mended gate. Dearest children, may we meet happily. Entered FOX HOW, and the birch copse at 9.25, and here ends journal.—Walter first saw us, and gave notice of our approach. We found all our dear children well, and Fox How in such beauty, that no scene in Italy appeared in my eyes comparable to it. We breakfasted, and at a quarter before eleven, I had the happiness of once more going to an English Church, and that Church our own beloved Rydal Chapel.

II. TOUR IN SOUTH OF FRANCE.

July 4, 1841.

1. I have been reading Bunsen's Liturgy for the Holy or Passion Week, with his Introduction. He has spoken out many truths which to the wretched theology of our schools would be startling and shocking: but they are not hard truths, but reveal Christian truths spoken in love, such as St. Paul spoke, and was called profane by the Judaisers for doing so. It will be a wonderful day when the light breaks in upon our High Churchmen and Evangelicals: how many it will dazzle and how many it will enlighten, God only knows: but it will be felt, and the darkness will be broken up before it.

Between Angoulême and Bordeaux, July 7, 1841.

2. Left Barbiceaux 10.35, very rich and beautiful. It is not properly southern, for there are neither olives nor figs; nor is it northern, for the vines and maize are luxuriant. It is properly France, with its wide landscapes, no mountains, but slopes and hills; its luminous air, its spread of cultivation, with the vines and maize and walnuts, mixed with the ripe corn, as brilliant in colouring as it is rich in its associations. I never saw a brighter or a fresher landscape. Green hedges line the road; the hay, just cut, is fragrant; everything is really splendid for man's physical well-being:—it is Kent six degrees nearer the sun. Nor are there wanting church towers enough to sanctify the scene, if one could believe that with the stone church there was also the living Church, and not the accursed Priestcraft. But, alas! a Priest is not a Church, but that which renders a Church impossible.

July 10, 1841.

3. . . . I find that the dialect here is not Basque after all, but Gascon, that is, merely a Lingua Romana, more or less differing from the northern French. I fancied that I could understand some of the words, which I certainly could not have done in Basque. The post-master of S. Paul les Dax, a good-humoured loquacious old gentleman, told me that "une femme" in their patois was "une Henne," a curious instance of the H taking place of the F, as in Spanish, Hijo for Filius. Close by the last post we saw the church spire of Pouy, the native place of Vincentius of Paula, a man worthy of all memory. I have just seen the PYRENEES, lowering down towards the sea, but with very high mountains to the left or eastward: we should have seen more of them if it had not been for the clouds, which are still dark and black to the southward. These are the first mountains that I have seen since I last saw our own: between Westmorland and the Pyrenees there are none. The near country is still the same, but less of the pine forest.

St. Jean de Luz, July 11, 1841.

4. It is this very day year that we were at Mola di Gaeta together, and I do not suppose it possible to conceive a greater contrast than Mola di Gaeta on the 11th of July, 1840, and S. Jean de Luz on the 11th of July, 1841. The lake-like calm of that sea, and the howling fury of this ocean,—the trees few and meagre, shivering from the blasts of the Atlantic, and the umbrageous bed of oranges, peaches, and pomegranates, which there delighted in the freshness of that gentle water;—the clear sky and bright moon, and the dark mass of clouds and drizzle,—the remains of Roman palaces and the fabled scene of Homer's poetry, and a petty French fishing town, with its coasting Chasse Marées: these are some of the points of the contrast. Yet those vile Italians are the refuse of the Roman slaves, crossed by a thousand conquests; and these Basques are the very primeval Iberians, who were the most warlike of the nations of the West, before the Kelts had ever come near the shores of the Mediterranean. And the little pier, which I have been just looking at, was the spot where Sir Charles Penrose found the Duke of Wellington alone at the dead of night, when anxious about the weather for the passage of the Adour, he wished to observe its earliest signs before other men had left their beds.

July 12, 1841.

5. SPAIN.—Just out of Irun, sitting on a stone by the roadside. We have left our carriage in France, and walked over the Bidassoa to Irun, which is about a mile and a half from the bridge. We went through the town, and out of it to some high ground, where we had the whole panorama. The views on every side are magnificent. There is the mouth of the Bidassoa, Fontarabia on one side and Audaye on the other; and the sea blue now like the Mediterranean. Then on the other side are the mountains: San Marcial on its rocky summit, and

the adjoining mountains with their sides perfectly green, deep-wooded combes, fern and turf on the slopes, mingled, as in our own mountains, with crags and cliffs. And just now I saw a silver stream falling down in a deep-wooded ghyll to complete the likeness. Around me are the crops of maize, and here too are houses scattered over the country, but less neat-looking, and fewer than in France. For the town itself, I shall speak of it hereafter.

Biobi.—We are just returned from Spain, and are again seated in our carriage to return to Bayonne. Now what have I seen in Spain worth notice? The very instant that we crossed the Bidassoa, the road, which in France is perfect, became utterly bad, and the street of Irun itself was intolerable. The town, in its style of building, resembled the worst towns of central Italy; the galleries on the outside of the houses, the overhanging roofs, and the absence of glass. It strikes me that if this same style prevails both in Spain and Italy, where modern improvement has not reached, it must be of very great antiquity; derived, perhaps, from the time when both countries were united under a common Government, the Roman: unless it is to be traced to the Spanish ascendency in Italy, which indeed it may be. Behind Irun, towards the interior, are two sugar-loaf mountains very remarkable. The hillsides are all covered with dwarf oaks, not ilex, which look, at a distance, like the apple-trees of Picardy, with just that round cabbage-like head.

Near Agen, July 14.

6. For some time past the road has been a terrace above the lower bank of the Garonne, which is flowing in great breadth and majesty below us. . . .

From these heights, in clear weather, you can see the Pyrenees, but now the clouds hang darkly over them. . . . One thing I should have noticed of Agen, that it is the birth-place of Joseph Scaliger, in some respects the Niebuhr of the seventeenth century, but rather the Bentley: morally far below Niebuhr; and though, like Bentley, almost rivalling him in acuteness, and approaching somewhat to him in knowledge, yet altogether without his wisdom.

Auch, July 14, 1841.

7. At supper we were reading a Paris paper, Le Siècle; but the one thing which struck me, and rejoiced my very heart, was an advertisement in it of a most conspicuous kind, and in very large letters, of LA SAINTE BIBLE, announcing an edition, in numbers, of De Sacy's French translation of it. I can conceive nothing but good from such a thing. May God prosper it to His glory, and the salvation of souls; it was a joyful and a blessed sight to see it.

Bourges, July 18.

8. . . . We found the afternoon service going on at the Cathedral, and the Archbishop, with his priests and the choristers, were going round the church in procession, chaunting some of their hymns, and

with a great multitude of people following them. The effect was very fine, and I again lamented our neglect of our cathedrals, and the absurd confusion in so many men's minds between what is really Popery and what is but wisdom and beauty, adopted by the Roman Catholics and neglected by us.

Paris, July 20, 1841.

9. I have been observing the people in the streets very carefully, and their general expression is not agreeable, that of the young men especially. The newspapers seem all gone mad together, and these disturbances at Toulouse are very sad and unsatisfactory. If that advertisement which I saw about La Sainte Bible be found to answer, that would be the great specific for France. And what are our prospects at home with the Tory Government? and how long will it be before Chartism again forces itself upon our notice? So where is the hope, humanly speaking, of things bettering, or are the λοιμοὶ and λιμοί, πόλεμοι and ἀκοαὶ πολέμων, ready to herald a new advent of the Lord to judgment? The questions concerning our state appear to me so perplexing, that I cannot even in theory see their solution. We have not and cannot yet solve the problem, how the happiness of mankind is reconcileable with the necessity of painful labour. The happiness of a part can be secured easily enough, their ease being provided for by others' labour; but how can the happiness of the generality be secured, who must labour of necessity painfully? How can he who labours hard for his daily bread—hardly, and with doubtful success—be made wise and good, and therefore how can he be made happy? This question undoubtedly the Church was meant to solve; for Christ's Kingdom was to undo the evil of Adam's sin; but the Church has not solved it, nor attempted to do so; and no one else has gone about it rightly. This is the great bar to education. How can a poor man find time to be educated? You may establish schools, but he will not have time to attend them, for a few years of early boyhood are no more enough to give education, than the spring months can do the summer's work when the summer is all cold and rainy. But I must go to bed, and try to get home to you and to work, for there is great need of working. God bless you, my dearest wife, with all our darlings.

Boulogne, July 23, 1841.

10. Our tour is ended, and I grieve to say that it has left on my mind a more unfavourable impression of France than I have been wont to feel. I do not doubt the great mass of good which must exist, but the active elements, those, at least, which are on the surface, seem to be working for evil. The virulence of the newspapers against England is, I think, a very bad omen, and the worship which the people seem to pay to Napoleon's memory is also deeply to be regretted. But it is the misfortune of France that her "past" cannot be loved or respected; her future and her present cannot be wedded to it; yet how can the present yield fruit, or the future have promise, except their roots be fixed in the past. The evil is infinite, but the blame rests with those

who made the past a dead thing, out of which no healthful life could be produced. . . .

. . . Much as I like coming abroad, I am never for an instant tempted to live abroad; not even in Germany, where assuredly I would settle, if I were obliged to quit England. But not the strongest Tory or Conservative values our Church or Law more than I do, or would find life less liveable without them. Indeed it is very hard to me to think that those can value either who can see their defects with indifference; or that those can value them worthily, that is, can appreciate their idea, who do not see wherein they fall short of their idea. And now I close this Journal for the present, praying that God may bless us, and keep us in worldly good or evil in Himself and in His Son. Amen.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF

DR. ARNOLD'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

I. Six volumes of Sermons :—

1st. Sermons preached at Laleham, 1829.

2nd. Sermons preached in the School Chapel at Rugby. With five Sermons on the Social State of England, and an Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture, 1832. [These last are omitted in a smaller edition of this volume, entitled "Sermons preached in Rugby Chapel," 1832, which contains two Sermons not in the larger edition.]

3rd. Selection of Sermons, 1832-34, with a Preface on the Study of Theology and two Appendices on Atheism, and on the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession.

4th. Selection of Sermons, 1835-1841, entitled "Christian Life, its Course, its Helps, and its Hindrances;" with a Preface on the Oxford School of Theology, and Notes on Tradition, Rationalism, and Inspiration.

5th. Sermons preached 1841-1842 (posthumous), entitled "Christian Life, its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close."

6th. Sermons mostly on the Interpretation of Scripture (posthumous).

II. Two Sermons on Prophecy, with Notes, 1839.

III. Fragments on Church and State (posthumous).

HISTORICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL WORKS.

I. Edition of Thucydides, 1st edition, 1830, 33, 35. 2nd edition, 1840, 41, 42.

The first volume contains a Preface on the previous editions of Thucydides (omitted in the second edition), and Appendices.

1. On the social progress of States. 2. On the Spartan Constitution. 3. (Omitted in the 2nd edition) on the constitution of the Athenian tribes.

The second contains a collation of a Venetian MS., and Appendices on the date of the Pythian Games, and on the topography of Megara, Corinth, Sphacteria, and Amphipolis.

The third contains a Preface on the general importance of Greek History to political science, and an Appendix on the topography of Syracuse.

[Of these Essays, the First Appendix to Vol. I. and the Preface to Vol. III. are now published in the "Miscellaneous Works."]

II. History of Rome, in 3 volumes, 1838, 40, 42, which was broken off by his death at the end of the second Punic war.

III. History of the later Roman Commonwealth, from the end of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cæsar, and the Reign of Augustus: with a Life of Trajan, written 1821–7, and republished from the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. 2 volumes.

IV. "Introductory Lectures on Modern History." 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

(Mostly republished in one vol. octavo.)

I. "The Christian Duty of conceding the Roman Catholic Claims." 1828.

II. Englishman's Register—Articles in, signed A. 1831.

III. Tract on the Cholera, addressed to the inhabitants of Rugby. 1831.

IV. Letters to the Sheffield Courant, on the Social Distress of the Lower Orders. 1831, 32.

V. Preface on "Poetry of Common Life," to a collection of poetry under that name. Published by J. C. Platt, Sheffield. 1832.

VI. "Principles of Church Reform," with "Postscript." 1833.

VII. Letters to the Hertford Reformer, on Chartism, and on Church and State. 1839, 40, 41.

VIII. Lecture before Mechanics' Institute, at Rugby, on the Divisions of Knowledge. 1839.

IX. Paper on the revival of the order of Deacons. 1841.

In addition to these were various articles in periodical journals.

1. On Southey's Wat Tyler.
2. On Cunningham's De Rancè. } British Critic, 1819–20.
3. On Niebuhr's "History of Rome." In Quarterly Review, vol. xxxii. 1825.
4. On "Letters of an Episcopalian." Edinburgh Review, vol. xliv. 1826.
5. On "Dr. Hampden." Edinburgh Review, vol. lxiii. 1836.
6. On "Rugby School," and on "the Discipline of Public Schools, by a Wykehamist," in the Quarterly Journal of Education, vols. vii., ix. 1834–35.

The monument to Dr. Arnold's memory in Rugby Chapel was executed by Mr. Thomas. The Epitaph was written by Chevalier Bunsen, in imitation of those on the tombs of the Scipios, and of the early Christian inscriptions on similar subjects.

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